Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/democracyinancie0000john

DEMOCRACY
IN THE
ANCIENT WORLD

Glover, Terrot Reaveley, 1869-1943.

DEMOCRACY
IN THE
ANCIENT WORLD

BY

T. R. GLOVER

COOPER SQUARE PUBLISHERS, INC.
NEW YORK
1966

JC
73
G6
1966

To

MY COUSINS

JOHN HOWARD GLOVER

FREDERICK BEAUMONT GLOVER

First Published 1927

Reprinted by Permission of Cambridge University Press

Published 1966 by
Cooper Square Publishers, Inc.
59 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10003

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 65-29202

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
by SENTRY PRESS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

PREFACE

THE first four sections of this book were given as lectures on the Sharp Foundation at the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, in the early autumn of 1925, and they were printed in the *Rice Institute Pamphlet*. I wish to thank the President of the Rice Institute and his colleagues for their kindness to me on that visit. I do not forget the sight of the Gulf of Mexico in the sunshine at Galveston, nor our ignominious rout from the famous battlefield of San Jacinto, when we fled before the mosquito hosts more quickly than Santa Anna himself.

Lectures these chapters were, and lectures they remain; there is no disguising it, not even with footnotes. I count among my acquaintance some whose loyalty seems to be for the encyclopaedia alone, for whom essay and lecture are vanity. I hope that I, too, am loyal to the encyclopaedia, to the thesaurus of learning, human or printed; my debt is large enough. But it seems to me that there may yet be a place for lecture and essay, though they serve another purpose. The duty of the encyclopaedist is to include; the art of the essayist is to omit[1], and his task is the more difficult and the more

[1] Polybius will even allow historians to omit. In one passage he might seem to have reviewers in mind: *καὶ ῥηθέντα μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἐθαύμαζον ὡς ὄντα μικρὰ καὶ πάρεργα, παραλειπόμενα δ' ἐπιζητοῦσιν ὡς ἀναγκαῖα, βουλόμενοι δοκεῖν αὐτοὶ πλέον εἰδέναι τῶν συγγραφέων* (vi, 11, 6). Modesty forbids translation, but I feel with him.

dangerous. The German, I think, excels in the one field, the Frenchman in the other. If I may recall from old days a high-table quip of Mr W. E. Heitland, the essayist and the lecturer are concerned with "the spirit of History emancipated from the bonds of fact." The phrase, like many good phrases, has two edges, and I have felt both.

This leads me to my last word of preface. I must not, I suppose, speak here of all I owe to Mr Heitland for close upon forty years of friendship. But I am indebted to him for reading the whole of my book (and some of it twice) before publication; and so are my readers.

T. R. G.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Homeric World	1
II.	The World after Homer	24
III.	The Age of Pericles	49
IV.	The Decline of Democracy	74
V.	The Rise of the Prince	97
VI.	The Achaean League	123
VII.	The Early Days of Rome	150
VIII.	The Ascendancy of the Roman Senate	178
IX.	The End of the Republic	204
X.	Children of Nature and Fortunate Isles	228
	Index	257

CHAPTER I

The Homeric World

I HAVE been asking my classical friends, who made the Shield of Achilles? They all agree that it was the god Hephaistos; Homer says so. But dismissing Tertullian, who held, with most early Christians and some Stoics, that the gods of the pagans were either daemons or deified men or nothing at all; dismissing the books about sun-myths still read in my boyhood, I ask outright whether anybody in antiquity really supposed that Hephaistos ever made anything. The god is irrelevant. Who gave the poet the idea of the shield, or the pattern of it?

There is another question of a similar kind, which haunts me. If we are not quite clear whether the Catalogue of the Ships was in the original *Iliad*, at all events a great many Greek heroes from overseas were gathered for the leaguer of Troy, and they did not come alone. Who built their ships? I forget exactly how many ships the Catalogue tells us there were, and the precise figure does not matter. Thucydides says it was twelve hundred.[1] It was a large army in the story, and the ships were small in early times; so there must in any case have been a great many of them. No hint has reached us that listeners to the great epic raised questions about those ships; they seem to have taken them for granted. They themselves must have been, in the phrase of Thucydides, "making considerable use of the sea,"[2] and would perhaps have accepted the historian's reflection that "if Agamemnon had not had

[1] Thucydides i, 10. [2] *Ibid.* 3.

something of a fleet, he could not, as he lived on the mainland, have been lord of any islands except those on the coast, and these would not have been *many*."[1]

I ask myself what lies behind these references to a great and complex work of art, and to a great fleet, or at least the ready allusion to ships in great numbers. When we read *The Faerie Queene* we move from palace to palace of more than Elizabethan splendour. We realize that in the poem we have a reflection of the interests of the time and of its arts; William the Conqueror and his barons, and the Wars of the Roses are far away; and castles have given place to palaces. Even if the palaces, like that of Acrasia in the Second Book which Sir Guyon destroyed, like Castle Joyeous and the House of Busirane in the Third Book, belong chiefly to the enemy, the poet is interested in them as he is in gardens. Every description, however idealized, or however directly inspired by Tasso or Ariosto, speaks of Elizabethan England and its tastes and arts. It is the same in the Nibelungenlied; the poet can always find it in his heart to pause for a little to describe clothes or armour. As a French critic once pointed out, it is in vain to wish to be an anachronism; one is immutably fixed in one's own generation. Round about Homer were people who used the sea so freely that, if twelve hundred ships were an exaggeration or an interpolation, it was not at all ridiculous, it was quite conceivable. And further, they were so familiar with the artistic treatment of metal, that if, in the smithy of Hephaistos, the poet gave rein to his imagination, the wonderful shield did not seem out of the way; it was better than any they had seen—wonderfully more elaborate, if you like, but still possible. So we are in a society where craftsmen and shipwrights are taken for granted. The works of their hands may or may not

[1] Thucydides i, 9.

attract attention; the ships do not, and the shields only when they are more than usually fine.

The poet and the people for whom he wrote, or sang, or recited, whichever be the more historical word—can we relate them more closely, or be clearer about them? Archaeology has done a good deal to illuminate the matter and to perplex us. We know now that Mycene was once rich in gold, and that art flourished there amazingly; and, even if we are told to beware of identifying the Mycenaean people and their civilization and their date with Homer's, we know definitely that at least behind Homer lay wonders that make the detail, if not the fabric, of his story credible to us. He was not spinning dreams; behind everything he mentions lies something real, something at least with which his first hearers could connect it. "I have suspicion," wrote Pindar, "that the fame of Odysseus is become greater than aught he suffered, and all because of sweet-voiced Homer; for over his lies and wingèd craft something of majesty abideth, and the excellence of his skill persuadeth us to his fables unawares."[1] Yes! as the English satirist had it—

> Many an honest Indian ass
> Goes for an unicorn.

Let us remember that—asses and India, "mighty monoceroses with immeasured tails," norwhals and their horns—there is something behind the traveller's tale, if it is only St Brendan; and if we have to go as far as Corrievrechan (as we have lately been told) for Scylla and Charybdis, Homer was not "pinnacled dim in the vast inane," but lived in a real world. If his wingèd craft cast a light of imagination over real things and led men into fables unawares, the things were real, —real as the men who listened and enjoyed. Even

[1] Pindar, *Nem.* 7, 20–23.

Sindbad the sailor voyaged to real lands, if on the way he ran into marvels. Polybius is right when he says that mere invention carries no conviction and is not Homeric.[1] The real world of Homer, then, in which he lived and moved, suffered and was happy like the real poet he was—what of it?

At one time it was conjectured that Homer worked upon the foundation of ballads, and by and by dogma grew up around ballads at large, and it was required of us to believe in their communal origin. Matthew Arnold repudiated the suggestion of the balladist and his lowly invention, his tags and his halting rhythm and rhyme. Since then the ballad has been rescued from its putative parents in the cottage, as the epic of Wallace has been from Blind Harry, and all has been claimed for genius doing its proper work. One Homer carries far more assent to-day than fifty years ago, even if we do not all go so far as Mr T. W. Allen[2] in localizing him in Chios and restoring him to his family, who were little credit to him. "Did you ever meet a stupider breed than the rhapsodes?" says Antisthenes to Niceratus[3] and the young man, though he always listens to them, says he has not. No, we will not tie Homer down to the Homeridae or to Chios either, but we will neglect the asseverations of the learned of much later ages, and try on the evidence of Homer himself to identify the age and the sphere in which he was at home.

It is emphasized nowadays that Homer's poems had not, as they stand, a popular origin.[4] If it is urged that the lowly love to talk of kings, it is also true that their kings are very like themselves, and Homer's princes are not peasants with labels tied to them like Bottom's

[1] Polybius xxxiv, 4, τὸ δὲ πάντα πλάττειν οὐ πιθανὸν οὐδ' Ὁμηρικόν.
[2] *Homer, Origins and Transmission.* [3] Xenophon, *Symp.* 3, 5; 6.
[4] See H. M. Chadwick, *The Heroic Age*, pp. 228 ff.

wall and lion. The grossness of peasant life, which survives here and there in the English ballads, the essential coarseness of feeling and lowliness of outlook, are wanting in the *Iliad*; you have only to think of Achilles beside some of the kings of the ballads. The art of Homer, even his vehicle, the hexameter verse, cries aloud of a long and ascending artistic development; and perhaps even the length of his poems tends to class him with his own Demodocus who sang to princes and did not tune his harp to please a peasant's ear. Compare him with Hesiod who knew the Homeric poems but prefers to give useful counsel for the life of the lowly. Homer, then, sang for kings and of kings; it was poetry for men of the highest culture of their day, for men who could put its value on it as Alcinous and Odysseus could on the singing of Demodocus. The lay of Demodocus, moreover, suggests an attitude to the gods which is not quite that of the cottage. It is further pointed out that "the absence of striking anachronisms decidedly favours the view that the period involved in the development of Homeric poetry was not long." The poet can give the names of his heroes' grandfathers and of their sons; the genealogies are short. Men are degenerating—οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι—no doubt; they always do, so that we need not abruptly talk of tall Northern stock being lost by crossing with short Mediterranean people, though doubtless this also befell.

Professor Chadwick, in his interesting study of the Heroic Age, goes further and finds common traits between hero epics and ages of North and South.[1] Neither Northward nor Southward, he holds, is the heroic epic a native outgrowth from an ancient and high civilization; in both regions it comes when a half-civilized people is dominant and in possession, but is reacted upon by the civilization of those whose lands

[1] *The Heroic Age*, pp. 442 ff.

it holds. You find in both the weakening of the ties of kindred, while the bond of allegiance gains force; irresponsible or nearly irresponsible kings rule on the strength of prestige in war in princedoms without national basis, but yet related to one another. Old tribal and chthonic cults yield place to universal and anthropomorphic gods. The clan is there, but while the duty of vengeance is recognized, it is not clear to what degrees of kin it extends.[1] There is more of the clan in Athens, historical Athens, as laws about estates and heiresses show and the difficulties of Cleisthenes prove. The marriage system is not very clear in Homer; the wife may remain with her own people or she may leave them and go with her husband; the same word seems to serve for the bride-price paid by the husband and for the gifts made by her parents to the bride.[2] Social usages are changing, and it is noted that the nobles have followed the king to the town.[3]

The king we call him; but, *basileus* as he is, he is much more like a mediaeval baron. The name is given freely, but it is not used of the gods, and *anax* has a wider significance. It is not clear how the king comes to be king, or at least how his ancestor did; the gods, of course, and Zeus had something to do with it. They give the king *themistes*—those decisions in cases of dispute which make custom or follow it—and the kings, the justicers, dispense and maintain the *themistes* of Zeus, sceptre in hand; and even so Achilles defies Agamemnon, the *anax* of men, for he, too, is a king, or a baron. Thucydides tells us that "aforetime there were hereditary kingships based on fixed privileges" (ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς γέρασι),[4] and Aristotle that in the heroic ages monarchy was exercised over voluntary subjects

[1] *The Heroic Age*, pp. 355–365. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 357 ff.
[3] W. R. Halliday, *Growth of City State*, p. 391.
[4] Thucydides i, 13.

but limited to certain functions; the king was a general and a judge and had the control of religion.[1] That sounds very modern, but scholars to-day are impressed with the want of definition about the king's privileges. Sarpedon, speaking to Glaucus, is as explicit as most of them—

> Glaucus, why have we particular honour, of seat, and mess of flesh, and brimming cup, in Lycia, and all men look upon us as gods? And why do we hold great demesnes along the banks of Xanthus, goodly to look upon with planted trees and fields of wheat? Now must we stand among the foremost Lycians and face consuming war, that of the corsleted Lycians some may say: "Our princes, that rule in Lycia, sit not inglorious, when they eat of the fat sheep and drink the choice delicious wine; nay, might and manliness are with them, for they fight among the foremost Lycians." Friend of my soul, were it that we two, once escaped from this war, should live forever, ageless and deathless, I would not fight myself amid the foremost, nor would I send thee into the battle that gives glory to men; but, for fates of death stand over us, ten thousand of them, that mortal man may not escape nor avoid, let us go forward, whether we shall give glory to some other man, or another yield it to us.[2]

There is the Homeric prince at his princeliest—a man of wealth and privilege, with a clear open eye for life and death, and a sense of responsibility; he is not his own, and life and death are for him what they are for others; glory is to be won, self-respect to be kept, and his people are to be remembered. For round about the king is a council; Agamemnon has one, and Alcinous, and Zeus himself in heaven; though neither on earth nor in heaven is it quite clear who will be summoned to the council, nor what are the powers of those summoned.[3] That they come and sit, that they listen and perhaps speak, is something. It points to the future, and even in Homer *καί ποτέ τις εἰπῇσι* suggests a motive: "Men will say." Hector tells Andro-

[1] *Politics*, iii, 14, 14.
[2] *Iliad*, xii, 310–328.
[3] T. D. Seymour, *Life in the Homeric Age*, pp. 97, 98.

mache: "All this I remember; but I have shame before the Trojan men and the long-robed Trojan women, and I may not avoid the battle like a coward."[1] He says it again to himself in the agony at the end, and "Polydamas will be the first to upbraid me. . . and one, a worse man than I, shall say 'Hector hath trusted in his might and undone the people.'"[2]

Criticism of the prince, to his face and behind his back—in the council and perhaps in an assembly in the agora—that is mere human life, but it points all one way. The old French monarchy was "despotism tempered by epigrams." Polydamas, warrior and "blameless" as he was, excelled in speech,[3] and if Hector "will ever reprehend him in the assembly, good though his words be,"[4] though they are friends,[5] still Hector is sensitive to what he says. No one ever included sensitiveness in a written constitution, but even kings cannot escape it. *Aidos*, we are told, is deeply written in the nature of the Homeric hero;[6] he feels it for the Trojan women, for those who cannot help themselves; it checks him, it forbids cowardice, falsity, cruelty; and sensitiveness is part of it.

Meanwhile sometimes the assembly meets—not necessarily often. Telemachus summons it in Ithaca, and the hero Aigyptios (whose name may be noted in passing) rises to speak with some surprise: "Hearken now, men of Ithaca, to what I say. Never once has our assembly been held, no single session, since royal Odysseus went away in hollow ships. Who is it calls us now so strangely?"[7] There is some freedom of discussion, as Polydamas implies, as Diomedes shows,[8] and Antinous in Ithaca[9] and others of the suitor faction.

[1] *Iliad*, vi, 441. [2] *Ibid.* xxii, 99–107. [3] *Ibid.* xviii, 252.
[4] *Ibid.* xii, 211. [5] *Ibid.* xviii, 251.
[6] G. Murray, *Rise of the Greek Epic*, chapter iii, pp. 80–88.
[7] *Odyssey*, ii, 25–28. [8] *Iliad*, ix, 32. [9] *Odyssey*, ii, 85 ff.

The assembly meets, and discusses; there is criticism, even abuse; then they break up. How far anybody is expected to be bound by what is said, how far there are any real decisions at all, how far the king may go with a veto, cannot at this date be definitely pronounced; perhaps it could not then. Reconciliations were made in assembly, oaths made and gifts of atonement exchanged.[1] There, too, is the famous trial scene, which I may quote in full, though comment might be long.

"And he"—it is the Shield of Achilles, and he is Hephaistos—"made therein two cities of speaking men. In one were marriages" which do not concern us at this point. "And the people were gathered in the market-place: and there was a strife; two men strove about the price of a slain man: the one spake to the people, and contended he had paid"—so Purves translates it, but Andrew Lang is perhaps nearer early usage, thus—

> the one claiming to make full atonement, expounding to the people, but the other denied him and would take nought; and both were fain to receive arbitrament at the hand of a daysman. And the folk were cheering both, as they took part on either side. And heralds kept order among the folk, while the elders on polished stones were sitting in the sacred circle and holding in their hands staves from the loud-voiced heralds. Then before the people they rose up and gave judgment each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given to him who should plead among them most righteously.[2]

We need not at this point pause to decide whether the question be as to the actual payment of an agreed blood-price or the refusal to receive any blood-price at all. Here is controversy, almost litigation; and it is in the agora, among the people; and there we shall find it again.

But we are still a very long way from Democracy, as the conduct of Odysseus in the Greek assembly outside Troy sufficiently proves.

[1] *Iliad*, xix, 171–183. [2] *Ibid.* xviii, 497–508.

Whatever man of the people he saw and found him shouting, him he drove with his sceptre and chode him with loud words: "Good sir, sit still and hearken to the words of others that are thy betters; but thou art no warrior, nay! a weakling, never reckoned whether in battle or in council. In no wise can we Achaians all be kings here. A multitude of masters is no good thing; let there be one master, one king, to whom the son of crooked-counselling Kronos hath granted it.[1]

Homer goes further. He draws us the first picture of the democratic man. Thersites is "bandy-legged and lame of one foot, and his two shoulders rounded, arched down upon his chest; and over them his head was warped, and a scanty stubble sprouted upon it"; and he shouted, and the best Greeks never cared for a man who shouted. We have his speech, full of abuse of the great; Agamemnon has his tent or hut full of bronze, of women and of spoils, and now he wants gold as well—the ransom of other men's captives "whom I perchance or some other Achaian has led captive"—or a young girl might be more to his mind; better far for the Greeks to go home to Greece and leave Agamemnon to fight his own battles and win his own prizes; and Achilles is little better—he pretends anger, but he is a slacker. Odysseus dealt with him as he deserved; he will have no raving like this, from the basest of men, shrill orator though he is, and if Thersites tries it again he will strip him naked and beat him out of the assembly; and, by way of earnest, he gives him a blow with his golden sceptre and fetches out a bloody weal, the length of his vulgar back. Thersites sat down and wept, and warriors laughed.

So the episode of Thersites ends for the time; but we know it did not end, and never has ended; and we may use it as evidence for two material points at least. First, then, Homer was appealing to an audience of

[1] *Iliad*, ii, 198–205.

princes, for whom the personal appearance of Thersites was ludicrous, and who would heartily enjoy seeing him silenced with a blow. Second, and more important for our inquiry, the democratic man has appeared. If Thersites had not literally the build of the Greek artisan, if he was not really as ugly as a democrat, or as ill-tongued, we can see the future in him.

> O villain, O shameless of heart,
> O Bawler and Brawler self-seeking,
> The land, the Assembly, the Tolls,
> Are all with thine impudence reeking,
> And the Courts, and the actions at law;
> They are full unto loathing and hate!
> Thou stirrest the mud to its depths,
> Perturbing the whole of the State.[1]

Yes, Cleon had come already, but too soon. They beat him and silence him, and "never again, forsooth, will his proud soul bid him revile the kings." And yet—

We began with the Shield of Achilles and we have come round to it again and the man who made it or made its model. He was a craftsman, and the great chiefs, kings or barons, enjoyed his art. Read once more the wonderful series of pictures wrought into that shield, and think how the supreme artist, the poet Homer, halted the action of his poem to tell of the shield. Let Lessing tell us, as is true, that we watch its making and are busy and in action, we are not mere spectators with Aeneas and Venus studying a museum-piece, history book in hand. That is very well, but still the story of Troy, the wars of Hector and Achilles—all is halted for two hundred lines, for a work of art.[2] Elsewhere we have the staining of ivory[3] and embroidery or woven figures.[4] If the woman of Maeonia

[1] Aristophanes, *Knights*, 303 f. (Rogers).

[2] See Andrew Lang, *Homer and his Age*, p. 106, for the contrast of Quintus of Smyrna, who has no naif delight in such descriptions.

[3] *Iliad*, iv, 141.

[4] *Ibid.* iii, 125.

or Caria, who stains the ivory to be a treasure piece which many a warrior would have for his chariot, is a slave, Homer does not say so; nor does he allude, we may note, to the elephant being, like the lion, a native of Greece or of the Troad, so that by and by we may have to ask about the supply of ivory and its sources. Elsewhere we have a woman definitely working for wages, and we see Helen herself weaving a great web and figuring in it many conflicts of Trojans and Achaians. It is other arts that are most commonly allowed to Helen; but the passage reminds us to look for more things to be done within the home than are done there now or have been for centuries.

Odysseus, as a famous passage recalls,[1] was the craftsman who made his own bed. Probably the rest of the domestic furniture was made at home. King Priam's son, Lycaon, was captured by Achilles one night in his father's orchard while he was cutting with a bronze knife young shoots of a wild fig tree to be hand-rails of a chariot.[2] This at least suggests that the chariot was to be built in the palace yard; and before we leave it, we may recall a sentence of Hesiod[3]—"a waggon hath a hundred pieces (of wood),"[4] so that the young prince must have been a skilled workman or had skilled men by him. There is, in another passage, a chariot builder at work with gleaming iron.[5] The miller and baker no one would expect to find in Priam's city or Agamemnon's; their work was still done by the women of the house. Indeed, diet generally will only bring us again to the household; it was limited in variety, though, as the story of the Suitors also suggests, not in quantity. Bread and the flesh of the swine seem

[1] *Odyssey*, xxiii, 189 ff. [2] *Iliad*, xxi, 37. [3] *Works and Days*, 456.
[4] For comparison, it was stated at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1926 that a modern motor-car has 10,000 pieces.
[5] *Iliad*, iv, 485.

the chief staples, and Menelaus did not like the fish to which he and his men were reduced on the island off Egypt.[1] It is true that his grave housekeeper laid food of many kinds before Telemachus, and the carver gave the guests plates of flesh of all sorts, and Menelaus set before them with his own hands fat slices of a chine of beef.[2] But it is still the product of the home farm, not bought of a butcher. The goose is there, for Penelope keeps twenty,[3] but the domestic fowl is omitted, and no one eats eggs. The clothes, too, are home-made; woman and goddess both spin and ply the loom. Perhaps women were more useful in that age.

Some trades there were outside the family, one gathers. There is the fair palace of Paris "that himself had builded with them that were most excellent carpenters then in deep-soiled Troy-land; these made him his chamber and hall and courtyard hard by to Priam and Hector in the upper city."[4] A simile, used to illustrate the deftness with which Hephaistos made youth and maiden to dance on the Shield of Achilles, describes the potter, when, "sitting by the wheel that fitteth between his hands, he maketh trial of it whether it run."[5] The smith, still as ever in Greece the coppersmith (*chalceus*), hammers out the fair round shield of bronze stitched within with many bulls' hides, and rivets of gold all round the circle,[6] though we are told that the huge shield of Ajax, seven ply of bulls' hide, overlaid with bronze, was made by "Tychios, far best of hide-cutters, that had his home in Hyle."[7] At Pylos comes the smith (*chalceus* again) "with his smith's tools in hand, his implements of art, anvil and hammer and

[1] *Odyssey*, iv, 368.

[2] *Ibid.* 55–66. It may be remembered from the diary of Mr Pepys that Charles II ate meat with his fingers and got his dress dirty.

[3] *Odyssey*, xix, 536.

[4] *Iliad*, vi, 314 ff.

[5] *Ibid.* xviii, 600.

[6] *Ibid.* xii, 295.

[7] *Ibid.* vii, 220.

the shapely tongs, with which he works the gold," to put gold bands round the horns of a sacrificial heifer, "smoothing it till the goddess might be pleased to view the offering."[1] Iron tools are tempered in water,[2] and used as we saw by the chariot builder; so these tools described as *chalceïa* may be either specifically goldsmith's tools or tools more generally described by an old name. Quite a number of tools are named, but there is no reference to the saw. But far earlier the saw was used on stone at Tiryns and Mycene, so we need draw no unhappy inference. Even Robinson Crusoe, if I remember, need not have trimmed his planks with an axe, if he had recalled that Defoe had previously given him a saw. A poet is not obliged to mention every trade in the directory nor every tool in the catalogue. Painters do not come into the story; but as ships are described as "black," "blue-prowed" and "red-cheeked," it is clear that the most dilatory of all trades was known, if prudently not admitted to the house.

There was some movement in certain professions as the swineherd Eumaeus tells Antinous:

> Who ever goes and calls a stranger from abroad? Unless indeed the stranger is a master of some craft (δημιοεργοί, a term to notice), a prophet, healer of disease, or builder (τέκτων, the carpenter again), or else a wondrous bard who pleases by his song; for these are welcomed (κλητοί) by mankind the wide world over. A beggar who would ask, to be a torment to himself?[3]

To this let us add references to men in exile, fleeing blood-guilt, Theoclymenos the prophet, and the boy Patroclus, and our picture may be left, mere sketch as it is.

A world then of self-help, so far as many trades and industries are concerned—a world of almost self-sufficient households growing their own food and pre-

[1] *Odyssey*, iii, 433. [2] *Ibid.* ix, 392. [3] *Ibid.* xvii, 382 ff.

paring it, and making their own commodities—but craftsmen who build chariots and ships and make shields and works of art; and Thersites critical of princes in general, as they are of one another in particular—the elements of the Greek world that we know are there; and we might pass on to it, but one fruitful source of trouble to come calls for a moment's delay. That scholars are not clear about land tenure in these early times, may perhaps be right, and may reflect the times. Ridgeway finds no trace of the idea of private property in the *Iliad*, but allows that such adjectives as ἄκληρος and πολύκληρος (with no lot; with many lots) imply landed property held perpetually in severalty and its accumulation. Sale of land does not seem to be mentioned, but old Laertes acquired the farm to which he retired—κτεάτισσεν—which, says T. D. Seymour, "does not seem like a peculiarly royal act." Sarpedon and Glaucus, as we saw, had corn-land and fruit-land allotted to them in Lycia.[1] Odysseus had rights of pasture on the mainland somehow;[2] and his swine were kept on the hills, at some distance from his town, and his swineherd had a house out there, and drank wine, which again implies some considerable and settled culture of the grape, and probably vineyards with private owners or cultivators, if wine was to be so freely used that swineherds really had it. The vineyard involves some sort of enclosure; pasture does not; about cornfields we may hesitate with the contrasts before us of modern and mediaeval usage. The Shield of Achilles shows a rich thrice-ploughed cornfield on which many plowmen are driving their teams, with a cup of wine for each at the furrow's end; and furthermore the god set therein the demesne-land of a king where hinds were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands, and the sheaf-binders were busy with twisted bands of straw, and the

[1] *Iliad*, xii, 314. [2] *Odyssey*, iv, 635.

king stood among them, silent, and happy in heart.[1] Boundaries in cornfields were marked by stones, in fruit-lands by dykes, or walls, or hedges. A simile describes how two men contend about the marches of their land, with measuring rods in their hands, in a common field, when in narrow space they strive for equal shares[2]—ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρῃ may suggest mediaeval English methods but it might conceivably bear another meaning. So we have enclosed vineyards, lots assigned, a common field—perhaps on the strip system, perhaps alternately held, whatever virtue there be in *perhaps*—and open pasturage on the hillside.

The poet, once more, is a poet, with a story to tell: he is not an economic historian or a constitutional lawyer. The people to whom he sang knew all they cared to know of common fields, and of smiths with tools, and they disliked Thersites, and were glad to hear of his being put to shame. And then the story stops,—or perhaps the poet himself made the last scene of the *Odyssey*, where sad at heart the fathers of the slain suitors went trooping to the assembly, unsummoned this time by Telemachus or Odysseus, and Eupeithes (ominous name!) rose and denounced the king. Let us listen to him—

> A monstrous deed hath this man wrought on the Achaians! For some he carried off in ships, and he lost the ships and the people too; and now he has come home and killed the very noblest men of Cephallenia. Up then! it will be shame for future times to know, if we take no revenge. Forth! ere they escape from us across the sea!

Others plead the sin of the suitors and the help of god given to Odysseus, but such counsel pleased them not; Eupeithes they approved and they straightway ran for their arms, and it comes to battle again. The gods have to intervene, "and for all coming time betwixt the two

[1] *Iliad*, xviii, 541–557. [2] *Ibid.* xii, 421.

a peace was made by Pallas Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, likened to Mentor in her form and voice." Homer, as we saw, knows not the grandsons of his heroes; "for all coming time" the peace was made; could we add, as Xenophon does to a similar scene in Athens, "and Demos abides by his oaths"?

So we pass from the Homeric age, uncertain as to its land-system or land-systems but aware of quarrels there—uncertain on the whole as to the rights of princes, but catching the unpleasant voices of Thersites and Eupeithes, and uneasy as to the quarrels of the nobles. And as I write the words, a workman outside my window clinks an iron tool, and I turn back to my first question, about smiths and ship-builders, the men one would fetch in from outside to the city. The dark ages of Greece begin, with Eupeithes fallen, the *Odyssey* closed, and still the smith busy with hammer and anvil, and the carpenter ready to replace the ships Odysseus lost, and on the land the plowmen go to and fro, forgetting for the moment who owns the land and on what tenure—there is a cup at the end of the furrow and a feast preparing, a great ox cooking under an oak.

How many centuries pass we do not know—and when the shadows break for a little we have a picture of a gloomy peasant farmer in an age of ships, and private property and lawsuits about inheritance—a man full of shrewd hints how to thrive, and a spirit that suggests he did not thrive—a picture of settled low *dis*content and conscious poverty. And still the smiths are busy. The earth is full of evils, and full of evils is the sea;[1] and though you cross the sea to escape penury,[2] it waits you on the further shore, and things are to be worse yet.[3] Not one breed of strife is there on earth but twain;[4] one makes war, and the other makes com-

[1] Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 101.
[2] *Ibid.* 633 ff.
[3] *Ibid.* 174 ff., the age of iron.
[4] *Ibid.* 11 ff.

petition, the soul of business—"for when he that hath no business looketh on him that is rich, he hasteth to plow and to plant and to array his house; and neighbour vieth with neighbour hasting to be rich; good is this strife for men. Potter with potter is angry; the worker in wood with the worker in wood, the poor envies the poor, and minstrel is jealous of minstrel." So Hesiod tells us in the opening of his *Works and Days* and reveals the continuity of the great trades—carpenter and potter and plowman; and again the smith clinks his tools. For in those days men went armed, Thucydides tells us;[1] they could do no other; when the mainland as well as the sea was full of pillage, when homes were unprotected and all intercourse dangerous, Hellenes had to go armed like barbarians—or like Aetolians and Acarnanians and such folk to-day. And if a man were too hard pressed, like the Greek poet of later days,[2] he dropped his shield by a bush and ran, and when he got home, he went to the smith and bought more weapons. So all was not lost; the smith flourished and laid money by or bought a bit of land. And if the ship foundered or was taken by pirates, the carpenter had more work. And men still ate bread, and wheat was wanted for that, and land to grow wheat. So if we know the names of no kings very certainly and can tell no great stories of the time, we know at least that three great trades went on; and that, whenever there was an interlude of peace and reason, the worker in wood and the worker in metal bettered themselves and improved at their work; and the farmer and his landlord and the hind meanwhile produced food somehow and began to think about land tenure and wages and prices.

[1] Thucydides i, 5.

[2] Archilochus, fr. 5 [51] Bergk,

ἀσπὶς ἐκείνη
ἐρρέτω. ἐξαῦτις κτήσομαι οὐ κακίω.

Perhaps to this period belongs the tale of the Voyage for the Golden Fleece. True, the heroes were, some of them, fathers of the Homeric warriors—Peleus, Tydeus, Telamon and others; and everybody knew that Herakles belonged to a generation before Agamemnon. But Miss Bacon may be right in her interpretation of the saying of Charax that "the Argonauts sailed not with one ship but with a considerable fleet." In a sense, other than he intended, she says, his words sum up the truth; Argo was many ships. The archaeologists, she says, will let Argo sail at any time after 1600 B.C. Jason, sooner or later, came home four different ways—and long ways round some of them were, and ways associated in historic times with travel and trade.[1] Certainly in these dark ages, Greeks came to know the Black Sea well; for, as the darkness clears, they have just settled or are just about to settle all along its Western and Southern shores. Certainly, too, in these dark ages, they sailed other seas, for the breaking clouds reveal a world in which Greeks, though preferring the home farm, seem really more at home on the sea, and colonies are planting on the shores of Polyphemus, and Scylla is to have Greek neighbours. And it all means ship-builders and their yards, and at the cost of a little anachronism let us try to see them at work in their yards

—the city full
Of paying wages, gilding Pallases,
Of rations measured, roaring colonnades,
Of wineskins, oar-loops, bargaining for casks,
Of nets of onions, olives, garlic-heads,
Of chaplets, pilchards, flute girls and black eyes,
Of oar-spars planed, pegs hammered, oar-loops fitted,
Of boatswain's calls, and flutes, and trills, and whistles.[2]

[1] J. R. Bacon, *The Voyage of the Argonauts*, especially pp. 121 f., 142 f., 167 f.

[2] Aristophanes, *Acharnians*, 545 ff. with omissions (Rogers).

It is not, indeed, thus that Pindar gets the Argo away; no hammer is heard; the heroes gather, led by "all-persuasive sweet desire for the ship Argo"; they sling the anchor over her prow and sail forth encouraged by lightning sent from Zeus. But imagine a ship-building Hesiod, and what weary work the yards would show, growls about pay and weather and perils of the sea and the brutality of captains. And all the time there is development—new curves in the prows, new cuts for sails, and one shipwright is jealous of another as he grows rich on the strength of acute observation of men and timber and wave-lengths and so forth, and builds ships that fetch the business to his yard. His name is not Thersites nor Eupeithes, but by and by he could talk with princes more effectively than they on the basis of achievement and wealth.

For in all our study of politics we have to remember economics, though we must not surrender to extravagant economists. Economic factors—yes! but men after all are engaged in life; "factors" play on them and men react, no doubt; but human nature is the main thing. We have kept looking again and again in this lecture in the direction of the smiths and the shipwrights. Now for another look. Industry, where a man works with his own hands and his own brain and handles sooner or later the whole of his product, develops him and individualizes him. He must think of his materials —how to adjust seven bull-hides to one another, and the compacted seven to the bronze or the bronze to them, and how best to fit in the gold studs; and in every material he uses Nature plays him some trick—tricks we associate for instance with heat and expansion, ductibility and so forth. Every material with its peculiarities, and all to be combined—one waggon and a hundred pieces to fit in—the man must get the habit of thinking; and when the sailor comes and explains

the tricks of the sea, or the shipwright learns them for himself, he will think harder. This habit of thinking, once acquired, cannot be stopped till the body gives out, and a man's sons pick it up from him—"they come by it honest"—and challenge him. Together they come to think of prices; why above all—put the building materials aside—should the prices of wheat and meat and oil vary so? And your craftsman turns economist at once, and hits a number of wrong reasons and by and by some right ones; and from the stalls of the market he brings his intelligence to bear on the sources of supply. Of course fish is dear after weeks of storm; anybody who builds and mends ships can understand that, but land and sea are not the same thing; you can see what is the matter with the sea—look at the boat! but what is the matter with the land, after so good a season? Oh! says the rustic at the stall, ask the noble Butades, or Bacchiad, or whoever is the head of the local noble family.

If a trade will set a man thinking about wheat and land and landlords, what will be the effect of an art upon his mind? Greek art was essentially alive, progressive, individual, open to ideas, instinct with criticism. When every craftsman had a bit of the artist in him, his reflections on markets and nobles and life and food and rights and wrongs will be not merely critical but constructive—reconstructive. Men hung about the smithy and talked and got new ideas.[1] Aristotle may say what he will about artisans in politics, and perhaps he is right about those of his day—a time when everything had been changed by slave labour, large production, Mediterranean trade and imperialist ambitions. Let us get back to our own period—the age so dim to

[1] Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 493, πὰρ δ' ἴθι χάλκειον θῶκον καὶ ἐπαλέα λέσχην; the poet thinks it waste of time for his brother to loiter and chatter; there are things he can do at home if field-work is impossible.

us, so perplexing to its own people, when craftsmen were artists with the independence of art surgent within them, critical and reconstructive; and better work than they had ever done before produces less return, and food costs more, and women have so many children (as they did) and the children eat so much (as they did); and the country people say it is the fault of the nobles that food is dear, and goods will not sell as they did overseas—though how the nobles are concerned there nobody can see, and everybody seems to be thinking of himself. Even the poets are not what they were. The rhapsodes are still reciting Homer—that is something to quicken life and thought, an education by the roadside, with which few that Boards of Education have ever contrived are even remotely comparable. But if you meet the living poets, they have nothing to say of Achilles, they are full of themselves and their loves and their hates, the cursed ills of ship, of flight and fight—more personal than honest Hesiod whom the country people quote.

So there we have the re-emerging world—a crowded world with no trace of race-suicide—a world of towns instead of tribes—real towns, not the villages our ancestors called towns knowing no better, but towns with walls and wharves, crowded streets and cramped quarters, and the land outside them in the hands of a few. The bays and headlands of Asia Minor have well-established Greek cities. Miletus in Homer was Carian, allied to Troy—"Nastes led the Carians, uncouth of speech, that possessed Miletus and the mount of Phthira of leafage numberless and the streams of Maeander and Mycale's steep head." If the Catalogue is a later addition to the *Iliad*, as people have said, then the Carians held Miletus later than we might have supposed. "Miletus," says Strabo, "was founded, or colonized, by Neleus, by race from Pylos" with an alleged Mes-

senian strain; and Herodotus tells us how Neleus, or whoever it may have been, had to fight the Carians for the place; and we have the best of evidence that the Carians put their minds on fighting and for centuries were renowned at it. In the end Miletus remained partly Carian—through the captured wives according to what Herodotus heard, perhaps otherwise as well. Aristotle gives us noticeable hints as to the effect upon a constitution of a foreign element in the city; so here is another factor to reckon. The Greek world, re-emerging from the dark ages, is very modern—land questions, food questions, trade questions—the sea, the soil, and the foreigner—poets and travellers and traders and smiths and shipwrights rubbing shoulders in the market, and the prices up again on every stall. What can be done with a world that keeps changing? Can you stabilize life and society? or had you better change? and the crucial question is, change what? Sparta tried to stabilize herself, and her history suggests an antithesis to the Frenchman's aphorism—the more it is the same thing, the more it changes. Every generation saw Sparta more out of tune with the real world. Then, if it is to be adjustment, where will you begin? What will you change? What can you change? Thersites and Eupeithes have a good deal to say, and more people like to listen to them than Homer would have expected. But they are not constructive, they have no eye for sea and wind, for crop and season, nor for the birthrate. You cannot change these; but something must be done, and the question again is what?

CHAPTER II

The World after Homer

AFTER Homer, all are agreed, comes an age of darkness, and when we see the Greek world again, it is a new world with new interests and new problems. How it came into being as we find it, the Greeks explained in their stories of the Great Migrations—how the Dorians came into Greece, and how the Ionians moved over to Asia Minor. Modern archaeologists are re-writing the story of those centuries, with new data on the civilization of the Aegaean, its rise, its flourishing and its decline, and with new problems and strange discoveries as to the inland powers that dominated Asia Minor—the Hittites pre-eminently. Perhaps, suggests Mr Hogarth,[1] it was not till that great empire weakened and broke up that the western coasts of Asia were open for settlers; but, he is cautious enough to say, "what exactly we are to understand by that Migration of the Ionians, when it began and when it ended, it is very difficult to say. Certainly it did not pass in one great horde. The landings in Asia probably went on for several generations," and he points out that Greek tradition hints at comparatively small parties, which did not always hit at once upon the spot where they would or could have their abiding city. But with the planting of these cities, the fights of the colonists with the Carians, their reasons for leaving Europe, we are hardly concerned. Let us take them as we find them, planted, as Herodotus emphasizes,[2] "in places more favoured by skies and seasons than any country

[1] D. G. Hogarth, *Ionia and the East*, pp. 48, 103.
[2] Herodotus i, 142.

known to us." They planted their cities, how and when we hardly know; little by little, like other colonies, they grew in the unrecorded way familiar to students of colonial history. By the time when we really begin to know them, they are suffering from their success—they are overcrowded, the land is not sufficient for them, and the problems of trade loom up for them. There was trade landward and trade seaward. Smyrna's position gave the city the advantage of the Hermos valley, and it became a rival of Sardis beyond the mountains so long as it could control the pass; and hence came the wars which ended in the Lydian capture and destruction of Smyrna, perhaps about 585 B.C. Miletus in the same way was the seaport for trade with Celaenae and the upper Maeander region.[1] Samos had the advantages and disadvantages of being an island, and escaped in measure from the horrors of Cimmerian and other barbarian raiders.

But it is apparently not to trade but to land questions that we have first to turn. It is significant that in Samos the aristocrats, or nobles, or oligarchs, whichever name you prefer, were *Geomoroi*, men with a portion in the land.[2] So far away as Sicily the same name for the same sort of class meets us in another colony of another stock and a later date—Syracuse.[3] Land is the issue, because land is the source of food. The Homeric hero lived on flesh of bull and swine; the Athenian citizen at a later date on dried fish from the Black Sea, and fish locally caught and not always as fresh as he liked. Both wanted bread. In this middle period the major necessities of diet and life generally imply land—heat, meat and wheat mean woodland, pasture and arable field; cleanliness, light, fat in diet and gaiety involve olive-yard

[1] For Smyrna and Miletus see Sir W. M. Ramsay, *Historical Geography of Asia Minor*, pp. 61 and 58.

[2] Plutarch, *Quaest. Graec.* 303 F–304 C. [3] Herodotus vii, 155.

and vineyard. The birthrate—we have no statistics as to the birthrate; that must be admitted; but the abounding Greek expansion of several centuries is unintelligible without a high birthrate, so we must reckon it also as a factor. Cities then with limited land about them—limited physically by mountain and sea, and sometimes politically limited by neighbours great or small who would allow no expansion—and a high birthrate, the outcome is congestion, and hard living, and faction—with famine in the background. Long after this period the Persian Mardonius commented on Greek warfare—"they make war with utter want of counsel, wrongheadedly and senselessly. They find out the fairest and most level ground, descend into it and fight, so that the victors come off with great harm. Of the defeated I say nothing at all; they are blotted out."[1] Yes, they fought so, but not quite wrongheadedly. That fair and level ground was their main hope of food, and if any enemy cut the corn and felled the trees there, it would be famine.[2] They must fight there and fight to a finish, and hence came the Greek hoplite, not armed or trained for large manoeuvres, but to stand and fight for that small plain till his enemy was blotted out.

The narrow domain, the risk of plunder from neighbour and pirate—neighbour always, and pirate more especially in the early days—that is the story. When, later on, as Thucydides says,[3] navigation grew safer and surplus revenue accrued, and cities were built on the shore itself instead of inland and were walled, still there was this pressure of the food supply. But the growing safety of the sea suggested an outlet. Men from overseas spoke of lands not too full of people, lands that could easily be captured from sparse bar-

[1] Herodotus vii, 9.
[2] See Jardé, *The Formation of the Greek People* (Eng. trans.), p. 40.
[3] Thucydides i, 7.

barians or even stray Greeks, good lands to cultivate and in a climate as fine as Ionia itself, or not so much worse; and Sicily and Southern Italy became as it were the America of that age. The earliest overseas settlements seem not pre-eminently designed for seaports or centres of trade. Chalcedon, "the city of the blind," was planted before Byzantion—a fact that hints it was not the incomparable port that was sought, nor empire, nor trade, but something simpler, good land for overcrowded farmers. And in time, as we saw already, the farmers' descendants were the aristocracy of the new place. Of course this must not be over-pressed. Without navigation—and the practical Greek navigated for the concrete purposes of trade rather than for sheer love of exploration—men would not have known of these fine sites for colonies, such as Syracuse to which went the farm people from Tenea near Corinth. Tenea is forgotten by historians, but did not a god give an oracle about it?—

"Corinth is a happy place;
But Tenea for me!"[1]

And farm-lands they found near the haven they did not at first use to the full, and serfs to work the lands they found in the natives; "Cyllyrians they are called."[2]

The dates of the foundations of the chief colonies have been handed down to us; for instance, Syracuse was planted, they say, in 734 B.C. The tradition has been doubted, but it may be sounder than has been allowed; the planting of a colony is a definite new start, the kind of date from which men reckon years. It is easier to be sure of the first year of New York than of York in England. The colony in the Greek world, moreover, was not an affair of a few adventurers like

[1] Strabo, C. 380, for the oracle and the story that most of the colonists with Archias had come from Tenea.

[2] Herodotus vii, 155.

Plymouth, Massachusetts; it was the venture of the mother-city, officially made, with such divine sanction as an oracle could give, and a leader definitely appointed. It was, if it dare be said, more like the founding of Salt Lake City—two points excepted. It was, in general, the work of one city and did not include, as a rule, foreigners; and it was the work not of an autocrat, but of an aristocracy. And there we may pause for a moment.

Call the government aristocracy or call it oligarchy, it is plain that, like the Athenian democracy of the fifth century, it had a good deal of political capacity. When one thinks of Corinthian expansion Westward or of the eighty colonies planted by Miletus on the Black Sea, it is obvious that the work was done with foresight and prudence. When we read the story of European settlement in America, North or South, with its roll of disasters regularly preluding the foundation of a successful colony—disasters due to ignorance of the ground, of the natives, of the most elemental necessities, to jealousy and recklessness, it is plain that these early Greeks knew better what they were doing. If it is objected that they had not the New England or the Canadian winter to face, the reply is that neither had the settlers in Virginia, California or La Plata. But the winter of the Black Sea is not that of Florida.[1] Englishmen, Spaniards and Frenchmen have tales to tell of failure. Perhaps the Greeks had more to tell than have come down to us; but while one remembers the Phocaeans and can believe that the Black Sea had its bad memories (its old name Inhospitable is eloquent enough), the Greek certainly occupied a great many places designed by Nature for the importance that Greek energy gave them. And they fall mostly into the period of oligarchic rule.

[1] Cf. the account of Ovid, see p. 242 below.

Two accounts are suggested to explain the general directions taken in colonial ventures. At a date, which moderns variously compute as the end of the eighth century B.C., some point in the seventh century or its end, two cities of Euboea quarrelled over the plain that lay between them, and their allies gathered to them. Chalcis enlisted Corinth and Samos; and the neighbours (comparatively speaking) of these cities, Megara and Miletus, rallied to Eretria. The two groups divide the colonial map, if you exclude the Chalcidic peninsula of Thrace. Miletus and Megara held the Black Sea. Corinth looked Westward. On the other hand, those who are interested in the rivalry of Dorian and Ionian remark that this rivalry extends to colonization—Megara is Dorian, Miletus Ionian—and each race tries to divide the other's field of influence.

The colony solved, for the time, the problem of overcrowding, and, if gradually, still for a time that of food. Englishmen to-day, perhaps people generally, forget that the first and most terrible problem in colonization has been to escape starvation. The new country is full of promise, and in time it may abundantly fulfil that promise; but the initial years are full of difficulty, as we can see in New England and in the stories Herodotus reports of the founding of Cyrene. Whatever happened in Sicily, it is safe to guess that the early colonies in the Black Sea involved enormous risks, and that, even when it was plain that Greek colonies could prosper there, each fresh colony must have needed a great deal of support before it could stand alone and maintain itself. Wine and oil played a large part in the life of the Greek, and Southern Russia produced neither; and, if it did, the olive takes some eighteen years of growth before it is of much use. From the beginning to the end, wine and oil had to be sent to the Black Sea; and there lies for us a hint of the future. But we must

not quite neglect all the other things, made by smith and carpenter, that wise colonists will take with them and at first must often send home for till they have leisure to make them. What sort of things will be decided by the homely phrase that it all depends on what you are used to. When the Doukhobors settled in Canada, they chipped the cast steel scythes supplied to them and had to send to Russia for others of wrought iron, which they knew how to handle and how to mend.[1]

Now, conceding as we are bidden that the early colony was mainly agricultural in intention, and refraining even from the suggestion that centres of trade may also have been contemplated, we can see that the mere planting of a successful colony implies knowledge of the sea and its coasts, a genuine familiarity with the Mediterranean, and that its early years must necessitate a great deal of traffic with the mother city. If the older state sends out oil and wine in great quantity, the owners of vineyards and olive-yards should prosper. Yes, and the potters, for these commodities had to be carried in great clay jars. Herodotus speaks of the numbers of the jars that came to Egypt, where you never see them, he says, for travellers across the desert take them away full of water. The archaeologists find the broken jars in abundance, and trace by their fragments the changes in fashion among wine-drinkers, not uninfluenced by the ascendancy of Corinth or Athens. So in addition to smiths and carpenters—mere artisans—honest country-folk are bettered, and the potters share. But what will the ships bring back? Classical scholars, like protectionist politicians, sometimes forget that empty ships double freights. What could the colony send back? In time Sicily sent back

[1] On the trade of the Black Sea, see Polybius iv, 38. See also A. Jardé, *The Formation of the Greek People* (Eng. trans.), p. 204. Cf. below, p. 238.

large cargoes of cheese,[1] lard[2] and hides, perhaps wool, and by and by wheat; and the Black Sea colonies must have sent wheat from the first, and later on those about the Sea of Azov fed Athens with dried fish. So far we have stuck mostly to eatables. The Black Sea climate, with frozen rivers and frozen seas, called for heavy clothing, and Miletus became famous for its woollens and exchanged them for flax from Colchis, and perhaps Scythian gold—though the last is never a bulky freight. Finally whether the colonists had to deal with barbarians, or like the Syracusans with other Greeks (Chalcidians) on the spot before them, colonization meant war, and war meant work in the mother city for what we might call munition workers, all the trades whose representatives protest in Aristophanes' comedies against Peace and are so deservedly trounced there.

Oil, wine, wool—then colonization, while it relieved Miletus of poverty, must have called attention still more to land; and the relief gained by the settlement of the swarming children of the poor overseas, still left problems of ownership, rents, wages and prices, while the owners of land better adapted (or which they chose to suppose better adapted) to wheat growing might not altogether share the satisfaction of owners of vineyards and olive-yards. How far can a state safely, they would ask, depend for its food on sources it does not control, perhaps hundreds of miles away? Solon in Athens dealt with that question, but we have not yet come to him. Meantime, every colony meant after all a relative increase in the town population as opposed to the country folk. Eighty colonies of Miletus and lands of wheat call for men from the land, not from the street, and not from the shop in quite such quantity. It may mean increased numbers in the shops—far more mechanics, ship-wrights and smiths, and it cer-

[1] Aristophanes, *Wasps*, 838. [2] Plutarch, *Nicias*, 1.

tainly does mean far more men busy about the docks. It means also a wholly new, or almost entirely new, class of middleman, especially after the invention of coinage. The owner of an olive-yard may have to hire an olive-press, and there may be a middleman there, as the story of Thales' experiment shows.[1] For Thales felt the reproach that philosophers are unpractical. So one year he spent the spring wandering over the countryside. When the olive-harvest came and proved to be exceptionally good, it appeared that the philosopher had foreseen it, and had quietly "cornered" the oil-presses, well aware that olives must be pressed at once. He did it to prove that philosophers can make money if they like, though they are as a rule more interested in other things. The grower will hardly be able always to consign his oil direct in his own jars to Theodosia. The outcome is the trader, the dealer, whom the Greeks never liked and never quite understood. Add up the new classes, subtract the farming sort who emigrate—weigh up the wealth that, whether crops are good or bad, always gets into the dealer's hands—and what is the result?

A state, says Aristotle,[2] has many parts, of which some one may often grow imperceptibly; and political revolutions spring from disproportionate increase in some part of a state. Elsewhere[3] he picks up and catalogues certain of the classes we have seen imperceptibly increasing—viz. (*a*) the food-producing class or husbandmen; (*b*) mechanics engaged in arts, some absolutely necessary, some contributive to luxury or grace of life; (*c*) traders, "and by traders I mean those engaged in buying and selling, whether in commerce or in retail trade"; (*d*) serfs or labourers; (*e*) warriors. "In many places," he continues, "some one of these

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, i, 11, 8.
[2] *Ibid.* v, 3, 6.
[3] *Ibid.* iv, 4, 9.

classes may form quite a large population; for example, fishermen at Tarentum and Byzantion, crews of triremes at Athens, merchant seamen at Aegina and Chios, ferrymen at Tenedos." And before we leave that chapter of the *Politics*, let us just note and remember by and by that "all men claim to possess political ability, and think they are competent to fill most offices." Elsewhere again he speaks of husbandmen, mechanics and labourers, and adds that "if the first of these be added to the second, or the third to the two others, the very nature of a democracy is changed."[1]

Aristotle alludes to warriors. The earliest government, he tells us,[2] after the overthrow of the kingly power, grew up out of the warrior class; rule originally belonged to the knights; when cities increased, and the heavy-armed grew in strength, more had a share in the government; and this is the reason why the states, which we call constitutional governments or republics, have been hitherto called democracies. In ancient states, where population was small, they had no considerable middle class; the people were weak in numbers and organization, and so they were more content to be governed. He indicates a reaction on government not only from the increase of one section of a community but from the numbers of the heavy-armed. I do not remember any passage in the classics that specifically gives the cost of a hoplite's outfit. But those smiths, whom we have tried for so long to watch, have surely had an influence here. What else can their progress in simplifying processes and cheapening the cost of production in every line of metallurgy mean, if it does not mean also lower prices for armour, and an increase in the number of the heavy-armed and political change to follow—nay, that has followed? For look back a moment to the Homeric battle; there is the hero in

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, vi, 1, 8. [2] *Ibid.* iv, 13, 10.

bronze, and the common folk nowhere, ill-armed and ill-protected in dogskin caps; it is an age of princes. And then Aristotle tells us of a period when knights and nobles ruled in armour; and Thucydides shows us later again whole armies of Athenian hoplites. Are we going too far or too fast in connecting progress in democracy with progress in metallurgy? If not, we were well advised to watch the smiths. And metallurgy is not exhausted with the making of armour; for who made the coins? I must not digress to handmade coins, and the mysteries of top and bottom punches and their relative durability, and the wonderful results that numismatists draw from the shorter life of the top punch; but the student of politics must not forget either the punches or the craftsman for the sake of the man who gives the order for the issue of the currency.

The craftsman, then, the maker of armour, has gradually contributed to the rise of the nobles and to the decline of the king. The nobles, in spite of his services, despised him. Herodotus records that Scythians, Persians and Lydians, who represent very different levels of culture, and nearly all barbarians in fact, have less esteem for citizens engaged in trades, and count more honourable those who let artisan's work alone and practise war. And so, too, he adds, do the Greeks, especially the Spartans; but the Corinthians have least contempt for artisans.[1] Corinth, we may interpolate, remained a prosperous, and (Pindar says) a well-ordered town, an oligarchy in fact in Pindar's day and for long after. These two facts about Corinth may be weighed along with a remark of Aristotle's to the effect that a change may come in an oligarchy through a time of prosperity, due perhaps to long peace, when the property of many persons multiplies many times over and they automatically become qualified to hold high office.[2]

[1] Herodotus ii, 167. [2] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 6, 17.

Thus the respective numbers of the various groups in the state keep changing; and in the ports especially the seaman class and the artisans gain numerically against the nobles and the landowners and the land-workers. We must not say abruptly that they outnumber them, but that they gain on them; and this, Aristotle holds, is not to the advantage of the state—

> the best material of democracy is an agricultural population; there is no difficulty in forming a democracy where the mass of the people live by agriculture or tending cattle. Being poor they have no leisure, and therefore do not often attend the assembly; and, not having the necessaries of life, they are always at work, and they do not covet the property of others. Indeed, they find their employment pleasanter than the cares of government or office, where no great gains can be made out of them.[1]

So Aristophanes suggested in his comedies, and so has thought ruefully many a political thinker since A.D. 1800.

But the land-holding class was to decline. For one thing, where the nobles, the heavy-armed and the rulers are one class, it is obvious that every war, successful or not, will tend to reduce their numbers.[2] Next, we have to remark, though we cannot tell how long it took, the gradual breaking-down or wearing-down of the clan-system. The early lawgivers here and there are recorded as giving freedom of testamentary disposition of property to people who chafed against uncongenial heirs from collateral branches of the clan or the family. It was a wise move in the legislator, and helped to encourage energy and thrift, and to increase the general wealth of the city; but it is a sure sign of the decline of the clan. Children are failing in the noble or well-to-do house; and the set of opinion even in such homes is toward freedom from old bonds. But if the well-born push for freedom from tradition where it suits them,

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, vi, 4, 1–2.
[2] Cf. *ibid.* v, 3, 7, cases of Tarentum, Argos and Athens.

the base may do the same; and they did. For, as Aristotle says with delicate moderation, "it does not always happen that the ruling class are graceful."[1] They were not always graceful; and, as the general atmosphere changed around them, as standards of wealth and perhaps of living and of comfort rose, and all the reactions from the traders' world and the sea broke upon them, as old ideas wore down and new ideas surged in, the newer generation of nobles became something like landlords pure and simple instead of the clan-chieftains their forefathers had been. The great man may well have been at once head of the family and landlord; but the spirit of the age encouraged other people to think of him as principally landlord, and he may have inclined to that view himself and become less "graceful" as a result.

Agriculture had other troubles. The change in the common ways of living, trade and manufacture, meant higher prices for food, and thence higher rents, and, with time and in some places, oversea competition. Agricultural methods were always slow to improve in Greece, if they improved at all. It is difficult to be sure how far in any given region at any given time a Greek farmer could find hired labour or slave labour. Achilles beyond the grave pictures it as the worst fate for a living man to be a hired labourer with a man who had no lot of land—whatever precisely that last phrase implies. The new era of trade and sea-faring must have drawn the hired man from the land before everybody else. Slave labour does not mend bad methods or improve poor tools, but it kills free labour. Just at the time then when the balance of conditions begins to swing against the small farmer in any case, his chief turns into a landlord and can use slave labour on a larger farm in competition with him; and moreover the rent has to be paid

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, iv, 13, 8; "humane" is Jowett's rendering.

in coin instead of kind. It may well be that in this or that place, the change to coin was for some years an advantage to the tenant farmer; he gained when prices rose. But when prices dropped and seasons were bad, he fell into arrears and debt, and if he borrowed to pay, or to sow, things were worse at once. Debt is recorded in place after place as the curse of the tenant farmer, and of the small farmer who farmed his own land. It became growingly clear that the big farm and slave labour were economically more valuable than the small farms of free men. Strange as the word may seem when used of the tiny territory of a Greek city state, *Gross-grundwirtschaft* began to prevail. The once free farmer saw mortgage pillars on his land; he found himself and his children sold into overseas slavery for debt; and the uneasiness and discontent you would expect followed. The country people began to pay attention to what they heard in town, and two favourite catch-words were the cancelling of debts and the redivision of the land. It is doubtful if either catchword was ever actually put into operation, but both had an appeal for the poor and suggested terror to the rich. Famine, we are told, was always a great deal nearer an ancient Greek city than it has been for generations to the European city before the war; the margin was narrow, and when it was crossed, anything might happen, and looting and murder were the first things to expect. And once you are murdered you are probably little interested in further political change; murder should come at the end of it, not at the beginning, if political change is to be well done.

Life has other aspects beside the economic and the political, and in the general period which we are considering—say from 850 to 500 B.C.—life was extraordinarily various and fertile. Navigation and agriculture depended very directly on popular knowledge of

astronomy, and that led to the beginnings of science, and one scientific inquiry leads to another. To look before and after, to sum up the values of such inquiry, and to ask still more sweeping and fundamental questions, was the function of the Greek philosopher, and he, too, began to appear upon the scene. Thales is dated by the eclipse of the sun of 28 May, 585 B.C., which he is said[1] to have foretold; and that philosophy was in touch with common life in those times we are reminded by the tale of the oil-presses.[2] Neither story may be true, yet it is significant that one man is said to have done both things—foretold an eclipse and made a corner, and no Greek perhaps did either before. Philosophy reacts on life without men expecting it. Political change may be averted by sound morals, by convention—*νόμος* will cover both; and morals, as Aristophanes suggests in the *Clouds*, have some connection with religion. Xenophanes about 530 B.C. asked pungent questions about Greek gods after he had seen African idols, and he asked them in a Greek city. A hundred years later controversy raged in Athens as to the parts of Nature and Convention in human life—*φύσις* and *νόμος*; was morality, was marriage, was justice, natural, inevitable in the natural order of things, or is it all talk, idle chatter or the cunning suggestion of parties interested in our deception? This was the problem that Socrates faced. We cannot say categorically that it was urgent in the same form in Asia Minor a century and a half or two centuries earlier, but a line of reflection may be very really operative and may lead to striking results, long before it receives its great classical formulation. Men may not so readily have contrasted Nature and Custom in these two words; but they did not wait for the handy antithesis to notice the facts which in truth led to its being formulated. Arts

[1] Herodotus i, 74. [2] Aristotle, *Politics*, i, 11, 8.

and crafts, navigation, poetry, astronomy, architecture, music, the alphabet, travel, the Greek sense of wonder —everything was working to liberate the Greek mind. Contrasts were many in that world of small communities and difficult distances, and now they were being noted.

So we have economic liberation and intellectual liberation advancing together—the rich emancipated from their traditional duties and the clever from conventional silence, and poverty, unevenly felt, sharpening every question and embittering every answer. In old days the tribe throve together and shared misfortunes; all starved or all prospered at once. Now some thrive and others don't. The crops may be good, and the dealer prospers; they may be bad, and still he prospers, and nobody else does. Why? Why should coin do this, when barter did not? Why should coin, a dead thing, produce "offspring"—the Greek word for "interest," τόκος? It is incidentally very curious that the accident of a term, a metaphor originally, should have played so large a part in political discussion and involved questions of the violation of a natural order. One could have expected greater clarity in the Greek mind; but perhaps when you starve you do not refine about metaphors.[1]

Certain classes gain in numbers; the old nobles lose numbers, in war and perhaps through inbreeding. Wealth shifts about, no one can quite understand how or why; it does not go to the good,—an observation which has given us a pleasant comedy of Aristophanes. Wealth used to come from the land, now it comes from the sea; and other things come from the sea. As Plato said later on in his *Laws*,[2] "the sea is pleasant enough as a daily companion, but it has also a bitter and brackish quality; filling the streets with merchants and shopkeepers, and begetting in the souls of men uncertain

[1] It is especially curious to find this sort of view in Aristotle, *Politics*, i, 10, 5.

[2] Plato, *Laws*, iv, p. 705 A.

and unfaithful ways." In old days, more men than Plato's Athenian might say,[1] "Reverence, αἰδώς, was our Queen and Mistress, and made us willing to live in obedience to the laws of that time." As ever, Law ruled the past and Change rules the present. Such a man went out to the colony a nobody; on the new soil he has grown to be very much of a somebody; and his brother at home is still nobody; why? And another man, by mere luck in trading, is a very rich somebody at home. And the great bulk of the people you meet in bazar and round docks, came from nobody knows where. Everything is changing. What are you to do in the state with a new-made man of wealth? Is he to rise in class, to be allowed to hold office, though of no birth? "Birth and education," observed Aristotle,[2] "are commonly the accompaniments of wealth"; they are not in this case; shall he rule, can he rule, is it in our traditions that he should, or in Nature? And if a city state is really and truly a clan settled in a canton and living rather close together, what of the aliens that crowd in, Greeks perhaps, but not Ionians, perhaps not even Greeks? Are *they* to marry our daughters and give wives to our sons, rich as they are? And all the wrong people thrive, and the good, the old inhabitants, the honest farmers and clansmen, starve.[3]

"Kyrnos," says a Greek poet, "this city is pregnant, and I fear me lest she bring forth a man that shall straighten out our wicked wantonness (*Hybris*). Our citizens, indeed, they are yet sound of heart, but our leaders have turned to fall into all wickedness. . . . Think not thou that that city shall long go unshaken—no, not though even yet it lieth in great quietness—when to evil men these things grow dear, to wit gains that come to them with evil to the state. For of this arise revolutions

[1] Plato, *Laws*, iii, p. 698 B. [2] Aristotle, *Politics*, iv, 8, 3.

[3] On the social atmosphere of Greek colonies in Sicily and Italy, not unlike early New York, see A. Jardé, *The Formation of the Greek People* (Eng. trans.), pp. 217, 227.

and the murdering of men by their own kin, and monarchs; may never such things please our city!"

And later, it would seem, he tells such a tale.

Kyrnos, this city is still a city, but the folk are other folk, who in time past knew not laws nor customs, but with pelts of goats about their loins they lived, and fed like stags outside the city. And now they are *noble* (*ἀγαθοί*); and they that aforetime were good are now base. Who could endure to see it? And one another they deceive, laughing one to another, with no knowledge of evil or good....*Hybris* ruined the Magnesians, and Colophon, and Smyrna; yes, Kyrnos, and you also it shall destroy.[1]

Theognis may not be much of a poet, but he has the gift of conveying his meaning. Unlike that other Greek poet whom Mrs Browning described as "a man of many and wandering thoughts," Theognis is a man of few ideas and he never gets very far away from them. In these few lines, which I have given you, we have a good deal of Greek history and something of Greek morality. Demos, revolution, the incursion of the peasant in goat skins, the inversion of everything by people who know nothing, the fear of a tyrant, *Hybris* —it is a familiar story. Megara had been an oligarchy and a great colonizing power: by and by about 640 B.C. we hear of a man Theagenes slaughtering the cattle of the rich, when he found them by the river side where they had turned them to graze; and then he is tyrant of Megara.[2] The people's champion strikes a blow at the oligarchy; the people rally to him, and, next thing, he is sole ruler—that was the way, says Aristotle, "most of the ancient tyrants were originally demagogues"; and Theagenes is one of his illustrations. One small point we note—the water supply was a weak spot in these clan settlements grown to cities, as in our Canadian cities of the prairie. Polycrates made the water tunnel

[1] Theognis 39–60; 1103, 4.
[2] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 5, 9; and v, 5, 6.

on Samos, it would seem; Theagenes stands up for water rights for the common folk; there had been *Hybris* in the well-to-do. By and by we find *Hybris* in Demos, so we may pause another moment for a clearer view of it.

Hybris, if etymology and slang may help each other, means "getting on top of oneself." Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, we read elsewhere—

> And up against the Lord his God
> He flaunted and he flang.

Hybris is the one great social and personal crime the Greek knows; it is essentially, as he says, the child of κόρος—Satiety. The man is too well fed, he is uplifted, and *Hybris* follows—callous neglect of the rights and the feelings of other men. And after *Hybris*, say the Greek moralists, comes downfall; and it did. Men in goat-skins follow a leader into the city and kill the aristocrats. At Corcyra we read how, by a refinement of revenge, they took away the dead bodies of their enemies on carts, two laid along and two crosswise on top of them, and so on, as many as the cart could carry[1]—human frames geometrically packed, the punishment of *Hybris* real or supposed, and the prelude of more *Hybris* and more murder.

Revolutions come, says Aristotle, "from the desire of equality when men think that they are equal to others who have more than themselves, or again from the desire of inequality and superiority."[2] "They arise not about little things, but out of little things" (οὐ περὶ μικρῶν ἀλλ' ἐκ μικρῶν).[3] Election intrigues, carelessness, neglect about trifles, dissimilarity of elements will start them[4] and fear will precipitate them.[5] The real ultimate difference between oligarchy and

[1] Thucydides iv, 48. [2] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 2, 2.
[3] *Ibid.* 4, 1. [4] *Ibid.* 2, 6. [5] *Ibid.* 3, 4.

democracy is poverty and wealth—there you have it, in Aristotle's sentence.[1] Men dispute about citizenship and about justice—who is, or should be, a citizen? Everybody? the rich? the armed? the worthy? And what is justice? "Democrats say that justice is that to which the majority agree"—let me interrupt Aristotle to interject that I have heard something like that outside ancient Greece—"and oligarchs," resumes Aristotle, "say justice is that to which the wealthier class agree; in their opinion the decision should be given according to the amount of property. In both principles," he concludes drily, "there is some inequality and injustice."[2] People do not resent, he says, being kept out of office, but they hate to think their rulers are stealing public money;[3] and the idea is attractive that, while in an oligarchy the rich rule, the free rule in a democracy,[4] and the common opinion comes to be that only in a democratic state is there liberty.[5] And the philosopher himself concedes that "since cities have increased in size, no other form of government appears to be any longer possible."[6] There comes a time when out of a false good there arises a true evil,[7] and men rise in revolt and there is real trouble. The right to overthrow a bad government—how discussion has turned on that! what bloodshed has it involved! "When a government cannot govern," wrote Mommsen, "it ceases to be legitimate, and whoever has the power has also the right to overthrow it."

Some of you will remind me that I signed a statement before I entered the United States that I am no party to the belief that it is legitimate to overthrow your government, and that I have no intention of doing

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, iii, 8, 7.
[2] *Ibid.* vi, 3, 2.
[3] *Ibid.* v, 8, 16.
[4] *Ibid.* iv, 4, 3.
[5] *Ibid.* vi, 2, 1.
[6] *Ibid.* iii, 15, 13.
[7] *Ibid.* iv, 12, 6.

so[1]. I signed that pledge and I stand by it; I only quote what men say, and to put all right, let me remind you that Abraham Lincoln[2] said something very like Mommsen's sentence, and that Jefferson, in an *obiter dictum*, seemed to bless periodic revolution; and let me again quote Aristotle: "Those who excel in virtue have the best right of all to rebel, but then they are of all men the least inclined to do it."[3] The regrettable fact, and he records this too, is that they are always in a minority.[4]

So Theagenes stands by the common people and their water-supply, and he becomes sole ruler—tyrant in fact. Now the word "tyrant" has not a pleasant sound; perhaps it was Lydian first of all, a foreigner's word, barbarian in sound and meaning; but the associations which it acquired in Greek states have not helped to sweeten it. Aristotle says tyranny combines the perversions and the drawbacks of both oligarchy and democracy[5] and the arts by which it is preserved are hideous.

[1] The exact question runs as follows:

Whether a person who believes in or advocates the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law, or who disbelieves in or is opposed to organized government, or who advocates the assassination of public officials, or who advocates or teaches the unlawful destruction of property, or is a member of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching disbelief in or opposition to organized government or which teaches the unlawful destruction of property, or who advocates or teaches the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally of the Government of the United States or of any other organized government because of his or their official character.

All this, together with the description of Polygamist and Anarchist, I repudiated, as every passenger or immigrant entering the United States is required by law to do.

On the general question, as seen from the Christian standpoint, consult Augustine, *Confessions*, iii, 8.

[2] Cf. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*, vol. i, p. 369.

[3] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 1, 6. [4] *Ibid.* 4, 12. [5] *Ibid.* 10, 2.

He must put to death men of spirit; he must not allow common meals, clubs, education and the like; he must prohibit literary assemblies and take every means to prevent people from knowing one another; he must practise these and the like Persian and barbaric arts. He must know what each of his subjects says and does; he must sow quarrels among citizens, impoverish his subjects;

he will make war to keep his people occupied; he will give power to women and license to slaves, because slaves and women do not conspire against tyrants and they will be his agents and informers.[1] Division, war, feminism—it is a horrid catalogue. But I prefer on the whole the simpler story of Herodotus.[2]

How could sole rule be a fit thing, when the ruler can do what he will, nor be held to account for it? Such rule would set the best man in the world, once he stepped into it, outside the ordinary thoughts.... He will do many wicked deeds, some sated by *Hybris*, some from envy. He is jealous of the safety of the good; he is the best of men at believing calumny and the least easy to accommodate. And now I will say what is worst of all, he overturns ancestral customs, he does violence to women, he kills men without trial.

But historically the tyrants made real contributions to progress. They often restored order to disordered states for a while, and broke the power of the old families, as the Tudor Kings did in England. They promoted commerce and guided agriculture, even if, like Pisistratus, they confiscated the lands of their enemies to make small holdings for the poor. They did much for art, for poetry, music and architecture, and trained the Greek imagination to aim high in these directions. They emphasized pan-Hellenic religion—perhaps as a counter-attack on the exclusive rites of the noble families, but it was also, in its way, a means of grace. The tyrants, perhaps, did not need Aristotle to tell them that, if men think a tyrant is religious and has a

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 11, 4–11. [2] Herodotus iii, 80.

reverence for the gods, they are less likely to conspire against him, as they will believe him to have the very gods fighting on his side.[1] Finally the tyrants united all classes against themselves, and their dynasties never lasted long.

But there was in some places a happier way found to peace and prosperity—the office of *Aisymnetes*, which Aristotle calls a sort of elective tyranny, legal but not hereditary.[2] Sometimes a foreign commission was called in, as in that city where the foreigners came and made a survey of the land and gave the government over to the men who managed their own farms best, as being the likeliest to do best for the state also. But the greatest of the kind was Solon, "the greatest economist whom the Mediterranean world produced before the foundation of the Roman principate."[3]

Solon found the agriculture of Attica in a deplorable state—debt, mortgages, sale of farmers and farmers' wives and farmers' children, pain, suffering, chaos, and revolution at hand. His work was threefold. He dealt abruptly with the actual situation; he put things in such trim that the disorders should not return; he adjusted the government from the traditions of the past to the facts of the time. He cancelled debts and mortgages on farms, and peremptorily stopped forever the sale of citizens for debt—this he called by a pleasant and human name *Seisachtheia*, the shaking off of burdens. It was not the crude cancelling of debts that extremists demanded; it was a measure to lighten the mind of the farmer and give him fresh interest and hope, in possession of his farm and his wife and his children. His next group of measures shows the man who understood the history of Miletus. He headed Athens for industry and overseas trade, gave her a new and handier cur-

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 11, 25.
[2] *Ibid.* iii, 14, 8.
[3] Grundy, *Thucydides*, p. 68.

rency, and turned the farmer from wheat to the olive, from the crop which the land could not well produce to that for which it was ideally suited. He forbade export of field produce other than olive oil. He emphasized trades and crafts; a parent must teach his son a trade; a foreigner with a trade, if he would bring his family, or if he were a single man banished from his own state, might freely settle in Athens, ply his trade there and readily become a citizen. That at once solved the problem of clan or city, the doubt about birth and citizenship. It is notable that Themistocles carried on this idea, and that Pericles stopped it. Solon gave the trader and merchant new freedom; he abolished stupid impediments to industry like the old client rules; he would have no laws fixing the rates of interest. The use of capital is the secret of economic prosperity, and it is best used by those who know the conditions. Who could best fix the proper interest for a loan on bottomry, on a voyage to the Black Sea? Surely the men who know the sea and the seasons and the other risks; then let them fix their own rates of interest. He also conceded, as we saw, the right to make a will to a childless man; let him work, trade, navigate and augment his fortune and the national wealth, with the stimulus of being free to dispose of his own as he liked. Solon saw that the best asset of Athens was the individual—better than the olive, better than pottery; the individual wants air, exercise, freedom to develop; then he shall have it. And when he was developed, what then? Solon adjusted the constitution to give the new rich man a place in it alongside of Eupatrid and Eteobutad. A property qualification may not seem to you democratic, but it was a real step forward. A realist, a humanist, an economist and a poet, Solon may well be counted among the seven sages or, better still, above them; for where was his equal? The Athenians were not wrong when

they attributed to Solon the foundation of their democracy. He was not, indeed, the author of all their laws or the last stages of their democratic development; but if, as we shall see, there was truth and greatness in the ideals described by Pericles in the famous Funeral Speech, the original author of this ideal citizenship was Solon.

CHAPTER III

The Age of Pericles

THERSITES and some other people have reminded us that even in the society that Homer described lay the germs of Greek Democracy. Through the dark period that follows Homer we have seen that the factors working for Democracy continued inevitably, and when we next gain any clear sight of the Greek world the stage is set for the gradual ascendancy of Demos. For three centuries at any rate the Greek had in a sense the world to himself. Eastward it is true that there were great empires, but they were content with the East, and Egypt was Egypt, little concerned with any foreigners but such as might come by way of Gaza or, perhaps, from Central Africa. There grew up a powerful kingdom in Asia Minor between 700 and 550 B.C. whose kings from Gyges to Croesus perfectly understood the importance of the Aegaean shore to them and the value of its ports, and were not slow to grasp and to use the peculiarities of the Greek temper and the type of life it favoured and produced. But the Lydians only touched Asia. If they were a menace to Miletus, her eighty colonies were quite out of reach of Gyges or Croesus. If the restoration of a miscopied line be right, Archilochus says "he laments the woes of the Thasians, not of the Magnesians" who had suffered from Cimmerian invaders;[1] the mainland and the islands were different stories. Herodotus[2] has a tale of a wise Greek counselling Croesus not to meddle with ships. It took the Lydians a good century to master the Greeks of the Asian mainland. Nowhere else did

[1] Strabo, C. 647.

[2] Herodotus i, 27.

the Greeks have to face any similar power. The world was all before them where to choose. They might have to fight the local barbarian tribesmen or wandering pirates, or, Westward, stray companies of Phoenicians or Etruscans; there were the natural risks of storm and season, famine or sickness; but nowhere was there any conceivable political risk for the continuance of the happy Greek plan of each city being an independent state. It was bred in the bone of every Greek that his own city and his fellow citizens were separate from all others, in the very nature of things "citizens of themselves," αὐτοπολῖται. Nowhere in Europe was there, or could there be, anything like Lydia, nor on the Black Sea either. Scythians or Italians or the odd savages of the Cyrenaica, they were all loose-hung tribes without walls or Greek arms or any power of combination or cohesion. The Greek city-state was the natural order. Travellers, indeed, told tales of great and ordered Empires in the Orient; and Xenophanes (as I remember from my Latin grammar) said that the moon was inhabited.

The Lydians knew better; they lived next door to a great monarchy, the Median, and they were careful. But when the Medes went down before the Persians, and Persians clashed with Lydians, the Greeks did not understand the situation. "Medism" had been a phase of Greek patriotism; the better the Medes did, the worse for the Lydians and the better for the Greeks. Cyrus seemed likely to worry the Lydians, so much the better; but when Cyrus suggested that the Greeks should surrender to him while Lydia lay between, it was nonsense. Only Miletus had the foresight to trim sufficiently. As for the rest, the inevitable overtook them; "they showed themselves gallant fighters, each man for his own land, and there, when they were worsted and taken, they remained, each lot in their land

and did what they were told."[1] ἕκαστος, ἕκαστοι, says the historian of those battles about 540 B.C., and till Persia fell before Alexander the Great it was the same story. The danger lay in every generation in the same fact of single cities, furious for independence of everybody at all costs, facing a united Empire of the Persians. And you will note that when the battle of Arbela abolished the Persian danger forever, the Macedonian king was already master of the Greek democracies. But in those two hundred years of struggle you might almost say the world was made.

"We Cretans, stranger," says a man in Plato's *Laws* (707), "are in the habit of saying that the battle of Salamis was the salvation of Hellas." "Why, yes," says the Athenian, "and that is an opinion which is widely spread both among Hellenes and barbarians. But Megillus and I say, rather, that the battle of Marathon was the beginning and the battle of Plataea the completion of the great deliverance, and that these battles made the Hellenes better; whereas the sea-fights of Salamis and Artemisium—for I may as well put them both together—made them no better, if I may so say without offence about the battles which helped to save us." So writes the great Athenian thinker. Fifty years or so earlier the historian put it the other way round, when he spoke of Salamis—"here I am constrained perforce to declare an opinion which will be displeasing to most; but I will not refrain from uttering what seems to me to be true.... To say that the Athenians were the saviours of Hellas is to hit the truth." So says Herodotus;[2] and, whatever contemporary or later Greeks said, posterity agrees with Herodotus. Greece was saved by Athens, by her navy, and by her great democrat or demagogue Themistocles. But you will notice the controversy; was it the fleet or

[1] Herodotus i, 169. [2] *Ibid.* vii, 139.

the army, the sea-captain or the soldier, the Athenian or the Spartan, that saved Greece? The world says it was the fleet and the great democracy; and in truth it was.

The whole experience was staggering and shattering. The Greeks could not believe that Persia was a danger, though they knew it all the time. "We all know," says the envoy of Corinth to the Spartans "that the Persian made his way from the ends of the earth against Peloponnesus before you encountered him in a worthy manner."[1] The Athenians were shrewder; they joined in the Ionian Revolt that occupied Persia for five years; they built a fleet; they saw what was to be done and they did it. They beat the Persian back and then they formed a Confederacy to keep him in his place; and as long as that Confederacy lasted, he came no more to Greece but left the Greek lands and the Greek seas alone. But it was a frightful series of new experiences for the Greek city-states. Their world was completely overturned. They had lived at a distance, safe from despotism, and they found they were not safe. They had trusted to their isolation, and it was only by abandoning it that they had survived. Think of it! To save their states they had had to sacrifice the very principle of their being—

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

There was no gainsaying that; it was the confederated fleet that won the battle; it was not council nor assembly, it was one man who had forced the battle. Confederation—the single brain in control—these are not democracy, these are not city government, *autopolitanism*. The war was won, but the cause might still seem lost. There was no going back to the scattered world of stray city-states; the Athenian Confederacy and the

[1] Thucydides i, 69.

Persian Empire were the alternatives—one or the other; however much you disliked both, you must choose between them. There was just one loop-hole; Sparta by an off-chance might help you to secure autonomy; but it was not the old thing, it was "autonomy convenient to Sparta." Every city now will conform to one of the two types, Athens or Sparta; that is not quite freedom. But there the facts were.

Every way the world was changed. Westward the course of Empire makes its way. In commerce as well, the centre of gravity shifted. Miletus was destroyed; the Asiatic Greek cities that survived were at long war with their hinterland; the commercial significance of the West rose now, never to decline again. Athens was in the centre of the world, and the world was demonstrably one world, not the old collection of odd and dislocated spots where you could live alone; you would never live alone or be let alone again. Syracuse, Carthage, the Black Sea, Egypt, Susa—it is all one world; even Corcyra was in it, in spite of the Corcyraean fancy for being neutrals, standing outside the world. Industrial conditions changed, too. We have seen the city—one city after another—grow at the expense of the country-side; now Athens grows at the expense of them all, captures trade, commerce, industry and empire, and has to adjust herself to her new needs. She did it by putting her free men into her fleets and carrying on her industries with slave labour and foreigners. The country folk moved into the city after the Persian destruction of the farms, and though the farms rose again and Acharnae had its population of farmers and charcoal burners, true sons of the "men who fought at Marathon," it was the men who fought at Salamis and their kind who ruled hereafter. Agriculture remained about as primitive as ever; industries and standards of wealth changed. Athens is the metropolis (so to say)

of a whole world of traders, merchants, industrialists and sailors. They had saved the Greek race and its cities from the Persian, and few are so altruistic after a great victory as while the issue is in doubt. "The Demos," says Aristotle,[1] "was the cause of the victory in the Persian War, and it began to get a notion of itself (its head was turned) and it followed worthless demagogues, whom the better class opposed."

In the former period we saw how intellectual quickening, coming with material prosperity, reacted upon social and political life. We have to take pains at this stage, and even do violence to ourselves, not to digress, for we have reached the great age of Greece, perhaps the moment when the human mind reached its most fruitful. We run over the names of the great poets, historians and philosophers; it is hard to exaggerate what they have done for the world, and for us ourselves; but they do not exhaust their age. Athens, and perhaps in measure all Greece, is full of the sense of power. Power is felt all round; they have mastered the seas, learned the secrets of the stars, made homes all round the Mediterranean. They have overcome distance and difficulty, beaten the savage from his shore and built their walls. The Persian has come and they have defeated the greatest force the world had ever known —they had never imagined there could be so great a world-empire, and the Greek has proved himself better than it in sheer fighting strength and in soundness of judgment. They have won liberty and will keep it; and music, sculpture, poetry, medicine, philosophy—in all these things they eclipse the utmost man had been able to imagine—a wild boast, but plain truth to this day. What cannot the Greek race do? If posterity rejoin, that it could not govern itself or others, that it could not recognize the rights of others, that it could

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii, 12, 5.

not get over its distinction between Greek and barbarian, that it surrendered at last to the individual—what does it signify? That remained to be seen.

I have used plurals in all this. But Pindar's phrase is truer, and he uses the singular—ἅπαν δ' εὑρόντος ἔργον.[1]

> Deep in your hearts of old was flung the seed;
> But every act is his that made it spring.
> The grace of Dionysus with its meed,
> The ox of dithyramb—whence came this thing?
> Who bitted first the steed?

The corporate mind is a modern figment. The society is indeed the nidus, but it never made even a ballad, let alone the *Agamemnon*. That was the work of Aeschylus, son of Euphorion; and Plato wrote the *Phaedrus*, Aristophanes the *Frogs*. Every great Athenian was individual; perhaps, if so crude an antithesis may be forgiven, every individual in Athens was great, or could be if he liked. Has not the great Funeral Speech of Pericles been called the glorification of the Athenian amateur? As we saw, Aristotle touched off mankind and the Greek mind in that sentence of his: "All claim political ability and think they are quite competent to fill most offices."[2] Greek history is made by individuals. History, said Aristotle in his dry way, tells us what Alcibiades did.[3] Marcus is the typical Roman name, for Rome made her place by average men of an amazing average ability, not by the wonderful series that Greece knew of dazzling personalities. But average men combine better than the dazzling; they think more sanely of themselves and of others, and they build better empires. But is not our theme Democracy, and not brilliant individuals or great empires? It is

[1] Pindar, *Olympian*, 13, 18, translation of Cyril Maine, slightly altered.

[2] Aristotle, *Politics*, iv, 4, 18. [3] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 9, 1451 b.

indeed, but the greatest democracy of the ancient world thought of all three, the individual, empire and the democratic ideal; and it forces every one who studies it to think of all three at once. Any other way of looking at Athens leads to error.

Government by the people, the development of the individual, and empire—"putting it in a word," said Pericles, "I say that our whole city is an education of Greece." I have sometimes heard it suggested that America is a democracy, but it is only too plain that the word has changed its meaning. I hear of a President of the United States, there was none in Athens; and of the President's cabinet; again there was none in Athens. I hear of a Supreme Court, and of judges there, who can overturn the laws and frustrate beyond recall the will of the American people. That humiliation never overtook the Athenian people, for they were their own Supreme Court. If they had no Jefferson, neither had they a Marshall. America lacks the two essential qualities of a democracy; the people there neither make the laws nor interpret them. There is no Assembly in America. It is in vain to tell me that you have improved on ancient Democracy; the Athenians would not allow you the boast; that Geography prohibits democratic government—"so much the worse for you," they would rejoin; that with primaries and party managers you do just as well—they would assure you they knew better, they had known party managers, too. They might not admit Benjamin Ide Wheeler's indictment of Pericles as a "poss." I know that genial scholar and his humour, and I think he would join with me in saying that American Democracy and Athenian are two different things.

Then let us look at Athenian Democracy as we find it, and without losing ourselves in minutiae of regulations, let us ask what it did. Briefly, it managed the

affairs of a great city without a town council and the policy of an empire without cabinet or minister, embassy or public office. If you say, was there not a council? there was a council, but its functions were of the slightest; the sovereign authority was the assembly, the council were elected by lot to get the agenda in order, and sat in relays a tenth of the year each. The assembly is summoned and it meets—but stay! let me take an actual case, where the full awkwardness of the procedure and the fundamental weakness of the system appear.

In 339 Philip suddenly slipped through Thermopylae and occupied Elateia, master of the crucial pass. "It was evening," says Demosthenes, "and someone had come to the *prytanei*: with the news that Elateia had been taken. Upon this they rose from supper without delay; some of them drove the occupants out of the booths in the marketplace and set fire to the wicker work"—this seems odd, but the *prytanei*: were a sort of acting committee of the council, and probably the bonfire was a well-understood summons to an emergency meeting—"others sent for the generals"—these were military generals, emphatically *not* elected by lot; military command only the very extremest democrats supposed they could handle, and nobody as a rule believed them; no! where life is concerned, you want an expert leader. So the generals were summoned "and the trumpeter; and the city was full of commotion. On the morrow at break of day, the *prytanei*: summoned the council to the council chamber, while you made your way to the assembly, and before the council had transacted its business and passed its draft resolutions"—this sounds like policy; you will see how little there was—before anything was ready,

the whole people was seated on the hillside (on the Pnyx, the usual place of assembly). And now when the council had

arrived, and the *prytaneis* had reported the intelligence which they had received, and had brought forward the messenger and he had made his statement, the herald proceeded to ask, "Who wishes to speak"? But no one came forward. The herald repeated the question, many times; still no one rose. The generals were all present, and all the orators, and the voice of their Country was calling for someone to speak for her deliverance.

If it had been for a mere well-wisher to come forward, everybody would have stepped up; or if for the wealthiest, the Three Hundred might have put forward a man.

"But that crisis and that day," says Demosthenes, "called for one who had followed the course of events closely from the first and had come to a true conclusion as to the motive and the aim of Philip in so acting. For no one, who was unacquainted with these, and had not scrutinized them from an early period, was any the more likely, for all his wealth and loyalty, to know what should be done, or to be able to advise you."[1]

Picture the scene. An emergency, a national crisis, an assembly, but no President or Prime Minister, no ministry or cabinet, absolutely nobody who was responsible for anything except the masses of the people seated, open-mouthed and anxious, on the hillside.[2]

This was in 339 B.C., one hundred and forty years after the defeat of the Persian invaders; and for those hundred and forty years—with two short and miserable interruptions of a few months each—this miraculous people, sitting on the Pnyx, had never been so lost. They were not quite lost then, for Demosthenes goes on to say quite candidly that he was there with the requisite knowledge of Philip's aims, and with a plan to counter them, but he had not pushed forward. The

[1] Demosthenes, *On the Crown*, 169–172, translation of Mr Pickard-Cambridge, abridged and altered a little.

[2] Polybius vi, 44, says the Athenian *demos* was normally rather like a ship without a captain.

herald called in vain again and again. Nobody spoke; nobody was responsible. That had been the invariable risk for those hundred and forty years, and for thirty before them. Yet this miraculous people had survived, they had a fairly well-managed city for those days and the Greek world, and for seventy of the hundred and forty years they had guided the destinies of a great Confederacy—of an Empire that comprised two hundred and fifty cities dotted about the Aegaean and the neighbouring seas. Nobody technically responsible on any occasion, but invariably somebody "who had followed the course of events closely from the first and had come," if not "to a true conclusion," at least to some conclusion which commended itself to his fellow-citizens and kept the city and the Empire going.[1] Mistakes were made—horrible and disastrous mistakes, as we know; cruel and wicked propositions were brought forward and carried; but the wonder is not that such things occurred—they are always liable to occur in human assemblies, senates and parliaments—but that they occurred so seldom, that so few mistakes were made, and that such steady statesmanship and wisdom ruled. The more you turn it over in mind, the more wonderful it grows. And it has been called mob-government.

"This mob," wrote E. A. Freeman,[2] "made peace and war; it appointed generals and gave them instructions; it gave audience to foreign ambassadors and discussed their proposals; it appointed its own ambassadors and gave them instructions for foreign powers. If comparative secrecy was ever needed in a diplomatic transaction, the larger mob which counted its thousands handed over its powers to the smaller mob of five hundred which formed the senate," the council as we called it. Freeman states his conclusion that "this mob, clothed with executive functions,

[1] On the great achievements of the Athenian Empire see the summaries of Isocrates, *Panegyric*, 106; *Areopagiticus*, 80.

[2] *Historical Essays*, ii, p. 130.

made one of the best governments which the world ever saw. It did not work impossibilities: it did not change earth into paradise or men into angels; . . . surely that government must be called a good one which is a marked improvement upon every government which has gone before it."

If this sound like panegyric, though I think it is sober sense and historical truth, let us hear the other side for a moment and then try to come closer again to facts. Here is what the Persian prince says in Herodotus[1] about Democracy.

Nothing can be more foolish and violent than a useless mob; to save ourselves from the *Hybris* of a despot by changing it for the *Hybris* of an unbridled Demos—that were unbearable indeed. Whatever the despot does, he does with knowledge; but the people have not even that, how can they have knowledge, who have neither learned nor for themselves seen what is best, but ever rush headlong and drive blindly onward, like a river in spate? Let those stand for Democracy who wish ill to Persia; but, let us choose a company of the best men and invest these with the power.

How often we hear such sentiments, and how wise it seems—you will read something very like it in many places of Plato—to entrust all to the best men. But I have yet a sentence to quote that immediately follows: "let us invest these," he said, "with the power. For we ourselves shall be of that company." That sentence always seems to be implied somehow in such sentiments of wisdom.

Now look back at the facts of Athens. *Hybris*, unbridled Demos, pushing, blind, senseless, like a river in spate—and yet for seventy years an Empire is maintained, governed not ideally but not so ill, protected from the national enemy; Persia is kept off the seas and in proper humility at home; piracy is suppressed; trade and commerce flourish; and the most miraculous period of spiritual and intellectual grandeur the world

[1] Herodotus iii, 81.

has seen coincides in date and place with the rule of the Athenian Assembly. The Elizabethan Age should remind us that the highest life and national decline do not go together; and this is, so to put it, the Elizabethan Age of antiquity—I would even venture to say, of the world. The human mind flags under bad government; to thrive it needs faith in the men around, hope for the future, the sense of power; and all these things were found by genius under the rule of Demos. Empire and genius are no anagram of degeneracy, in any language. Let us take our three points of faith, hope and the sense of power in turn.

Pericles bids Athenians be "lovers" of Athens, in the most passionate sense of the word. In England and other old countries men smile gently at the American belief in Democracy, and in America. Perhaps it is a young trait, but it is very Greek, very Athenian. The Athenian believed in Athens. I once heard the suggestion made by a scholar that "all Athenian trials were parodies." He was thinking probably of the fourth century; and perhaps epigrammatists always outrun the evidence. Freeman, more gravely and quietly, says that in Athens was the first instance the world ever saw of the substitution of law for force. Mrs Trollope was impressed in her day by the lack of dignity in American law courts as compared with English; perhaps in some ways Athenian law courts were still less dignified, and now and then justice was still more precarious in them. But from Solon's day onward the Athenians had cherished the ideal of equal law for all citizens—an ideal never yet attained by man, but it is something to cherish it, and the hardest critics of Demos would in quiet moments admit that Demos was not a bad fellow at heart. As Herodotus shows us, barbarian justice was spasmodic and too Oriental by half, picturesque rather than calculable or uniform. When the Persian

King, for instance, had the skin of a corrupt judge removed from him, dressed and made up into a cushion for the judgment seat, to which post he appointed the deceased judge's son,[1] the royal intention may win admiration; but the method adopted to keep justice pure somehow seems ill-suited to become a universal practice, effective as it may for once have been. Whatever Attic pleaders wanted an Athenian court to do, and however chary they were of fatiguing their five hundred judges with technicalities, they always talked to them of law and had laws read to them. And however impulsive and emotional those popular courts might be, they really meant to be law-abiding and they were. Athenians did not carry arms in ordinary life—for the best of reasons; they did not need them. The exiled king Demaratus, told Xerxes that "over the Spartans is a master, to wit Law, whom they fear much more even than thy men fear thee."[2] In Athens, as Pericles says, "while we are unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, and to those unwritten laws the breaking of which brings admitted shame."[3]

In Athens more than in any other place I have read of, or so far have visited, there is what we may call an equation between city and citizen. The citizen is the city; *L'état, c'est moi*, each one of them can say. He does not break the laws; because he makes the laws; they are the expression of his own will; they suit him admirably. They suit him only too well, growls the contemporary critic;[4] they fit him like a glove. We saw the caustic sentence of Aristotle that the real difference between

[1] Herodotus v, 25.
[2] *Ibid.* vii, 104.
[3] Thucydides ii, 37.
[4] See pp. 70 ff.

oligarchy and democracy is wealth or poverty. In Athens, says Pericles, "as for poverty, a man is not barred from a public career by obscurity of rank, if he but has it in him to do the state a service."[1] "You will find united in the same persons an interest at once in private and in public affairs, and in others of us who give attention chiefly to business you will find no lack of insight into political matters." Which is saying politely that an artisan can be a citizen, and a good one, with a real insight into political issues; and that, we saw before, some people doubted. He continues,

> For we alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs not as a harmless but as a useless character; and we Athenians are able to judge, at all events, if we cannot originate. We do not look on discussion as a hindrance to action; the real impediment to action is the want of that knowledge which discussion should give beforehand. We have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and then of acting, though other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection.

The spirit of Democracy then, as we find it in Athens, is belief in men. It may be said that this was also the faith of Jefferson, and that it underlies the American belief in popular government. So far there is coincidence. But Pericles seems to lay more stress than is suggested by the words of some other democratic leaders, or by their conduct, upon the duty as well as the right of the citizen to govern and to think out each situation in full, beside cherishing his faith in his fellow-citizens and the general scheme of government. No scheme of government is of much use unless it is maintained by people who think, and, whatever records of insufficient thought can be brought by Thucydides against the Athenian people,[2] the long story of the hundred and seventy years surely suggests that real thinking was done.

The great period of Athenian democracy is, above all

[1] Thucydides ii, 37.

[2] Cf. *ibid.* iv, 65.

things, one of hope. We have seen a century of American and European life buoyed up and carried on by a belief, with curiously little of intellectual guarantee or of historical evidence behind it, that human progress is certain and inevitable; everything must come out right in the best possible of all universes. This was supplemented at one time by a faith in the quick perfectibility of man. Wordsworth, in speaking of the French Revolution, strikes the note that rings through this age of Greece—

> Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming born again[1]—

when those, who had eyes to see,

> saw, in rudest men,
> Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
> And continence of mind, and sense of right.[2]

How like it sounds to Pericles—"man and his noble nature . . . capable of clear truth . . . a people uprisen fresh as the morning star." No wonder then

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

If you doubt my comparison, I suggest that you read some books of Xenophon's *Hellenica*, that you look at Plato's portrait of the Democratic Man (which is coming in the next lecture), that you study, till you catch the note of it, the gloomy half century between the fall of Athens and the rise of Philip, and then turn back to any of the great authors of the fifth century. Their note is hope. There was sorrow and shame and disappointment in Athens even then, or Euripides could not have written as he did. But faith and hope and the sense of power are in all their writings—in Pindar's, too; though he was no Athenian and no democrat, he

[1] *Prelude*, vi, 339. [2] *Ibid.* ix, 386.

was a contemporary and lived in thoughts of victory; in Plato's, though he had seen Democracy break down. This mood makes the mind of that world—experimental, buoyant, creative. You cannot dissever that from the society in which it springs; Democracy was the nidus, the atmosphere—but no metaphor will quite serve.

I have hinted, perhaps too daringly, that there was a difference between the Jeffersonian and the Periclean man. I will not risk here and now a discussion of Jefferson, who may not be wholly responsible for the use and misuse his admirers make of his ideas. It seems written in humanity that the man who borrows ideas must spoil them, except in rare cases. But Pericles emphasizes, at least in the speech as Thucydides gives it, that it is not the crude raw product of humanity that makes the Athenian citizen. His ideal, the Athenian ideal, is much more like Nestle's summary *die Ausbildung und Geltendmachung der Individualität*—the development and making available of individuality.[1] We saw that Solon seems to have realized that the chief asset of Athens was the individual. Here the belief meets us again. The Athenian is no plaster-of-Paris man, nor cast-iron either, the exact equivalent of every other good Athenian, as every Spartan was of every other stupid Spartan. Athens was not reproducing a pattern; she was not copying the ways of her neighbours, she was giving them an ideal;[2] and it remains an ideal for us to this day. You in America, we in England, conform too much to type. Athens is the school of Hellas *because* "each individual amongst us can in his own person, with the utmost versatility and grace, prove himself self-sufficient in the most varied forms of activity."[3] A French critic has spoken of the *unity* of

[1] Nestle, *Euripides*, p. 194.
[2] Thucydides ii, 37.
[3] *Ibid.* 41.

the age of Pericles, an American of the *integrity* of the Elizabethan Age. I take it they mean the same thing. The Elizabethan could sail a ship, he could beat the Spaniard in a naval action or a theological argument, he could turn a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow or a compliment to the Queen,—soldier, sailor, courtier, poet, Protestant, he was all of these, he was a man, an integer. Most of us are fractions of a man—decimals, I fear, at that; we do one thing and do it in a lame way because we do it in a dull spirit of unawareness, irresponsive to the world's wonder and variety. Not so the Greek, nor the Athenian! "You Greeks are always children—young in your souls," says Plato's old Egyptian.[1] The world was an integer, not a mess of segments, for them, a whole to be grasped and understood; life was an integer, to be lived, not bisected. It was to be given to Athens in all its fullest development—tragic drama or comedy, sculpture, political sense, commercial shrewdness, humanism, while you lived; and if, as Pericles says, the hour came when you should lay it down for your country, it was a sacrifice indeed, of something complete and whole and beautiful, and you made that sacrifice in death for the Athens of your love as gladly as you lived for her. "The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words," says Pericles, "the whole world is the sepulchre of famous men. The love of honour is ever young."[2] "And now," he concludes in the quiet Greek style, "when you have duly lamented, each man his own dead, you may depart."

So the great speech was made, and the listeners departed; and life and the historian, each in their relentless way, carry on the story: for the next chapter tells of the Plague; and soon after Pericles died and Thucydides paused to write a splendid characterization.

[1] *Timaeus*, 22 B. [2] Phrases from Thucydides ii, 43, 44.

Many have concluded from it that the historian was a follower of Pericles. All literature, it has been suggested, is autobiography, and perhaps it is; but in literature at least the greatest individuality is often the least obtrusive. Thucydides had a contemporary who has made his contributions to the history of their country, and M. Langlois couples Aristophanes with Demosthenes as a pair of striking examples of the power that great writers have of paralyzing critics and obscuring facts. Now the outstanding thing about Aristophanes is humour; and while you can generally see what a wit is aiming at, or at whom he is aiming, for it is part of his business that you should—you can never be quite certain what a man of humour really means, or how much of it he means, or where he is looking. Is Aristophanes laughing at Cleon—or at you with your mouth open to catch Cleon's every word—or at Democracy? Cleon thought the poet was laughing at him, and readers of the plays think Cleon had some grounds for the belief. Others fancy that the business of Aristophanes was comedy and not crusade; but in a humourist it is so hard to distinguish them. What was Cervantes smiling at—Spain or chivalry or himself? But, you interject, I am digressing. What I really wanted to say was this, that when you are dealing with genius of the highest order, whether it be that of historian or humourist, you have to reckon on the detachment of genius—its power, as we might say rather carelessly, of entering in and keeping out, and doing both at once. Some critics think Thucydides was cool in his enthusiasm for Democracy and was not to the end of his life an out-and-out adherent of Pericles. It would be hard to be that when you survive your hero thirty years and perhaps had the gift of cool vision from when first you were "of an age to remark." But I need not discuss the politics of Thucydides, and I may have said enough

to the interest of Aristophanes. Whereof is perhaps not wanted in the study of Democracy.

But I wish to quote one of two contemporaries who were neither men of business nor men of parties. Cleon was a good practical politician, a vulgar, forcible, valuable democrat, whose people had no difficulty in understanding—perhaps honest, too, as far as any friend to Greece described himself to me: "half-honest." Nor was, at any rate, according to Aristophanes and others whose love for Democracy was less ambiguous, was more eminently than Cleon a product of Democracy—a genuine "demotic vir." Let us quote Cleon, and as I do, picture him yourselves as Thucydides shows him, striding about the platform, waving his arms and his chitons, and shouting—

> And a voice he has like the roar of a stream
> That has whelped Destruction and Death.[1]

"Would God marry a vine to the pair," he shouts,[2] "I have realised that a Democracy cannot rule other countries, but more than ever to-day." The point of this outburst is that it is proposed to rescind a proposal he had made and the people had carried, to kill all the men of the revolted Mytilene and sell the women and children for slaves. It is true that the Athenians did rescind the decree, but they had passed it, and Cleon, "the most violent of the citizens and at that time exercising the greatest influence over them," had proposed it. Let us have a few more sentences of him then; they will tell us something of the mind of the times.

"You must remember that your empire is a tyranny exercised over unwilling subjects who may plotting against you. So you are. The most alarming thing is if nothing we have resolved upon shall be settled once for all. We forget how a state is ruined the laws, though imperfect, are undeniable is better off than one in which the laws are good but powerless. Dullness and

[1] Aristophanes, *Knights*, 1039. [2] Thucydides iii. 37.

modesty are a more useful combination than cleverness and licence; and the simpler sort for the most part make better citizens than the clever people. The latter want to be thought wiser than the laws. Do not be misled by those three most fatal things for an Empire—pity, delight in eloquence, or "sweet reasonableness."[1] . . . Punish them as they deserve and give your other allies a plain example—that whoever revolts, the punishment is death.

Cleon did not carry the vote that day in 427 B.C.; but let me show the price of empire by another quotation describing the day in 404 B.C. when the news came to Athens that her last fleet was captured—

Wailing came up from the Peiraieus between the Long Walls to the city, every man telling the next. That night no man slept, wailing not only for the lost but for themselves still more, and thinking that they, too, must suffer what they had done to the Melians, and the people of Histiaea, of Scione, of Torone, of Aegina, and many others of the Greeks.[2]

So while we reckon the gain to mankind from the Athenian democracy, we must not forget what the Athenian Empire cost.

There was another figure in Athens who led the Demos, a far more brilliant creature, the ward of Pericles himself. He tells the Spartans what he thought of Democracy; and, though he is of course putting his best foot foremost in an audience hostile both to Athens and to Democracy, his speech is given by Thucydides, who seems to have been in close touch with him in days of exile, and perhaps heard him in Sparta. There are, as the old Greek commentator phrased it, Alcibiadisms in the speech.[3]

"Any power," he says, "adverse to despotism is called Democracy, and my family have always retained the leadership of the people because we have been the persistent enemies of tyrants. Living, too, under a popular government, how could we avoid

[1] I have used Matthew Arnold's translation of *epieikeia*; perhaps Cleon would have wished a more forcible or caustic rendering.

[2] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, ii, 2, 3. [3] Thucydides vi, 89.

in a great degree conforming to circumstances? However, we did our best to observe political moderation amid the prevailing licence. But there were others, as there always have been, who led the crowd into more evil ways; and it was these who drove me out. We were leaders of the whole people, and deemed it right to help to preserve that form of government, under which the state had grown great, and which had come down to us. As for Democracy, like all sensible men, we knew it only too well, and I better than anybody else, who have so good a right to revile it. But about admitted folly, there is nothing new to say."

Admitted folly—incapable of ruling an Empire—so sons of Athens in her great day could speak. If we are to discount it somewhat as quotation, and to refrain from taking Aristophanes too seriously, there is yet a witness who gives his own testimony. Nothing is known of him apart from his pamphlet, which was of old attributed to Xenophon. But the style is not Xenophon's, and the little tract is usually dated about the year 424 B.C. The author seems unaware that in 411 and 404 attempts were made, and miscarried horribly in murder and failure, to have an un-democratic Athens, and he seems to be weighing what chance of success such an attempt might have. He is not a great writer, nor a great thinker, nor a great man, but he is cool, definite and very intelligible. Some might even call him cynical, if the word meant anything by now. However this is his line.

He cannot and will not praise the Athenians for choosing Democracy—where the base do better than the good; but, once granting they have chosen it, he allows they are consistent; and what the outside Greeks count mistakes are not mistakes at all but quite effective policy. It is not quite unjust either that the vulgar should have predominance over the well-born and the rich; it was they after all who made the city great—bos'ns, look-out men, shipwrights, and the like, and

not hoplites and gentlemen. So there is sense in their absorbing office, where there is a salary and no military risk to their persons. Athens allows the base and needy to rule, of course, for that is Democracy; the more there are of them, the better for Democracy; poverty, disorder, ignorance, want of culture make the Demos, and everywhere people of birth and culture are against them. So in public discussion, they know the man of character, the sensible man, will no doubt talk sense but will be hostile; and they naturally prefer an ignorant rascal of their own kind who will stand by them. They don't want a well-governed city, but a democratic one, governed the way they prefer.[1] Good government involves able men making the laws, and would stop madmen leading the assembly; it would mean simply slavery for them. And they dress and look just like slaves; so you cannot punch a slave in the streets; he might only too probably be a citizen.

They make the rich pay, too—for choruses in the drama, triremes and so on; they see that the poor get the wages as dancers and sailors of course. They are apt to deprive the good of civic rights and property, and condemn them to exile and death, and to uphold the bad. In their treatment of their allies they look after themselves pretty shrewdly. All suits are tried in Athens—that means business, fees for jurymen, harbour dues, rent of lodgings, hire of animals and slaves, and general importance for every potential juryman. In the law courts their concern is not justice but interest. They favour the bad in every allied city; the good would not help them. So they keep the allies as slaves of Demos. They quite understand the advantages of an Empire and of a navy to control it. Sea power

[1] Mr Bernard Shaw put it, in 1917: "The great purpose of democracy is to prevent your being governed better than you want to be governed."

means food for them, and luxuries, too, and wealth—and a conglomerate sort of language made of all kinds of dialects. They would be wholly secure if Attica were an island; but after all an invader wastes the lands of the well-to-do; there is nothing of theirs he can burn. They are rather afraid of the oligarchs making common cause with an invader, which could not happen, of course, if Attica were an island. Another advantage of Democracy is that they can always repudiate an engagement made with a foreign power; they can throw over their representatives; there is always some handle somewhere. If anything miscarries, they blame their opponents. After all it is only natural for people to look after themselves, and they do, and very effectually too, and I don't blame them. From their own point of view they manage admirably; and there is no hope of change. You could think of improvements in the constitution, no doubt; but to introduce them and still have it Democracy—that is the difficulty. Nor are there many persons unjustly disfranchised—only a few; and it will need more than a few to attack the democracy in Athens. So change is improbable.

The most brilliant people of antiquity did not lack the gift of self-criticism. We have seen in outline what the Athenians themselves had to say about their government. Thucydides and Xenophon, Plato and Aristophanes, cannot be accused of concealing their people's blunders or its crimes. The oligarch whom we have been quoting certainly does not over-glorify the great features of Athens. We can see quite plainly the ugly side of Democracy, as Aristotle saw it and revealed it—hysteria, judicial murder, extravagance, legal pillage of the rich, contempt for the foreigner, *Hybris* in short—but these are not peculiar to ancient Democracy, or to the Greeks. Sparta governed the world under her hegemony every whit as badly as Athens did, and

moreover sold Greek cities to the Persian. Let us sum up what Athenian Democracy was and what it did. It was a government of citizens met in an assembly, where, without Presidents, ministers, ambassadors or representatives, they themselves governed. They created a beautiful city and a law-abiding people; they united the Greek world or large part of it; they defeated the Persian Empire in all its greatness and drove the Persian from the sea. They made an atmosphere where genius could grow, where it could be as happy perhaps as genius ever can, and where it flowered and bore the strange fruit that has enriched the world forever. "Whate'er we know of beauty, half is hers." The political temper, and the scientific,—philosophy, sculpture and poetry—Athens gave us them all in that period, a century or so at longest, while Democracy flourished.[1]

[1] Mr W. E. Heitland tells me that in this chapter I have been rather too much the advocate and that I have said too little of slave labour. Οὔ τοι ἀπόβλητον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ. Yes, slave labour vitiates all ancient life and not the democracies only; it is the common cancer of every form of government. But if I have written too like an advocate in some places, I hope the reader will take Mr Heitland's hint.

CHAPTER IV

The Decline of Democracy

EVERY student of antiquity feels the difference between the Greek world as we know it in the fifth century B.C. and as we find it in the two or three generations that follow the death of Socrates. Whether we turn to historian or to philosopher—for we shall hardly find a poet—the impression is the same. Something has gone; the ideals are different; men mistrust the future. Athens, Sparta and Thebes have had their great days, their span of rule; and, after all, the real arbiter of Greece is the Persian King. The last words of Xenophon's history, the *Hellenica*, stay in our minds. "After the battle (of Mantineia) confusion and disorder were greater than before in Greece. So far let my story go; what follows shall perchance be another's care." By 362 B.C. Xenophon was an old man; he had seen one Greek power after another fall; and no one knew what to do; unless perhaps his old fellow-citizen, Isocrates, were right and the future lay neither with a democracy, nor with an oligarchy, but with a king. Xenophon drew the picture of a king in his *Agesilaos* as Isocrates had drawn another in Evagoras; Greek both of them. And all the time we, who look back on the story, know that the future did lie with kings and not with Greek kings. We are warned by modern historians not to think too gloomily of the fourth century. Beloch will not allow us to believe it on Thucydides' word that the Peloponnesian War demoralized the Greeks;[1] even in the early years of that war the historian tells us of facts that disprove it—"the

[1] He seems to refer to Thucydides iii, 82.

war only unfettered the passions, which had slept during the preceding years of peace." Holm urges that the supposed degeneracy is not proved; there was, however, deviation from the old paths promoted by sophistry and rhetoric, but Democracy was not a factor of decay in Athens but rather a force for the moral preservation of the city.

It is worth while to turn back to the passage of Thucydides.

> The whole Hellenic world was in commotion; in every city the chiefs of the democratic factions, and of the few, were struggling, the one to bring in the Athenians, the other the Lacedaemonians. Now in time of peace they would have had no excuse for introducing either and no desire to do so; but when they were at war and both sides could easily obtain allies, the dissatisfied party were only too ready to invoke foreign aid. Revolution brought upon Hellas many terrible calamities, such as have been and always will be while human nature remains the same. In peace and prosperity both states and individuals are actuated by higher motives (or, conceivably, have better judgments) because they do not fall under the dominion of imperious necessities; but war takes away the comfortable provision of daily life, and is a violent teacher, and creates in most people a temper that matches their conditions.

In spite of Beloch's reminder of dark deeds done in the early years of war, it is hard not to feel that Thucydides is right. There is this, too, to remember, that Beloch and most of our scholars wrote before the European war of our own day. As one looks back upon that, the retrospect of Thucydides, returned from long exile, upon a Greece ruined by twenty-seven years of war, carries with it conviction. War is a violent schoolmaster, reckless and headlong, and gives his character to all his pupils, winners and losers. Shallow critics remark a certain cynicism in Thucydides, which I cannot accept. They might quote this passage with its sad hint that peace and prosperity affect our conduct

and motives, but hardly change underlying character. Ancient historians say little of economic questions, but Thucydides glances here at an economic factor—the comfortable provision of daily life. We have seen, at least in Europe, what the disappearance of that involves. So human nature, stripped of the comforts of peace, breaks loose.

> The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party-spirit engendered by them, when men are fairly engaged in a contest. For the leaders in the cities used specious names; some would plead political equality for the masses under the law, and the others the wisdom of an aristocracy. They committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by the magnitude of their revenges; both alike made the caprice of the moment their law.... Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness.

Human nature, war, passion, faction, and the daily food—all are militating against civil life. Of all forms of government, Democracy, as the speech of Pericles suggests, asks the most of its citizens; Democracy, least of all, can exist where passion, revenge, and hunger are making men reckless of everything that counts in civilization. Man ill-educated, says Plato, is the most savage of earthly creatures;[1] and thirty years of war are not a good education.

War may be at least for one of the parties to it inevitable. No sane person could apply that adjective to the Sicilian expedition voted in 416 by the Athenians. It was aggression; and, though Thucydides says that with wise leadership it could have been successful, it was folly. Mr F. M. Cornford, in his brilliant book *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, advances a general theory of the historian and his work which I know of no one accepting; but he brings out most vividly certain things

[1] Plato, *Laws*, 766.

that we are apt to miss. Think of the phrases—"love sick with a fatal passion for what is out of reach,"[1] "few things are turned into success by desire,"[2] "a passion fell on all to sail forth. . . a longing for far-off sights and scenes,"[3] "a desire for more";[4] think of the words in the Greek—*Eros Elpis Epithumia Pothos oregesthai;* this was the spirit in which the war was carried on and the fatal expedition was launched by Demos. The ancients have handed down to us the story of Assyria, ever desirous of more, a strong military power ambitious of dominating the whole earth, wrecked at last by years of attempting too much. We have read of the great reign of Louis XIV ending in loss and crippled strength as the result of the same ambition. We all think of another case. Every people realizes the folly of another people thinking it can indefinitely add province to province, find men and money to crush all resistance, and spread itself out so thin as to cover the globe, and yet escape the consequences of the weakness that follows over-straining of powers. Athenian Demos fell into the common temptation of Kings and Kaisers and financial oligarchs.

Before I began to write these lectures, two reflections were in my mind as I thought of Athens and other democracies. Nations break down abroad, but they are ruined at home. It is foreign policy that finds out the weakness of our theories. Aristotle criticizes the political ideas of Phaleas of Chalcedon—his institutions "are chiefly designed to promote the internal welfare of the state; but the legislator should consider also its relation to neighbouring nations and to all who are outside of it."[5] Phaleas had much to say about equality of property when he sketched his ideal; he expected it to "take away from a man the temptation to be a high-

[1] Thucydides vi, 13. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* 24.
[4] *Ibid.* 21. [5] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii, 7, 14.

wayman because he is hungry or cold." Hunger and cold we all understand more or less; if those were the only problems of government, we might have found Aristotle less uncongenial to us in his discussion of the artisan as citizen. But he lays his finger on the spot; Utopias are wrecked on foreign policy. It is very hard to understand this, and what is equally true—that in the long run every problem is linked up with foreign policy, in a world where every conceivable state has frontiers and neighbours beyond them, and where as to-day nobody is far away. But a breakdown in foreign policy betrays weakness at home—some failure to realize and to understand, some defect in training or temper, something intellectually or morally wrong, undeveloped or perverted.

The failure of the Sicilian expedition brought the Persian once more on to the Mediterranean. He had been kept off the seas, as we saw, by the Athenian fleet, and now Athens ruled the seas no more, and he returned to play one Greek power off against another. We need not follow events in any detail. It was Persian subsidies and ships that at last gave Sparta her victory in 404; it was Persian money and a Persian victory that restored the walls of Athens in 393. Six years later the King's Peace made it plain to everybody who it was that controlled, if he did not rule, every Greek city round the Aegaean. The old antithesis of 479 still held; whatever hopes Greek oligarchs or democrats might cherish of a city of their own, governed by themselves, of being *autopolitan*, no city was or could be isolated, every city must look to the hegemony, the suzerainty, of some Greek power or the undisguised rule of Persia. They had tried a democratic suzerainty, and it broke down; Sparta's attempt was far more helpless and hopeless from the start; so, failing Athens, Persia was in control—a monarchic power over oligarchies and democracies alike.

The Greek republic had broken down all round. Greek war was always savage, as we saw in the comment of Mardonius, and Greek faction was, if anything, more savage still. Broadly, in the two hundred and fifty cities in the Athenian confederacy, there was for the seventy years of its duration little revolution. There were revolts, as we know, but the Athenian maintenance of democracies left revolution little chance. The war, as Thucydides tells us, and especially the fall of Athens, gave faction its opportunity. We read of revolution in the cities before the Persian War; the story goes on after the fall of Athens, all through the fourth century, and Polybius in the second century lets us see the grim old business still in process—the war of faction and neighbour—till Rome took away all their liberties, and ended their wars for ever in "the boundless majesty of Roman peace."[1] If it can be urged that the wars and factions of the early Greek states contributed something to the Greek spirit and really helped to develop Greek genius, it cannot be said of them after the fall of Athens. From then onwards they meant less and less, and did nothing but weaken and dispirit the Greek people. No wonder the old centres of Greek life were gradually depopulated; no wonder men of spirit threw over the wretched little city-state for careers of sense and peace in the new foundations of the kings eastward and the manifold life without politics of the growing Roman world westward.

We know from our own experience how war dislocates trade and ruins industry. So we say, in our abstract style. What it really does is to destroy property, to divert men from useful employment, to pervert the spirit of enterprise. When peace at last returned to the Greek world on the victory of Sparta, there had been twenty-seven years of war. In a striking passage

[1] Pliny, *Natural History*, xxvii, 1, *immensa Romanae pacis majestate.*

Isocrates sums up what the wars of Athenian imperialists had cost—

> they met with more and greater disasters in the period of empire than ever befell the city in all time. To Egypt sailed two hundred triremes and were lost with all their crews, round Cyprus one hundred and fifty. In Datum they lost ten thousand hoplites of their own and their allies, in Sicily forty thousand men and two hundred and forty triremes, and finally on the Hellespont two hundred triremes. Incidental losses of ten, or five, or more triremes, and of men one or two thousand at a time, who could number?[1]

Old families, he adds, were extinguished and their places taken by foreigners. Even if antipathy to imperialist ambitions leads Isocrates to some heightening of phrase, it is plain that in ships and men Athens lost terribly; and all the time war and the necessity of building warships turned the dockyards from the production of merchantmen. It is true that Athens' geographical position in the centre of the Greek world, her harbours and the conservatism of commerce gave her back a fair measure of prosperity far more quickly than could have been expected. Ships had to take goods for exchange to some emporium, and they went to the Peiraieus once more and were welcome.

But the effects of war upon industry are manifold and intricate. We shall do best to survey in outline the main occupations of Athenians and try to form some judgment upon the situation left by the war and then upon its effects in government and in theories of government and of life.

Allusion has been made to shipping, so we may start there. Echoes of the dockyard reach us in literature. Fleet after fleet is not built without concentration of effort and energy. One supposes that the shipwrights who built ships of war were qualified to build

[1] Isocrates, *On the Peace*, 86.

merchant vessels, and that, while not at all exempt from the general consequences of the war and the defeat, the shipwrights were among the first people to recover. The crew of a warship was presumably larger than that of a *holkas* or merchant ship. What became of the men who manned the navy during the eleven years following the battle of Aegospotami, we can only conjecture. That the Spartans killed a lot of them or left them to drown is not a malignant guess from Spartan character. They very possibly sold others into slavery, as they did some of Xenophon's Ten Thousand. Many must have dispersed, and quite probably many Athenian sailors were on the Persian fleet which won the battle of Cnidos in 394, the victory which led to the rebuilding of the walls. General shipping, if we may judge from the speeches that survive from law trials of a half century, gradually revived and would absorb some of the men from the old war-fleets.

With the armies of Greece it was different. We saw the old way of warfare—the two bands of heavy-armed hacking one another to pieces on the fair plot of ground, work that called for muscle and passion perhaps a good deal more than for skill. The Peloponnesian War saw great changes in the art of war. The discovery made by the Athenian general Demosthenes, first in disaster and then in success, that light-armed troops had a significant part to play, altered the character of war. It meant a new style of strategy, a new necessity for training, and a complete re-thinking of all military principles. The last was only slowly done, but we see its outcome in the victories of Alexander the Great. In the meantime light-armed troops grew in importance, and there was small place among them for the raw recruit or the amateur; it was not the clumsy work of an old hoplite battle. The hoplite had of course to be drilled to some extent, the light-armed elaborately. The

company must be able to run together over any and every kind of ground, and to wheel abruptly, to retire in order and sometimes in disorder that at the proper distance proved to be order again. Probably their weapons involved more practice too. In any case a troop of light-armed was a unit of highly trained men, and their work was manoeuvre rather than straightforward massacre. There were still things they could not do, but which they might yet thwart the hoplites in doing. The hoplite force then required more elaborate drill to be able to deal with the light-armed. Variety was introduced into battle, into warfare generally, and thus into the training of every soldier and pre-eminently of the commander. This meant a certain professionalism. If the light-armed were very frequently mercenaries from Thrace or elsewhere, their reaction on the average Greek soldier was none the less immense. The war lasted off and on twenty-seven years; and from what we have seen in our own time, the training, we may guess, was more intensive and developed as the years dragged on. The forces of all the states concerned had in most cases abruptly to adjust themselves to peace, without preparation—trained soldiers, untrained in agriculture or industry; and they had nothing to do. Their one trade of fighting was in theory not required, but they had no other; they were bound to be soldiers somewhere or other, wherever they could find pay.

The mercenary soldier is then a permanent and an outstanding figure in the fourth century. Soldiering becomes a trade, first because old soldiers had no other, and gradually because supply can create demand. The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. A community, unwilling to fight in person, may be willing to engage in war to the detriment of its neighbours, when the fighting force can be hired without difficulty. Even if paying it is harder than hiring it, something

will turn up. So the profession of mercenary soldier flourished till the Roman imposed peace. But periodically, or perhaps uniformly, the mercenary was a problem. Two great facts will illuminate the matter. When prince Cyrus rebelled against his brother, the Persian king, he had no difficulty in enrolling the Ten Thousand—more exactly about thirteen thousand; he did not at once tell them whom they were to fight or where, or they might not have come; but he got them, as we all know. When Alexander marched against the Persian Empire seventy years later, it has been calculated that one hundred thousand Greek mercenaries were serving Darius in one or another capacity.[1] For those seventy years, one of the great problems of Greece was what to do with mercenary soldiers. Isocrates constantly alludes to them—now it is "men without cities, runaway slaves, a congeries of every kind of villainy, who will always desert for more pay," and Athens has to put up with and palliate every outrage they commit, her own citizens are short of the means of life, and she has to look on and see her allies taxed and plundered to pay "the common enemies of mankind";[2] and again he commiserates men compelled to live in exile and from sheer poverty required to die fighting their friends on behalf of their enemies.[3] Xenophon, always kindly, gives a more attractive account of his old companions in general, but his narrative shows their real character. Isocrates pleaded for colonization, for a great Greek crusade against Persia; if Philip of Macedon would undertake it, he would find it easy to raise troops—"and greater and stronger

[1] The figure may well be exaggerated, but it rests on estimates such as Arrian quotes—viz. 20,000 Greek mercenaries in the Persian army at the Granicus, and 30,000 at Issos; Arrian, *Anabasis*, ii, 7, 6; 8, 6. Niese and Bury appear to accept the latter, though it is challenged.

[2] *On the Peace*, 44–46.

[3] *Panegyric*, 168.

forces from among wanderers than from among men domiciled in cities."[1]

The devastation of Greece helped to turn men away from the land to the wandering life of the mercenary. What had happened elsewhere, we are not so precisely told, but it is easy to guess. In Attica ten years of enemy occupation had ruined agriculture. Now it is true, as Adam Smith drily said, when he was told in 1777 that England was ruined, that "there is a lot of ruin in a nation." Of course all the live-stock was gone,[2] but if you can find or borrow an ox, or draw it yourself with your wife guiding it, the plough can go over the ground where the enemy pitched, and in some months some sort of crop can be raised. But as we read in the lately found historian known from Oxyrhynchus, the place of his discovery, the Spartan army of occupation had pillaged and destroyed everything; even the tiles of the cottage roofs had been sold cheap to the Thebans.[3] Where was the farmer to house himself and his family, till the wheat grew? But his staple had not been and was not to be wheat. For two centuries it had been more and more the olive and the vine; and an olive tree takes some eighteen years to reach its best fertility. The farm people had had to live in the city, as best they could, and do other things. No doubt a proportion of them gradually got back to the land and the old life. But we learned from Aristotle that a change in the proportions of the state affects its character, and the war made that change in Athens. If the farmers are, as Aristotle said, the best and safest element in the state, then the result of the war and its changes will be a worse democracy.

Industry also had suffered. Athens from Solon's day onward had been one of the great manufacturing centres, probably the greatest, of Greece. She had

[1] *Philip*, 96. [2] Thucydides vii, 27. [3] *Hell. Oxyrh.* 12, 3, 4.

come to depend more with time on slave labour, not wholly but largely, and, "more than twenty thousand slaves had run away, a large proportion of them artisans (χειροτέχναι)."[1] A story is told, by Xenophon, about a man with fourteen refugee women relatives in his house, all idle and quarrelsome; and how Socrates suggested to him to set them weaving, and so to silence their tongues and fill their mouths; and how successful the experiment was.[2] Years after this—half a century later—in 355 B.C., Isocrates says the great problem in Athens is want; with the larger part of the people the chief interest in life is how to live *this* day.[3] To keep the democracy going at all, payment had to be made for attendance not merely in the Law Courts but in the sovereign Ecclesia itself. Payment of representatives is called a modern democratic device; here it was paying the People itself to rule.

I have already hinted however that in one phase of life Athens recovered surprisingly quickly. She had been and she remained what the Greeks called the ἐμπόριον of Greece—the centre of business and the centre of distribution. It is familiar (or was so before the war) that in the modern world certain trades centre in specific places. It would be shorter to send goods from the producer to the consumer direct, but it is less convenient. As a result the crops of the world—say the tea crops—are taken to one or two places, and to these places every wholesale dealer comes to buy and to distribute. The harbours of Athens remained, and the tradition; and Athenians were quick to see the value of it. As a pamphleteer of our period says,[4] everything attracted commerce to the Peiraieus; you can unload your ship quickly, very quickly and without delay or demurrage get a new freight; or if you prefer you can

[1] Thucydides vii, 27. [2] Xenophon, *Mem.* ii, 7. [3] *Areopagiticus*, 83.
[4] The author of the Πόροι, printed with the works of Xenophon (3, 2).

take silver, with the sure knowledge that Athenian drachmas, with the familiar owl on them, are everywhere accepted at par. If agriculture and industry were crippled, there was more and more work around the docks, loading and unloading, ship-building and repairing—another emphasis on one particular section of the population with obvious results. Ship-building may under good conditions be a more or less stable trade; ship-repairing, loading and unloading evidently depend on seasons and on weather. A spell of bad weather will stop work; a sudden return of fair winds fills the harbour with ships running in that were held up, and there is a wild demand for labour. I always feel that moderns, who echo too faithfully the complaints of Demosthenes that Athenians would not undertake military training and military service, forget the docks and the weather, and only imperfectly realize that Commerce will not wait about for drill-sergeants. Have we forgotten Corinth, the oligarchic trading centre of the Isthmus, with all the advantages of two seas three miles apart, and a shiproad for dragging ships from one sea to the other?[1] We need not here digress to banking, which was bound up with the gathering of merchants from everywhere. It was not the profession we know in England, or that in Rome maintained the work of the government; but its flourishing in Athens is an index to international trade.

Let us try to sum up what we have reached as regards Athens; and let us remember that Athens was not all Greece, but that, in spite of Sparta, and with proper reservations, we may take the general experience of Athens as illustrative of the rest of Greece. The fourth century shows us a crippled people, suffering from all the losses of life and property that a long and savage war had brought, and from all the less traceable but

[1] The διωλκός, Strabo c. 335; but its date?

not less real losses, that follow disappointment and the belief that energy and effort will be more or less futile. The old, old handicap of Greece is still there—every city must be absolutely independent of every other city; and a century's experience of Persia, reinforced by Persia's resurgence during the war, makes it plain to any who will see that such thorough-going autonomy must have its old qualification—"so far as is convenient to" the predominant power of the day. Internationally Democracy has failed. The thorough-going democrat, like the true Utopian he is, has forgotten the world outside. The prime business of every government is "a full dinner pail," if I may borrow a modern politician's "slogan." Where and how are you to fill it for a dockyard population, dependent on the ships of foreigners who use your *emporion*, when most of the wheat that you or your fathers have eaten for two centuries comes hundreds of miles from Southern Russia? That is the business of the state.

The full dinner pail? It was pretty empty by now. Let me quote to you an episode alleged to have taken place in the assembly. I think it probably did not strictly take place at all, that it is mere parody; but the merest parody must parody something. Let us hear Aristophanes first, however, and afterwards decide whether to believe him.[1]

Chremes: Next came Evaeon, smart accomplished chap,
Stark-naked as the most of us supposed,
But he himself insisted he was clothed.
He made a popular democratic speech;
Behold, says he, *I am myself in want*
Of cash to save me; yet I know the way
To save the citizens and save the State.
Let every clothier give to all who ask
Warm woollen robes, when first the sun turns back;

[1] Aristophanes, *Ecclesiazusae*, 408 ff. The rendering is mostly that of Mr B. B. Rogers.

No more will pleurisy attack us then.
Let such as own no bed-clothes and no bed
After they've dined, seek out the furriers, there
To sleep; and whoso shuts the door against them
In wintry weather, shall be fined three blankets.

Blepyros: Well said indeed; and never a man would dare
To vote against him had he added this:
That all who deal in grain shall freely give
Three quarts to every pauper or be hanged.

Chremes continues with more amazing news; the assembly has actually voted that the whole State be handed over to be ruled by the women.[1] It is surprising, but quoth the good Chremes,

Well, if it be
For the State's good, we needs must all obey.
There is a saying of the olden time,
That all the vain and silly things we vote,
All of them, somehow work the public good.
So be it now, high Pallas and ye gods!

Chremes is a good democrat, with the good democrat's invincible faith that it all comes out all right. I have read something very like it—very like it, indeed—in Lord Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, in a chapter entitled "The Fatalism of the Multitude," where he shows how in a more modern democracy the loyal citizen believes the majority is sure to go right and that it is his part to fall in, whatever his own private judgment might have been.[2]

The immediate consequence, Aristophanes tells us, of feminine government is a thorough-going system of state socialism.

The rule which I dare to enact and declare
Is that all shall be equal and equally share
All wealth and enjoyments, nor longer endure
That one should be rich and another be poor.[3]

[1] Aristophanes, *Ecclesiazusae*, 430.
[2] *The American Commonwealth*, chapter lxxxiv.
[3] *Ecclesiazusae*, 590 ff.

This equality is to cover slaves, silver, land, food, clothing, wine and peanuts; and sex, especially sex—absolute equality and complete control by law in sexual relations as well as in land tenure and precious metals.

No, it was never really carried out; it was all mockery, parody, playfulness—the genius of Aristophanes. But two odd things, or three, may be noted. Socialist ideas were obviously in the air, or they could not be parodied, and they were the outcome of very general poverty. Next, *after* Aristophanes had produced his play, Plato published his *Republic*, where a great many of the things at which Aristophanes laughed are seriously discussed. The state is to arrange what it might call weddings on eugenic principles—

> We shall have to invent some ingenious kind of lots which the less worthy may draw on each occasion, and then they will accuse their own ill luck and not the rulers. And I think that our braver and better youth might have greater facilities of intercourse with women given them; such fathers ought to have as many sons as possible. The proper officers—men or women or both, for offices are to be held by women as well as by men—will take the offspring of the good parents to the pen or the fold; but the offspring of the inferior will be put away in some mysterious unknown place, as they should be.[1]

The third thing to note is how modern it all seems and how much less like parody since the war. And a fourth thing would be the reflection that it all amounts to a confession that Democracy has failed. It failed in the war, it now fails in peace.

If you object that I am treating Comedy too seriously, I deny it outright; but, not to bicker, I will turn to Aristotle again, who is not a comic poet nor an idealist like Plato, and he shall tell us again what people were actually doing. Men readily listen to that sort of idealist talk, he says, and "are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become

[1] Plato, *Republic*, v, 460 A–C (Jowett) abridged.

everybody's friend, especially when someone is heard denouncing the evils now existing in states, suits about contracts, convictions for perjury, flatteries of rich men and the like, which are said to arise out of the possession of private property." We have heard it, too, this tracing of all sin to private property—but, says Aristotle, the true cause lies elsewhere, in the wickedness of human nature.[1] Ruined fortunes and revolution go together, he says,[2] but to have equality of fortunes (which contributes to peace) the legislator must fix the number of the children.

If the poor, because they are more in number, divide among themselves the property of the rich, is not this unjust? No, by heaven (will be the reply), for the lawful authority willed it. Again, when all has been taken, and the majority divide anew the property of the minority, is it not evident, if this goes on, that they will ruin the State?[3]

So it looks as if re-division of property was discussed. But the actual procedure was along lines of less challenge and more security. The demagogues lay information against individual rich men, diminish their property by imposition of public services and prosecute them with a view to the confiscation of their wealth.[4] They often get property confiscated in the law courts in order to please the people.[5] In the last and worst form of Democracy the citizens are very numerous and can hardly be made to assemble unless they are paid, and to pay them, when there are no revenues, presses hardly upon the notables—for the money must be obtained by a property tax and confiscations and corrupt practices of the law courts.[6] These deliberate manoeuvres

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii, 5, 11. [2] *Ibid.* 7, 5.
[3] *Ibid.* iii, 10, 2. [4] *Ibid.* v, 5, 1; 5. [5] *Ibid.* vi, 5, 3.
[6] *Ibid.* 5, 5. The Finnish scholar Sundwall has examined the *personnel* of Athenian administration in the fourth century, and reports that, despite the alleged extreme democracy, a large proportion of the officials, to judge by their names, belonged to the well-to-do families. See Zimmern, *Greek Commonwealth* (4th edition), p. 158 *n.*

to despoil the rich in contempt of justice in order to give demagogic largess to the many are attested by Isocrates.[1]

We have, no doubt, always to qualify the laments of man as to contemporary degeneration. It may be argued, with facts to support the thesis, that fourth-century Athens was not such a bad place, that it became the centre of what might be left of Greek genius, the hearth and home of Greek philosophy. Old men are not always fair to their juniors, as their juniors are not to them, and Isocrates lived to an immense age. But picture a society where the following sentence is possible in a law court: "You must reflect that you have often heard these men tell you that, if you do not condemn whom they bid you condemn, there will be no state pay for you."[2] It comes to us confirmed all round—Aristotle was not, perhaps, thinking specially of Athens, nor was Polybius, whose retrospect on Greek democracy may suffice for this phase of our subject. He sums up in several chapters his reflections on the variety of Greek governments as a prelude to his great account of Rome's distinguishing features. He chronicles the decline of Greek Democracy, the last days of which he had seen, and he remembers many Greek states in Greece itself and in Sicily.

When a new generation arises and the democracy falls into the hands of children's children, they have become so accustomed to freedom and equality that they no longer value them, and begin to aim at pre-eminence; and it is chiefly those of ample fortune who fall into this error...and they ruin their estates; tempting and corrupting the common people in every way. And hence, when once by their foolish thirst for reputation they have made the many ready and greedy for bribes, then democracy in its turn is abolished and changes into a government of violence and the fist (*χειροκρατίαν*). For the mob, accustomed to feed at the expense of others and to have its hopes of a livelihood

[1] *Peace*, 130; *Antidosis*, 164. [2] Lysias 27, 1.

in the property of its neighbours, as soon as they find a leader who is ambitious and daring but is excluded from the honours of office by poverty, perfects the rule of the fist, and uniting its forces sets in motion massacres, banishments, redivisions of the land, till, fully brutalized, it finds again a master and monarch. This is the cycle of constitutional change, the economy of Nature.[1]

Herodotus long before had lingered over the beautiful word, the most beautiful of words, *ἰσονομίη*, equality before the law.[2] But equality was an idea that men carried further, and it became ambiguous. In the old days, says Isocrates, they did not mean by Democracy mere want of self-control (*ἀκολασίαν*), by freedom abuse of law, by equality before the law (the word of Herodotus) recklessness. There were in fact two *equalities*, one which gave the same to all, while the other gave what was fitting to each group.[3] They did not elect their officers by lot but chose the best man. Which all seems very like ordinary Toryism, no doubt, and Isocrates was already seventy-five. Some people, says Aristotle,[4] argue that those who are by nature equals must have the same right and worth, and that for unequals to have an equal share, or for equals to have an unequal share, in the offices of state, is as bad as for different bodily constitutions to have the same food and clothing, or the same different. But, as he says,[5] "granted that equals ought to have equality, there still remains a question—equality or inequality of what? Here is a difficulty which the political philosopher has to resolve." But it was Greek observation that demagogues were not political philosophers, they were practical men, flatterers of the *demos*.[6] Hence "it

[1] Polybius vi, 9.
[2] Herodotus iii, 80.
[3] Isocrates, *Areopagiticus*, 20, 21.
[4] Aristotle, *Politics*, iii, 16, 2.
[5] *Ibid.* 12, 2.
[6] Isocrates, *Antidosis*, 133. Contrast the eulogy of Thucydides (ii, 65) on Pericles.

has now become a habit among the citizens of states not even to care about equality";[1]

and in democracies of the more extreme type there has arisen a false idea of freedom which is contradictory to the true interests of the state. For two principles are characteristic of Democracy, the government of the majority and freedom. Men think that what is just is equal; and that equality is the supremacy of the popular will and that freedom and equality mean doing what a man likes. In such democracies everyone lives as he pleases (ζῆν ἕκαστος ὡς βούλεται).[2]

And elsewhere[3] Aristotle recurs to this—

Every citizen, it is said, must have equality, and therefore in a democracy the poor have more power than the rich, because there are more of them and the will of the majority is supreme. This, then, is one note of liberty which all democrats affirm to be the principle of their state. Another is that a man should live as he likes (ζῆν ὡς τις βούλεται). This, they say, is the privilege of a freeman; and, on the other hand, not to live as a man likes is the mark of a slave. This is the second characteristic of Democracy, whence has arisen the claim of men to be ruled by none if possible, or, if this is impossible, to rule and be ruled in turns.

Every kind of constitution, says Polybius,[4] is exposed by nature to some form of degeneration, and the danger of Democracy is to decline into the animals' way of life, sheer brute force. They get into their heads a wrong definition of freedom, says Aristotle.[5]

Let us try again, and see what Plato says. Plato came of a family critical of Democracy; he saw Democracy go under in the war with a state founded on principle; and Demos made Socrates drink the hemlock. But Plato was great enough to see both sides of an issue and to recognize that old Demos has his points.[6] Still his picture is grim.[7] Democracy comes into being after the poor have conquered their opponents, slaugh-

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, iv, 11, 19.
[2] *Ibid.* v, 9, 14–15.
[3] *Ibid.* vi, 2, 2.
[4] Polybius vi, 10, 4.
[5] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 9, 14.
[6] *Republic*, vi, 499 D ff.
[7] *Ibid.* viii, 557 A ff.

tering some and banishing some, while to the remainder they give an equal share of freedom and power. And their manner of life? In the first place, are they not free; and is not the city full of freedom and frankness —a man may say and do what he likes? There is much merit in a question. Isocrates bluntly wrote that there is *no* freedom of speech in a democracy—δημοκρατίας οὔσης οὐκ ἔστι παρρησία—"all along it has been your custom to expel everybody who did not advocate your pleasures."[1] Plato follows up his question with another—then in this kind of state will there not be the greatest variety of human natures? Then it seems likely to be the fairest of states, like an embroidered robe spangled with every kind of flower—a sort of bazar where you can pick what you want, a whole assortment of constitutions, all because of the liberty there. And any man can do as he likes—hold office or avoid it, go to war or remain at peace, whatever others dó. See, too, the forgiving spirit of Democracy and the 'don't care' about trifles—her indifference to the training of citizens, her satisfaction in anybody who claims to be the people's friend! 'Tis a sweet form of government, anarchic, anything, with equality alike for equal and unequal.

From this Plato passes on to his famous description of the democratic man. He, too, is a democracy in himself—his mind is a democracy of inclinations, full of vain conceits that teach him to call modesty silliness, and temperance unmanliness, and send them packing; and, when they have swept his soul clean of them, they bring into him insolence and anarchy and waste and impudence in bright array with garlands on their heads; and he lives as he likes. One desire is as good as another, all alike; and he lives from day to day indulging the fancy of the hour, everything by turns and spasms,

[1] Isocrates, *On the Peace*, 14; and 3.

whatever comes into his head; his life has neither law nor order, and he answers to the state that produces him. "This absence of principle he, like the democratic state, makes into a principle."[1] He lives as he likes. And, if we count all this again parody, let us recall the Cynic movement in Philosophy and the schools that followed—Stoic and Epicurean and Sceptic, —for all of whom the unit was the individual and not the state. Diogenes was not Plato's democratic man; he had a central idea, an idea negative of human experience, of human society, of mankind; he would live like a dog.

Let us again sum up what we have gathered. The rule of the majority was the thing—of the untutored multitude, democratic men with no clear grasp of principle but possessed of a strong sense of the advantages of living as one likes, and holding in lieu of principle the belief that the majority can do no wrong, that everything comes right. Contemporary education reinforced the plain man in all this, or Plato would never have spent forty years in writing books against sophists and rhetoricians. But there they were, preaching Nature against law or convention, and emphasizing the individual. Small wonder if the individual accepted a gospel or a philosophy that squared so well with his natural instincts, his appetites and prejudices. Justice was the interest of the stronger. The common man chose to ignore the obvious fact that this justified every tyrant that extinguished liberty; he chose to take it as giving him his charter. The Confederacy, formed to protect all Greeks against the Persians, the Athenian turned into an Empire for himself; and, as he carried on his industries with slave labour, he made his allies support the Athenian *demos*. He limited admission to Athenian citizenship—Pericles himself did this or accepted it. He plumed himself on his city being an

[1] R. L. Nettleship, *Lectures on Plato's Republic*, p. 310

education to Greece, and turned it into "a co-operative society for making dividends for the citizens." He remodelled law to suit his mood. He cut himself adrift from the facts of the outside world,—Demos and Napoleon both did it, and each paid for the awful mistake. He made a sort of Utopia of his Athens and broke down on foreign policy. The Persian found the Greeks for the moment standing unsteadily side by side; he bungled his campaign, and Greeks were free never to unite in any real spirit again, and they succumbed one by one to another Prince of less power but more judgment. Greeks talked incessantly of equality and butchered one another like French revolutionists to get it; of freedom, and lived on the labour of slaves and allies. Individualism, particularism—how shall we put it? want of outlook, *Hybris*, no sense of self-restraint, what shall we say? We may find ourselves using the language of Greek drama or of the Gospels before we are done. Greek Democracy fell for want of foreign policy, for want of intelligence of outsider and neighbour, for want of that great and peculiarly Greek gift of αἰδώς, the thought of the feelings and claims and rights of other men.

And yet, when all is said, it was Greek Democracy that gave us the standards by which we measure its failures—that gave us the ideas of law and self-government, of equality and liberty—that showed us what power is given to man, his mind and spirit—that taught us to face the universe and grasp it as a whole—that taught us the meaning of beauty and created it in its most imperishable forms—that gave us the spirit of self-criticism. Democracy is the form of government that asks the most of every citizen; the Greeks taught us that lesson in all their triumphs, and the same lesson is to read again, it is confirmed, in their failure to achieve and to maintain the ideals they saw.

CHAPTER V

The Rise of the Prince

IT is almost a century between the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War and the accession of Alexander the Great. Midway stands the ominous landmark of the King's Peace. The three dates are all significant for the story of Greek Democracy, and they mark events that are essentially inter-related. If, using the words of the old Scot at the Union of the Parliaments, we say that with Alexander's accession "there's the end of an old song," we can also say that the tune was faithfully kept up to the end, and it echoed on when the song was over. The Peloponnesians—or, more honestly, the Spartans—went to war with Athens, because Athens refused to accede to their specious demand that all Greeks should be allowed to be autonomous.[1] The destruction of the walls of Athens marked "the first day of Greek freedom."[2] The King's Peace proclaimed that (with some exceptions) Greek cities small and great should be autonomous.[3] Alexander established democracies in Greek cities[4] and shortly (July 324) required them compulsorily to receive back their exiles.[5] In the peace made among his Successors in 311 B.C., Greek autonomy was once more proclaimed;[6] and more garrisons were added. And, to end all, at the Isthmian games in July 196, Flamininus had it proclaimed that the Greeks should be "free without garrison or tribute, in full enjoyment of the laws of their ancestors."[7]

[1] Thucydides i, 139, 3. Cf. i, 144, 2; ii, 8.
[2] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, ii, 2, 23.
[3] *Ibid.* v, 1, 31.
[4] Arrian, *Anabasis*, i, 17, 10.
[5] Diodorus Siculus xviii, 8.
[6] *Ibid.* xix, 105.
[7] Polybius xviii, 46; and compare the treaty with Philip V, Polybius xviii, 44.

Autonomy does not necessarily imply Democracy, but without some sense of autonomy Democracy seemed to lack something. Polybius, and others after him, tell the story of the announcement of freedom in 196 B.C. and of the "glad acclamation by which air was rent," but the sonnet of Wordsworth is very faithful to the mind of earlier Greece—"yet were the thoughtful grieved."

> Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear:
> Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!
> A gift of that which is not to be given
> By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

It was sovereignty that the Greek ever loved, and even the deduction from sovereignty that federalism implied was apt to be odious to him.

> King Artaxerxes thinks it just that the cities in Asia should belong to him, as well as Clazomenae and Cyprus among the islands, and that the rest of the Greek cities, both small and great, should be autonomous, except Lemnos, Imbros and Scyros, and these should belong as of old to the Athenians. Whichever of the two parties does not accept this peace, upon them I will make war with those who accept it, both by land and by sea, with ships and with money.[1]

So ran the words of the King's Peace. Modern scholars, familiar with many kings, call it the Peace of Antalkidas, but the contemporary name fits it better, as the language of the document sufficiently suggests. Yet the Spartans deserve their share of the credit for their responsibility for it. It was they who made the three draft treaties of Miletus which Thucydides preserves.[2] The first two were so carelessly drawn, that, in the concession to the King of all territory or cities in his possession or in that of his fathers, they appeared, as even a Spartan critic observed, to surrender Thessaly, Locris and Boeotia; "instead of bringing freedom, the

[1] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, v, 1, 31. [2] Thucydides viii, 18; 37; 58.

Spartans," he said, "would impose Persian rule on the Greeks."[1] Lichas was right; and, even if the third draft limited it to Asia, as did the King's Peace, it was indeed the re-imposition of Persian rule, and it was the Spartans who brought it about. Their object was quite obvious—they wished Persian support in the war with Athens. They had begun it with promises of autonomy to all Greek cities; they won it by selling—for it was nothing else—the cities in Asia to the King. What made it worse was that the King's ministers at once claimed from the cities the arrears of tribute for the seventy years of freedom that Athens had given to the cities. It was with the same aim that the Spartans manoeuvred to secure the King's Peace. As Polybius puts it after two hundred years, himself swayed neither by contemporary nor Athenian prejudice, "when the Persians marched against them, they overcame them in the fight for Greek freedom; but, when the invaders had withdrawn and fled, they betrayed and surrendered to them the Greek cities in the peace of Antalkidas in order to have plenty of money to make themselves rulers of the Greeks."[2] It was recorded that someone ejaculated in the presence of the Spartan king Agesilaos, "Ah! me! for Greece, when we find the Laconians Medizing," and that the Spartan rejoined "Say, rather, that the Medes are Laconizing."[3] Agesilaos preferred his own form of sentence, but both were true; and Xenophon, who is often counted his apologist and who certainly admired much in the king, makes it clear that Agesilaos with the rest of the Spartans pushed the Peace in Greece.[4] In the long run, the reader remembers with satisfaction, it was their emphasis upon the King's Peace that led to the battle of Leuctra and their ruin.

[1] Thucydides viii, 43; 52.
[2] Polybius vi, 49, 5.
[3] Plutarch, *Artaxerxes*, 22.
[4] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, v, 1, 33.

"But the glory of Sparta," says Plutarch, "was lost before the battle."[1]

The Greek world had no choice but to accept the Peace—"if peace we must call the outrage and the betrayal of Greece, than which no war ever brought end more dishonourable for the conquered."[2] Athens, Thebes and Argos were all exhausted and needed peace; and against them stood Sparta, the King, Syracuse and Seuthes, a combination too strong to resist. The economic and social exhaustion of Greece was patent; old families were impoverished or wiped out; agriculture had not recovered from the Peloponnesian War; trade and industry were at a standstill;[3] "there was not a physician left in Attica."[4] As usual in Greece, finance was the trouble—now far more than ever; the margin that separated starvation from the citizens was never a very broad one, it was narrower now; and as ever, the narrower it grew, the more embittered were party relations, the keener the constant hatred between rich and poor. And, once in possession of the instrument she needed in the King's Peace, Sparta could remodel the government of her neighbours, in accordance with the qualification that "autonomy" had ever carried for her—"as convenient for the Lacedaemonians."[5] Autonomy—what nonsense it was! Four years after the Peace, in 382, by a treacherous move Phoebidas the Spartan seized the citadel of Thebes, without warning in a time of peace; should he be punished? No, said Agesilaos in so many words, unless what he had done was injurious to Sparta; if it was to her advantage, it was an ancient custom that there should be leave to improvise such acts.[6] Professor W. S. Ferguson puts

[1] Plutarch, *Artaxerxes*, 22.
[2] *Ibid.* 21.
[3] E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Altertums*, vol. v, § 881.
[4] Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 407.
[5] Thucydides i, 144.
[6] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, v, 2, 32.

the thing in a nutshell—"the bankruptcy of the city state was proclaimed from the house-tops by the treaty of Antalkidas, which, by a peculiar irony of fate, made the autonomy of all Greek cities the fundamental article in a definite settlement of national disputes."[1] The honest Trygaios was right, when, in the play of 421 B.C., he said he was flying up to heaven on his beetle, to indict Zeus for betraying Hellas to the Medes;[2] he was quite right—for that was the actual outcome of Greek war, of Athenian ruin and Spartan ascendancy.

The autonomy was written in the Peace, but it was not to be found in the cities, said Isocrates; so far from liberty and autonomy, some of the cities were under tyrants, some under harmosts, some blotted out, some under the barbarian. The great publicist had no doubt as to who were responsible—the Spartans in their itch to rule, and the Persian King, for the Spartans could not have done it without him. So for fifty years the burden of Isocrates was the breaking of the power of the Persian monarchy. Sparta was the confederate of the monarchs who threatened Greek liberties, of Amyntas, Dionysius, Artaxerxes. The Persian King has achieved what none of his ancestors had done; he had brought Athenian and Spartan to admit his lordship of Greek cities, and some he digs down and others he fortifies—a power not really great or dangerous, sprawling loosely over Asia, the victim of revolting satraps, impotent against Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, but fatal for a divided Greece, of which in war and peace he is obvious arbiter and master.[3]

The city state was indeed bankrupt, and Greece

[1] W. S. Ferguson, *Hellenistic Athens*, p. 6.

[2] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 107.

[3] Isocrates, *Panegyric*, 115, 117, 137; 138; 140, 152, 162; 145–149; 139; 121.

would have nothing else. Sparta, with the aid of the Macedonian Amyntas, broke up the Olynthian Confederacy, at the instance of the citizens of Acanthus and Apollonia, who "wished to live under the laws of their fathers and to be citizens of themselves." Let this clumsy English serve to render *autopolitai*. A short summary of their speech at Sparta, of which Xenophon preserves the outlines,[1] will sufficiently reveal the "danger" to Greece. For the Spartans, they said, had failed to notice a great matter (πρᾶγμα μέγα), a great danger growing up in Greece. The Olynthians had been uniting to themselves some of the neighbouring towns on the basis of using the same laws and being fellow-citizens, and some of the larger communities had later on joined them. (This, as we shall hereafter see, was how it happened with the Achaeans—first a union of small towns, and then the accession of greater.)

After this they undertook to free the cities of Macedonia from Amyntas, the king of the Macedonians. And when the nearest of them gave their allegiance, they quickly proceeded against those that are larger and further off; and we left them in possession of a good many Macedonian towns and especially Pella, largest of them all. Amyntas, too, we learnt to be withdrawing from his cities, and all but an exile from the whole of Macedonia. The Olynthians, furthermore, sent to us and told us that if we did not present ourselves to join them in their campaign, they would march against us.

So there was a great power growing up in the North, and a risk that it might unite with Thebes and Athens, and prove a real difficulty to Sparta. After taking pains to prevent the union of Boeotia, the Spartans must have a care to stop the growth of a yet greater power. And then the speaker piles up the horror and heaps one danger on another—navy-building with all that ship-timber in their land, ports and population, the conquest of Thrace and the acquisition of gold mines—every

[1] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, v, 2, 14–19.

dreadful detail of it "talked over a thousand times" in Olynthus. No wonder Sparta was moved to war against the ambitious city and broke up its confederacy in time; and the gainer was Amyntas the king, and perhaps still more his third son, who also later on was king of Macedon. It was the natural outcome of the King's Peace; of course under that covenant (if the imperative mood allows the word) Acanthus and Apollonia were entitled to autonomy. One king had "sent down" the Peace, and another reaped the benefit. It was an age of kings.

If there is doubt about this, we need only look at what was happening in the outlying parts of the Greek world. In the King's Peace, we saw that King Artaxerxes thinks it just that Cyprus shall belong to him. But even kings cannot always have what they decide is just without a struggle for it, and King Artaxerxes had to fight for Cyprus. He was busy with it for ten years and spent more than 15,000 talents on the war,[1] and the end was a surprise. Evagoras, the prince in exile, had some years before descended on his ancestral Salamis, and the city, says Isocrates, that he took with fifty men behind him, all the King's horses and all the King's men—and you can add satraps and fleets and darics, the last of which settled most of his difficulties in Greece—failed to reduce. On the contrary, Evagoras held very nearly the whole of Cyprus, he ravaged Phoenicia, he stormed Tyre, he made Cilicia revolt from the King; in short, he gave the King his bellyful of fighting. So, though for all time it had been the usage of the Persian Kings never to be reconciled with men revolted till they had them as prisoners, the Persians were glad to break this old law of theirs and make peace, leaving

[1] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 97, says the Persian King had contributed 5000 talents to Sparta in the Peloponnesian War. Much smaller sums served in peace to influence Greek demagogues.

Evagoras in possession of his tyranny.[1] Westward, in the same way, the Greeks could point to another tyrant who was maintaining their cause as successfully against another age-long Oriental enemy in Sicily. Dionysius was a tyrant in the true Greek sense; Evagoras had more hereditary claims to his throne as a descendant of Teucer the founder of Salamis in Cyprus. But it is quite plain that tyranny is ceasing to be a term of pure reproach, and it is as plain that, in an age of kings, they were kings, too, who best served the cause of Greece. Athenian democrats and Spartan harmosts could not stand against the Great King, and the demagogues of Syracuse could not compare with the usurpers for effectiveness. Scipio Africanus, the first conqueror of the Carthaginians, Polybius tells us,[2] was once asked whom he thought the most effective statesmen, the men who best combined daring with sense, and he answered "Dionysius and Agathocles, the Sicilians."

There are those who lament the change that age made in Plato—those who love him for his youth, says Wilamowitz, are cut to the heart by what he could write after fifty. Perhaps experience of unregenerate man always makes age sadder than youth. At all events, while he still can picture the framing of a more or less ideal commonwealth, a second best at all events, Plato in his *Laws* confesses to the feeling, that haunts Polybius as he surveys the world of the Successors—the feeling that we are not really masters of our destiny. "I was going to say," says his Athenian in that book,[3] "that man never legislates, but accidents of all sorts—which legislate for us in all sorts of ways. The violence of war and the hard necessity of poverty are constantly overturning governments and changing laws. The power of disease has often caused innovations in the state, when there have been pestilences and bad seasons continuing during many years. Any one who sees all

[1] Isocrates, *Evagoras*, 64; 60–63.
[2] Polybius xv, 35, 6.
[3] Plato, *Laws*, iv, p. 709 A.

this, naturally rushes to the conclusion of which I was speaking, that no mortal legislates in anything, but that in human affairs chance is almost everything. And this may be said of the arts of the sailor and the pilot, and the physician and the general, and may seem to be well said. Yet there is another thing which may be said with equal truth—that God steers all things, and that chance and opportunity co-operate with Him in the government of human affairs. There is, however, a third and less extreme view, that art should be there also; for I should say that in a storm there must surely be a great advantage in having a pilot."

There are many things that legislators forget, things on which they do not reckon. Even the American constitution, as soon as it was first put into practice, revealed unworkable features and was at once amended. Twelve years from its inception it was plain that the election of a president was not to be on the lines laid down, or on lines that anybody would or could defend except from mere traditionalism, and it has never been altered. Modern methods of communication and the growth of population have altered the basis of life in America, and the system of government is not nearly as adaptable as the minds that have to work it. The weak spot in constitutional history is detachment from conditions. The best-laid plans of constitution-makers depend, like those of mice, on factors unforeseen; the ploughshare of Robert Burns is not more fatal to the one than immigration from Eastern Europe and the electric telegraph to the other. The Greek world was not exempt from the operation of factors which might, we think, have been foreseen and were not. But if it takes a liberal to recognize factors already at work, we cannot blame men so conservative as Greek democrats for not foreseeing them.

The Greek philosopher, when he sketched an ideal state—meaning, of course, an ideal city—had always a fancy for a limited population. We can sympathize

with the notion. The ideal family is generally one with the exact number of children that the speaker may have; the ideal community is a population not very much larger than that of the place which has for him the happiest memories. But the world has no idea of fixing its population to match our memories or our dreams. Greek Democracy began perhaps in one way or another about 700 or 800 B.C., and in the centuries that followed, the population of the Mediterranean area obviously increased at a great rate. The Greek colonies prove so much for the Greeks; and the rise of Lydian, Median and Persian empires points the same way. As we saw, there was for long no menace whatever to the existence of Greek democracies and their extension over the Mediterranean, and yet a time comes when colonies are not planted. On the contrary, what we roughly call native races begin to hold their own against fresh colonists and against old colonies, when the Carthaginian claims his half of Sicily against the Greek, and the native in the hills has to clash with both. No one tells us anything of much moment about populations all this time in Thessaly, Macedonia or Thrace, and we only hear casually, and without paying much attention to it, of frontier war with barbarians still more northerly. Yet barbarian pressure from the North must tell on Macedon, and it does, for it is resisted by a people whose tribes too are growing in numbers. Such resistance means consolidation, some growth in the sense of nationality in a people more and more conscious of differing from outer barbarians and from the half-foreign Greeks who hold the coast and the ports. This is hardly mere guess-work; and what is true of Macedon repeats what happened in Lydia and the powers eastward, and what must have been happening everywhere. The American frontiers in the nineteenth century moved Westward from the Missis-

sippi and Eastward from the sierras of California, and at last they met and vanished; there was no more free land for moving farmers, and money became a question, and Bryanism, like *stasis* in a Greek state, followed; and to-day even in the Middle West there grows a slow consciousness that foreign policy perhaps may be more significant than men's fathers once thought—it may have something to do with the price of wheat. I cannot help thinking that historians of the past are not conscious all the time of similar pressure in the lands and the times that they study.

With population increasing, came changes in civilization, in the arts of peace and of war. The Greeks, to carry on their wars, must have Thracian peltasts, light-armed men practised in the warfare of the unreclaimed country. But in war it is rare that all the learning is on one side. Samuel Champlain with his French fire-arms gave the Hurons their most complete victory over the Iroquois. The Iroquois realized at once the value of the gun, and for a century and a half French Canada had cause to regret that Champlain had ever used his fire-arms in Indian Wars, for Dutch and English could supply similar weapons to savages who never forgave the first wrong. Forty years of war in the Aegaean area taught everybody in that area or near it a great many lessons. The peltast took Greek money home; and subsidies earned in war, as Greek history shows us before and after Alexander, alter the balance of life in peace. Those who paid the subsidies generally were the worse off, and those who took them sometimes took with them new ideas. Achaeans and Aetolians after Alexander illustrate what would happen; they counted in Greece as they had never counted before, and the loot of Persia was directly or indirectly a part cause. Some of them had been at Persepolis, more still were paid by the Successors. It is easy to surmise that

intercourse in war and trade with Greeks gave earlier Macedonians and even Thracians, from the times of the Persian invasions, new ideas in national life. They were not Tasmanians or Kanaka, the prey of the drink or the diseases of a higher civilization; they held their own, and if Xenophon draws us pictures of Thracian life less temperate than the garden of Epicurus, he gives sufficient hints of other interests in that country. A growing population, more open to civilization—and then an Archelaos trying to make a civilized kingdom and a centre of culture in Macedon—no, it is not guess-work; but the Greeks seem hardly to have realized that they were living in a new environment, and like them we are half forgetting an Italy rousing itself into new life in the West.

The Persian invasion, as we saw, had taken Greece by surprise, and, in a sense, in spite of all it cost them, Greeks never believed it. The Persian Empire had one meaning that they would never see; the Mediterranean world was one and indivisible. Of course, they knew this; they sailed the one great sea, they traded in every land round it, but they would not recognize that the world commercially one is not politically divisible into compartments. Victories are sometimes won too easily. W. J. Stillman would have it that Italian unity was made too quickly and cost too little. A European or a Canadian may have good ground for thinking the same of American independence—three or four years of political struggle, four or five of more or less fitful war against opponents half-hearted from the first, far more sympathetic with American ideals than Americans realized, and the thing was done. As we saw, Greeks had not really believed in any practical way that the Persian would ever invade Greece. When he came he found the Greeks unready—apart from the Athenian fleet, quite unready. The two years of the invasion were

terrible, but they were soon over and they ended in incredible victory; and till, eighty-five years later, the fleet of Pharnabazos and Conon—and the Greeks would emphasize (not improperly) that it was the fleet of Conon—sailed into the Peiraieus to rebuild the walls of Athens, the Persian seemed quite out of the Greek world. So he was; he was kept out by the Athenian fleet, that fleet and those seamen that good Athenian aristocrats hated and that the allies one and all resented paying for—the uncivil ways of the sailor ashore, δημόθρους ἀναρχία, ναυτικὸς ὄχλος, and the rest of it, and the constantly mounting cost of ships. Greek sentiment was all against the one guarantee of Greek existence; the sentimentalist is always above the facts of life, resentful of the ground on which he stands. The Athenian fleet was gone; the later confederacy of Delos never filled the place of the first, and the Athens of Demosthenes is as resolute in ignoring the facts of the Mediterranean world as the rest of Greece had been a century before. For it was the fact that Greeks, impoverished and divided, were living in a changed world, and refusing to recognize what the change really was, "seeking" (as Cleon put it) "something other than the conditions on which we live,"[1] the conditions of two centuries before.

"Even if Philip and Alexander had failed," writes Eduard Meyer, "the policy of Demosthenes could have achieved no good."[2] The world's centre of gravity had shifted. The nations were growing up, East and North and West; and the burgesses of the city states were confronted with new problems, and resolutely refused to face them. We have already studied the miracle of the Athenian Empire ruled by the Athenian assembly, but the age of such miracles was past. There is no magic in the words Assembly or Democracy to com-

[1] Thucydides iii, 38, 7. [2] E. Meyer, *Kleine Schriften*, vol. i, p. 267.

pensate for the lack of political sense; and that was what was lost. If states, Utopian and actual, are wrecked on foreign policy, the real breakdown is within. Mr R. W. Livingstone notes the words of praise that Athenians exchanged; in this fourth century the man you praise is "moderate, humane and gentle"; Thucydides preferred the man with natural force (φύσεως ἰσχύς),[1] the bold enterprising innovating confident men who were his fellow-citizens. "A generation grows up which takes few risks and makes little progress, which is content with 'a modest competence' in matters of intellect even more than in income. Vigour is replaced by virtuosity."[2] That is true; and who could expect such a generation to grapple with a state of things, not obvious, not to be guessed, but only to be slowly and painfully realized, and to use the only means that could help—the sacrifice, not merely of leisure and pleasure, as Demosthenes pled—but of the very ideals for which he tried to move his countrymen, the sacrifice of the spiritual and political isolation of the city state for a united Greece? Who could expect such a total negation of Greek nature in such a day—or, to be honest, in any day? Οὔποτε ποιήσεις τὸν καρκίνον ὀρθὰ βαδίζειν[3] —no, you cannot make the crab walk straight, nor, in the more demure speech of Aristotle, can any other sort of thing designed by Nature to act in one way be trained by habit to do the opposite.[4]

It may be that the biological guess is not quite idle —that Democracy is more native and natural in those northern stocks who know the twin arts of ruling and being ruled, that it never succeeds with the old Mediterranean race, never in the mixed breeds of Indian and Iberian, only where Sabine or Frank, Angle or

[1] Thucydides i, 138, 2.
[2] R. W. Livingstone, *Greek Genius*, p. 241.
[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 1083. [4] Aristotle, *Ethics*, ii, 1, 2.

Teuton, is a solid enough element in the population. France just manages to be republican, Spain and her children utterly fail. We are told often enough of the two strains in the Greek world—the native Aegaean race and the great Achaean immigrants; was the latter stock worn out by time and war and its own energy? It is a guess, no more; but one feature of the fourth century Greece recalls the episodes of modern life that we associate with a Diaz, a Mussolini, a Dr Francia. The race still throws up great personalities, compact of energy and egotism, dominant figures who impose themselves on their fellow-countrymen, but not natures tolerable in honest Democracy—arrogant and self-assertive generals like Timotheus in Athens or Lysander in Sparta, or the promoted potter in Syracuse. It is an age when the individual asserts himself, builds the big house with a tower[1] for himself, has his own portrait sculptured, is the winner of the nation's battles where the nation a century before got the credit itself—or, if he is less active, he still thinks of himself and his eating and drinking, his garden and his ease. It is the age, as we saw, of Plato's democratic man, the individualist, who has thought nothing out but lives by impulse on the natural instincts. It is, as I said, a page or two earlier, an age of princes and tyrants. Good or bad, blessing or bane, the individual plays for his own hand, shapes his own plans, makes his own destiny—sometimes for his country's good and the general good of the world, and sometimes with no issue but human misery and the ruin of life over vast regions. But whichever it is, prince or adventurer, tyrant or Epicurean, whatever the outcome for himself or the world, it is not of mankind that he thinks first, save in rare cases. But great kings and good princes no more make Democracy than do the tyrants.

[1] Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 180; Athenaeus xii, 548 A.

Isocrates, "the old man eloquent," is the curious prophet of the new age. It is impossible to read him and not feel the vanity of the old professor, his self-conscious pride in his elaborate periods—in sharpest contrast with Demosthenes, the man of affairs, the man of genius. Yet Isocrates devised a form of literary education which with little change persists at Oxford, and, when all is said, remains perhaps the best or the one type of real education the world knows, a training that produces mind and manhood and culture. He invented a new literary mode, to which we must return in a moment. Finally, as we saw, he had no illusions about contemporary Democracy but recognized that, as the world then stood, the power to save Greek culture lay outside the Greek tradition; the one hope was the Prince who should unite the Greek cities and break the power of Persia, which kept them divided at the cost of a contemptible little expenditure on local politicians. He also dreamed of fresh Greek colonies for the landless and masterless men, who roamed the world as mercenaries always available for the foolish wars of city and satrap. A man may be a pedant and a syllable-monger, and yet he dreams better than most of us, when an Alexander wide awake fulfils his dreams.

It was, it appears, a new thing in literature,[1] when Isocrates wrote his short life or eulogy of Evagoras, and set the fashion which Xenophon followed in his *Agesilaos* and Tacitus in his *Agricola*, to quote the two most famous of the kind in antiquity, unless we are to say that the Gospels themselves owe something to the pattern. It may have been a protest against the impersonal style of Thucydides, but in any case a new path was really opened by Isocrates for the treatment of the individual. It is possible that Evagoras was not quite as Isocrates draws him, a master-nature that main-

[1] So says Isocrates himself, *Evagoras*, 8, 9.

tains itself in administration, in policy and on the field of battle; doubtless there was a reverse to the picture; but it is a picture, the portrayal of an individual, however glorified or idealized, and hitherto individuals had not been analysed so in literature.[1] We may compare the mode with the contemporary movement toward portraiture in sculpture with its emphasis on individual physiognomy, on character rather than type, even if type at times serves to qualify character, and kings and gods take on the lineaments of Alexander.[2]

So Isocrates draws the ideal prince in Evagoras, and tells the story of a strange and powerful life. It was Teucer who founded Salamis—as we English remember best from Horace—and from him came a kingly line. But at last a Phoenician exile, trusted by the Teucrid king, plotted against him, drove his benefactor into exile and reigned in his stead. To secure himself he "barbarized the city and brought the whole island into slavery to the Great King." And then Evagoras was born, but the omens at his birth Isocrates will omit, not from personal disbelief but to show how far he is from invention. Of the youth and promise of the prince we need not speak, but we must note one point —"the deity saw to it that such things as must have been made ready by guilt, were done by another." There was another revolution, the tyrant was murdered, an attempt was made to seize Evagoras, but he escaped to Cilicia. Thence with fifty men (in any case not more but perhaps fewer) he returned to Cyprus; that very night he entered the city by a postern in the wall, and marched on the palace. The new tyrant and his men were against him; the citizens merely looked on; the victory was won; he got again for his race their ancestral honours and made himself tyrant of the city. Whose

[1] Cf. Ivo Bruns, *Das litterarische Porträt*, pp. 116–125.
[2] Cf. Ernest Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, pp. 450 f.

deeds, among mortals, demi-gods or immortals, in winning a kingdom, could you compare? asks Isocrates, and says roundly that "all men would agree that among all good things, divine or human, *tyranny* is the greatest, the most venerable, the supreme object of contention." No doubt we could tone this down by translating it *kingship*; but Isocrates uses the very word that so many Greeks had used and execrated;[1] so let it stand.

Evagoras made a wise ruler, and aimed at picking the best out of all forms of government. He found his city thoroughly barbarized, and, through the rule of the Phoenicians, little apt to welcome Greeks and bereft of arts, with no gathering place for merchants and no harbour; all this he set right. He added land, much land, to its domain, built walls and a fleet of triremes, and so developed the city that it fell short of none in the Greek world. A spirit of extreme hostility to all things Greek had once reigned; now men vie with one another in the ambition to be *philhellen*; they marry Greek women (apparently from European Greece); they delight in Greek possessions and Greek ways of life, music and education; and Greeks of good family (καλοὶ κἀγαθοί) come and settle in Cyprus, counting the kingship of Evagoras easier to bear and more law-abiding than the constitutions of their own cities at home. It sounds like the eulogy of one of Alexander's successors, the fact being that Evagoras is indeed a precursor of Alexander and a pioneer of Hellenism.[2] Finally, not to make a long story of it—for there is no Nicocles to reward us—was not Evagoras the friend and supporter of Conon, the instigator of the rebuilding of the Long Walls of Athens by Phar-

[1] Two centuries later Polybius execrates the name "tyrant" again; αὐτὸ γὰρ τοὔνομα sums up all human iniquity, ii, 59, 6.

[2] Cf. Judeich, *Kleinasiatische Studien*, p. 14.

nabazos, and thus the author of Spartan defeat and of freedom for all Greeks? "And our city got again some part of her ancient glory and became the leader of allies." We have already seen how war followed with Artaxerxes; it was not at every point fortunate; it was very long, but whatever the exact terms of its conclusion, it left Evagoras on the throne, a thing unexampled in Persian history. So while Sparta is upholding the King's Peace and none of the democracies can do anything, a prince of character, unhampered by the political drawbacks of an assembly, maintains Greek culture and some sort of independence, and makes his capital a city of refuge for men sick of Democracy. For that is what Isocrates means.

The son of Evagoras succeeded him—Nicocles, a pupil (that is emphasized) of Isocrates; and for him his old tutor made this new departure in literature. He added to it another—a little manual (one might say) for princes, teaching him to love men and love his city, to care for the multitude and take pains to rule acceptably; for those rules, oligarchic or other, last longest which look best after the many. We need not transcribe all his hints, but it is worth noting that Erasmus translated the little piece and appended it to his "Institution of a Christian Prince."

The tide was setting toward monarchy in an age of realism. The world began to feel as Cleon had felt about fine sentiments. We saw the high praise that Scipio gave to Dionysius, and it is echoed by Gomperz.[1] There lay Greek Sicily under the menace of Carthage for centuries, and "the tyrant once a clerk"[2] had, says the German, "every right to claim for himself that he had solved, though by unconstitutional and illegal methods, a problem incapable of being solved consti-

[1] Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers* (Eng. trans.), vol. ii, p. 267.
[2] Demosthenes, *Leptines*, 161.

tutionally." He checked the onward march of Carthage; and if, being no military genius, he lost battles, he won in the end; and he spread his rule up the Adriatic. If a Scottish critic to-day says he did not expel Carthage for ever from the island, an American hints he was so shrewd as not to defeat his enemy too thoroughly and become dispensable.[1] Perhaps if Canada had remained a French possession—but such speculations belong to tyrants looking to the future rather than to historians studying an unchangeable past. Dionysius lives in another story, which we owe to Cicero;[2] it was he who devised "the sword of Damocles"—a reminder that there was always insecurity in the position of the tyrant of a Greek city. A stronger foundation was needed for monarchy, and it was not wanting; but before we turn to that, we must linger a little longer with the thinkers of Greece.

Xenophon, it would appear, read the *Evagoras*. He came from the same deme as Isocrates, though Fate led him much further afield and showed him life from angles that Isocrates never knew. The Retreat of the Ten Thousand taught him the value of leadership and the misery that follows the strategy of a camp meeting. He liked a man who could rule, and he had found one in the Spartan king Agesilaos. Xenophon tried many modes of writing, none unsuccessfully, one or two magnificently. So, reading the *Evagoras*, he turned to Agesilaos, and, borrowing from his own not wholly successful Greek History, he wrote in his own way a tract on his king, and in the long run had more readers than his model had. He wrote a dialogue, too, between Hiero and Simonides, held in old days in Sicily, where the poet warns the tyrant of his risks and gives him

[1] J. Burnet, *Greek Philosophy*, p. 294; and William Chase Greene, *The Achievement of Greece*, p. 57.

[2] Cicero, *Tusculans*, v, 21, 61.

counsel to praise merit, to develop commerce, to adorn his capital, and so forth. He wrote a much more famous book, *The Education of Cyrus*—a full length picture of the ideal King—not precisely history, but good reading, with romance in it, a real boy (the only one in Greek literature) and a man who is every inch a king and a great one.

Even the greatest of idealists could not ignore the facts of his day; he too had his touch of realism. Plato was no democrat. His family traditions pointed him the other way; the teaching of Socrates, the death of Socrates, deepened his mistrust of democrats and Democracy. If in the *Gorgias* he pictures the misery of the sin-stained soul of the tyrant, the "democratic man," that chamaeleon without principle, without thought, without self-respect, was no better. Plato's ideal states are founded on authority, on laws, on rulers who really rule; for these all imply thought-out principles of action related to the real facts of life. The example of Sparta suggested for some years that authority meant a more efficient rule, perhaps even an honester rule. With time Plato's feeling for Democracy changed, we are told, from hatred to contempt,—it was so inefficient;[1] and he grew more ready to sacrifice the liberty of the individual to the good, "the supposed safety, of society."[2] Like other pioneer thinkers and lovers of truth, like his fellow-citizen Euripides, he became impatient of the extravagances to which even the love of truth may lead unbalanced thinkers. Men must be taught to think—taught what to think; no one must be "without a commander"; the world would be better, if its leaders had lived fifty years in it, and knew more or less what they were doing and the relation of act and re-action. Perhaps, too, some balance might be

[1] Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers* (Eng. trans.), vol. iii, p. 183.
[2] William Chase Greene, *The Achievement of Greece*, p. 180.

managed between the rigidity of law and the flexibility that occasion required; and that means a personal ruler. The basis of a purely legal state is mistrust of the ruler; laws are the fruit of common experience[1] and they serve to control his impulses; but he must have some freedom on occasion to over-rule law in the interests of internal harmony or to face danger from without. The American Constitution and the strain put upon it by Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana illustrate Plato's points. But after all, if you are to have the ideal polity, there is no better way to establish it than by a tyranny.[2] So say the apologists of Diaz and Mussolini, so says all Torydom; for a quick millennium there is nothing like authority. Yet history suggests that quick millenniums rarely last long. There is, as Plato saw, the problem of the education of the monarch's sons, which Cyrus himself clearly mismanaged; a wise ruler is rarely bred in a harem, among princesses recently grown rich.[3] So says Plato, and the families of Alexander's successors confirm his fear. Still, in a world out of joint, with a backward swing re-acting against the will of the Creator,[4] drastic measures are needed to put things right. Plato's influence is seen in both ways in the age that follows; his mistrust of the people and his leaning to the wise ruler reinforced men's judgment of their times; and his work laid the foundation of much of Hellenistic law and thus indirectly of Roman law.

The earliest monarchs, says Aristotle, were benefactors of mankind—

all who have obtained this honour have benefited, or had it in their power to benefit, states and nations; some, like Codrus,

[1] Plato, *Politicus*, 300 A. Strafford put his point neatly when he said: "Prerogative must be used, as God doth His Omnipotence, upon extraordinary occasion: the laws must have place at other times."

[2] Plato, *Laws*, iv, 710.

[3] *Ibid.* iii, 694, 695. Cf. παίδων γε μὲν οὐκέτι παῖδες, Hdt. v, 92.

[4] Plato, *Politicus*, 269.

have prevented the state from being enslaved in war; others, like Cyrus, have given their country freedom, or have settled or gained territory, like the Lacedaemonian, Macedonian and Molossian kings. The idea of a king is to be a protector of the rich against unjust treatment, of the people against insult and oppression.[1]

But in an odd sentence, suggesting an exclusively Greek outlook, he says, "there arise now no kingships."[2]

Let us sum up what a prince might do for Greece, using our philosophers and our tyrants to guide us. There are the enemies of Greece to deal with, in a world growing populous, amid races consolidating in civilization. There is the home government, which cannot be so readily improvised in a world of more intricate economics. Greece is again over-populated for her means of support; expansion, colonization, is the need of the day—patent, when one regards the thousands of the unemployed who must be soldiers of the foreigner for hire.[3] Greek culture, too, must not be forgotten; and here we may recall the poems that Dionysius wrote, lost to us, but notorious in his day, and the first prize for tragedy at Athens, the winning of which was too much for the old tyrant's health and brought his end. Efficiency in government abroad and at home, expansion, culture—in every field it looked as if the monarch were the only hope.

Aristotle, as we saw just now, spoke of Macedonian kings benefiting their people by acquisition of territory; and we think of Philip. First, of his efficiency; and here Demosthenes shall remind us how much Philip owed to the fact "that the entire control over everything, open or secret, is concentrated in the hands of a single man; that he is at one and the same time general,

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, v, 10, 8, p. 1310 b.

[2] *Ibid.* v, 10, 37.

[3] See Isocrates, *Panegyricus*, 34 f.; *de Pace*, 24; *Panathenaicus*, 13, 14, 43, 44. Cf. W. E. Heitland, *Agricola*, p. 83.

master and treasurer; that he is always present in person with his army";[1] that he was always first upon the scene;[2] that he could always find in Greek cities even worse scoundrels than he needed for his agents;[3] that he held absolute sway over his followers; that they had their weapons in their hands always; that he was well off for money, and did whatever he resolved to do, without giving warning of it by decrees, or debating about it in public, or being put on trial by dishonest accusers, or any other drawback to which honest democrats were exposed; that he was (once more) absolute master, commander and lord of all.[4]

Philip's achievement was indeed great. He made an army, and he made a nation, out of clans and clan levies. He gained the control of the barbarians northward and westward of him, and thus secured his kingdom landward. By a series of adroit and bold steps he regained for his people the coasts and ports of their land, outmanoeuvring the Athenians, taking their fortresses and towns, and breaking the restored Olynthian confederacy. Then he struck south, mastered Thessaly, and held naval stations on the Pagasaean Gulf and on the Gulf of Corinth. He made Macedon an independent kingdom, over its neighbours instead of under them, a consolidated nation, trained in war and victory to a new and proud self-consciousness. Hitherto Greek intrigues among Macedonian pretenders and clans had kept Macedon divided, as Persian intrigues, supported by darics, had divided Greece. He would end the Greek nuisance, by being supreme over Greece, and he achieved it; and then he would deal with Persia. And it was not to be the victory of barbarism, however much Greek orators might call his people barbarians. He was the descendant of Herakles himself, and his son

[1] Demosthenes, *Olynthiacs*, i, 4. [2] Demosthenes, *Chersonese*, 11.
[3] Demosthenes, *Embassy*, 68. [4] Demosthenes, *Crown*, 235.

both of Herakles and (through his mother) of Achilles; and both would stand by their race and its ideals. Against the taunts of Demosthenes we may set the goodwill and the trust of Isocrates, who assuredly stood for Greek culture, and with confidence called on Philip to be its champion.

A private quarrel led to Philip's murder. Thirty years or forty have taught us in our day the risk to civilization in private murderers. It was likely enough that all Philip's work would go to pieces like that of Archelaos sixty years earlier. The pretender was the curse of Macedon before and after. But at that moment the greatest of all kings, the supreme champion of Hellenedom, succeeded to the throne. It is always a temptation to linger over the greatness of Alexander. A matter-of-fact scholar has said that Alexander's story is not Greek history, and in a sense he is right. Alexander's accession we agreed to be an epoch in the history of Greek Democracy; it is as surely an epoch in the annals of mankind; and that means that Greek Democracy now stood in a new relation to all the human race. Where it had once been sovereign, it was now provincial; where it had been unchallenged, it was subordinate; where it had been the glad bright hope of mankind, it became a memory, a precious memory, long treasured and long afterwards fruitful once again. But for the time, the great world and the great king eclipsed it. Alexander was in no sense the enemy of Democracy—did he not re-establish democracies in the Greek cities of Asia?—but a friend too great may overshadow you, cramp you and cut you off from the sunshine. Quite apart from his ideals, potent beyond those of any other king or conqueror, the plain facts of his career, which not even his early death nor the division of his empire could undo, altered everything in the world. Once again, the more it remains the same,

the more Democracy is changed. The Prince had come and a new era with him. The old ideal lived on in great books and great traditions, as well as in the ludicrous parodies of itself in dozens of unimportant places. Yet in this time of change the Greek was to try a new experiment, a brilliant one, as fruitful almost as his earlier ventures, in the same passion for "equality, freedom and democracy." If the Athenian republic is still one of the world's great attainments, we may yet be as much indebted to the Achaean League.

CHAPTER VI

The Achaean League

AMONG the remaining monuments of Greek art, there must be few that can mean more to the man of northern race than the statue of the Dying Gaul in the Capitol of Rome. It is a work of art of a high order; it portrays a northerner; it commemorates a service done to mankind by a king; it stands in Rome; every way it seems a symbol of the Hellenistic age.

The man portrayed is a Gaul—an unmistakable Gaul; his necklace, his rough hair combed straight back from his forehead, his moustache, his shield and trumpet speak alike of his race; the sword is a modern addition. Students of art, and even laymen, recognize the dignity, the pathos and the fidelity of the sculpture. The anatomy, which the artists of Pergamum studied, shows a master hand, but art is not here as sometimes sacrificed to science. There was admiration and pity in the sculptor's mind, and the true Greek moderation in conception and execution, along with the feeling for realism. The man is a genuine barbarian—with hardened skin, matted hair and strong irregular features.[1] He is a Gaul, and he is dying, not without the admiration of his conqueror, who was a king. The Gaul and the king speak of the age after Alexander.

As for the Gauls, Polybius has much to tell us of them; "their numbers, their great size, their beauty, and their courage in war, are proclaimed by the facts of their history."[2] He describes a battle of the Romans with them—

[1] Ernest Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, p. 454.
[2] Polybius ii, 15.

the fine order of the Celtic host and the dreadful din, for there were innumerable trumpeters and horn-blowers.... Very terrifying, too, were the appearance and gestures of the naked warriors in front, all in the prime of life, and finely built men[1], and all in the leading companies richly adorned with gold chains and armlets.

But naked heroes were at a disadvantage with well-trained Roman javelineers—"the Gallic shield does not cover the whole body; so that their nakedness was a disadvantage, and the bigger they were, the better chance the missiles had of going home." At last, unable to drive off the javelineers, in distress and perplexity, they rushed in blind fury on the enemy and perished. The Celts behind, in trowsers and cloaks, stood their ground and fought their best; but "the Roman shields were far more serviceable for defence and their swords for attack; the Gallic sword was only good for a cut and not for a thrust"; and by hard fighting and a cavalry charge from the rear, the Romans won the day.[2] To the English reader there is an interesting parallel in the Battle of the Standard, 22 August, 1138, when Picts and Galwegians, with "a terrible shout of *Albanach*, *Albanach*," attacked English forces in armour, and "the courage of naked men could not long avail against mailed columns." The battle was "the first of many lessons, never learned by the Scots, that rushes of un-mailed clansmen could never vanquish spearmen and archers,"[3] for at Duplin, Halidon Hill, Flodden and Pinkie the same tactics ended in the same result. King David "was ruined by the Celtic pride and Celtic

[1] Pausanias x, 20, 7, says they were the tallest race on earth.

[2] Polybius ii, 29, 30; further on the Gallic sword and the need of straightening it after a blow in battle, ii, 33.

[3] Robert S. Rait, *Scotland*, p. 39; see also the speech of Walter Espec, given by Ailred of Rivaux on bare-breeched Scots against steel-clad Normans, in A. Lang, *History of Scotland*, vol. i, p. 105. And compare Neil Munro, *John Splendid*, chapter ii, on throwing off the kilt.

fickleness of his followers,"[1] and, to complete the parallel, he did not lose heart.

So, indeed, in the long run, it befell in Italy, Greece and Asia Minor. Polybius thinks

> it is the proper task of History to record and hand down to future generations such episodes of Fortune, that those who live after us may not, owing to entire ignorance of these incidents, be unduly terrified by sudden and unexpected invasions of barbarians, but may have a fair comprehension of how short-lived and perishable is the might of such peoples.

He had seen them driven from the Po valley, and he emphasizes how the skill and ability of more civilized men, who acted with reason and calculation, met with surprising success against "how many myriads of men, what daring confidence and what immense armaments."[2] But he makes it sufficiently clear, and Pausanias long after heightens it, with what wild alarm the invaders inspired Greece. In the fourth century, while they were still far away, a historian speaks of their love of Greek ways;[3] after they came, they turned into "Titans of a later day." Their loud voices, their boasting, their gestures, their frenzy in battle, their cruelty in victory made them seem to the Hellenistic world "the embodiment of brute and brainless force."[4] Their kinsman of to-day may plead that they did no worse in hot blood at the sack of Callium, "the most atrocious and inhuman in history,"[5] than the Athenians, in cold blood, after the capture of Melos; that they were indeed in nature and in race akin to Achilles; that they had their "bards," as Posidonius tells us,[6] and their arts, as the archaeologists know. But Greece, as Mr Tarn well says, "resented the phenomenon of the natural

[1] Sir Charles Oman, *The Art of War in the Middle Ages*, vol. i, p. 395.
[2] Polybius ii, 35.
[3] Ephorus, cf. Strabo, C. 199.
[4] Edwyn Bevan, *House of Seleucus*, vol. i, p. 138.
[5] Pausanias x, 22, 3.
[6] So Athenaeus vi, 246 D, *βάρδοι*.

man again obtruding himself on a society that was beginning to outgrow his ways."

Nothing like their numbers had invaded Europe since Xerxes; and yet toward the end of the third century, in Italy the Romans, and in Asia Minor the king of Pergamum, had checked them. The Gauls remained in Northern Italy, and in Galatia, available for those who would hire them;[1] but it was to be noted who had quelled them—a king in the East, an oligarchy in the West. In Greece the credit was divided between a League and a king, the Aetolians[2] and Antigonus Gonatas. It had been a democracy which drove back Xerxes and kept the Persian for fifty years out of the Aegaean; but two centuries and a great conqueror had changed the whole aspect of the world.

The Peace of Antalkidas, or, as the Greeks more aptly called it, the King's Peace, in 387 proclaimed (as we saw) the bankruptcy of the Greek city state. Persia had given Sparta victory in the Peloponnesian War; Persia ten years later had rebuilt the Long Walls of Athens; and now, as Polybius says, the Spartans betrayed the Greek cities to the Persians in order to obtain money to establish their own sovereignty over the Greeks.[3] "King Artaxerxes thinks it just" the document began, and its five abrupt lines end with a threat to those who will not receive it—"I will make war on them by land and by sea, with ships and with money"; and the last was all that was needed.[4] Scarcely a generation passed, and twenty years sufficed to make Philip master of Greece. Polybius raises the question whether it would be more dignified and fairer to include the history of Philip in that of Greece rather than the

[1] Polybius i, 80; v, 77.

[2] Tarn, *Antigonus*, pp. 157, 165, 166; Polybius ix, 30 (speech of an Aetolian).

[3] Polybius vi, 49.

[4] Cf. *ibid.* ix, 34.

history of Greece in that of Philip, and speaks in one sentence of "the battle of Leuctra and the most brilliant period of Greek history."[1] But patriotism does not blind his eyes as to whose the achievements were—"one could scarcely find terms adequate to characterize the bravery, the industry, and in a word the worth (ἀρετή) of these men, Philip and his friends, who indisputably by their energy and daring raised Macedon from the rank of a petty kingdom to that of the greatest and most glorious on earth." If one could only include the story of Alexander, and the conquests made with his father's friends, in the records of Greek Democracy! "And after the death of Alexander, when they disputed the empire of the greatest parts of the world, they left their glory recorded in many a memoir."[2] Achievement had passed gradually from the small group to the larger,—from the tribes, the cantons or demes of earliest Greece to the towns and cities—from the cities to the hegemonies, to Sparta in the Peloponnese, to Thebes in Boeotia, to Athens in the Aegaean; and now a larger grouping supersedes all that the world has seen; it breaks up, but still huge powers are massed in royal hands out of all comparison with town meetings; and at last the greatest grouping of all makes kings and peoples, leagues, town meetings and tyrants, all alike the subjects of Rome.

Alexander introduced Greek city life into India[3] and something very like Oriental despotism into Greece; he "married Europe to Asia," as some one has said. He made one world of it, one geographically, economically, and for a while politically. The booty of Persia sent perhaps 180,000 talents westward,[4] some or much of the gold as far as Aetolia; and it altered the bases of life individual and national, as the gold of Mexico and

[1] Polybius viii, 11 (13).
[2] *Ibid.* viii, 10 (12).
[3] Arrian, *Indica*, 40.
[4] Strabo, C. 731.

Peru did in sixteenth century Europe. The gold did not linger in Greece,[1] but its effects were harder to move. Alexander showed the Greeks what might be done Eastward, and they moved to his new cities and to the empires of his successors. Polybius speaks of race-suicide, which we can understand, as the curse of Greece,[2] but emigration also helped to depopulate it. The world's centre of gravity shifted violently from the Aegaean, and when it swung back it went further west; Greece was never quite the world's centre again. Polybius had a caustic word for men who "imagine that all the Greeks ought to have their eyes fixed on Athens";[3] the man who was to understand the world must think of the Euphrates and of the Tiber—of "the clouds in the West."[4] Asia was the main scene of Greek activity[5]—Asia and Egypt—it was there that the great cities were, that the world's commerce flowed, that the great courts had their seats, that the world's politics were made. Utopias, as Aristotle hinted to us, break down on foreign policy; what influence could the politicians of a Greek town exercise upon the dynasts of Babylon and Egypt? "The darkest times for Greece began when Alexander was gone."[6]

The Successors of Alexander were from the start one another's rivals, inevitably. Whether they maintained the idea that they governed for Alexander's heir, or took to themselves the title of king, it was the same thing. It would seem, too, that each cherished the ambition to be king alone as Alexander had been, or that enough of them dreamed of it to keep things unsettled. What helped unsettlement was that in a world of no definite and final frontiers, the motive forces were the

[1] Glotz, *Le Travail*, p. 396.
[2] Polybius xxxvii, 9.
[3] *Ibid.* xviii, 14.
[4] *Ibid.* v, 104; cf. xxiv, 15.
[5] W. S. Ferguson, *Hellenistic Athens*, p. 331.
[6] Freeman, *Federal Government*, p. 180.

temperaments and ambitions of personal rulers. In the struggles that ensued it was in every king's interest to stand well with the Greeks,[1] inside his own domains, outside them, and not least in debatable territory—to stand well with them, and to have some hold upon them. They were thus committed at once to sustaining characters difficult to reconcile; they were ambitious to be champions of Hellenism, but they were bound to be paramount kings with the great free cities well under control. The Persians had known the difficulty of control before; at first, as Herodotus says, they had trusted to tyrants in the cities, but after the Ionic revolt Mardonius set up democracies.[2] Alexander however found Asia Minor governed for the Persians by tyrants and oligarchies. He gave orders, says Arrian, to overthrow the oligarchies everywhere, to establish democracies, to give back to all (Greeks) their own laws, and to remit the tributes they paid the barbarian.[3] At Ephesus the tribute was transferred to the Goddess.[4]

But Alexander did not quite stop there; legislators were to be chosen at Chios to draw up an amended code, which was to be submitted to the king for his sanction.[5] This was hardly the Greek conception of autonomy; it was too like what the Athenians and Spartans—and the Persians—had done. Toward the end of his reign he interfered again in the most galling way by the issue of a rescript, proclaiming the restoration of all exiles throughout Greece. He did this "at once for the sake of glory and in the wish to have in every city many men bound to him by goodwill, to obviate changes and revolts." The royal will was proclaimed at the Olympian games, with a note adding that Antisthenes was charged to compel reluctant

[1] Cf. Diodorus Siculus xix, 62.
[2] Herodotus vi, 43.
[3] Arrian, *Anabasis*, i, 18, 2.
[4] *Ibid.* i, 17, 10.
[5] E. Bevan, *House of Seleucus*, vol. i, pp. 104–105.

cities to receive back their exiles. Diodorus says there were twenty thousand exiles present.[1] A long inscription is extant dealing with their return to Mitylene.[2] The Aetolians and the Athenians refused to recall their exiles. The demand violated the treaty made by Philip after Chaeroneia, and renewed on his accession by Alexander; and, on the other hand, it excluded the exiled Thebans, whose city Alexander himself had destroyed. It may have been, as we are assured, a humane decree, a politic move on the part of the king; but to restore exiles compulsorily, even if it could have been done without breaking a treaty, meant only one thing. Alexander was sovereign master of the Greek world; the cities were not autonomous. Once more, could there be Democracy without autonomy?

The death of Alexander meant a divided world; and between competing despots Democracy might look perhaps for some fugitive liberty and independence. But this chance only made it clearer to the world's new masters that the cities must be controlled. Antigonus, like the Spartans long before, began with a splendid decree, which Ptolemy at once copied—the Greeks were to be "free, without garrisons, in enjoyment of their own laws." Ἐλευθέρους, ἀφρουρήτους, αὐτονόμους[3]—beautiful Greek words! if it were not that they had been used before, and were to be used again, and were to mean so little! The control was inevitable, but it took three forms. Some Greek cities, many, for instance, in Arcadia, fell into the hands of tyrants, who, if not actually installed by him, were apt to be supported by Antigonus Gonatas.[4] Philip V spoke of "the three fetters of Greece," and by this he meant Chalcis,

[1] Diodorus Siculus xviii, 8.
[2] Hicks and Hill, *Manual*, no. 164; Beloch, *Griech. Gesch.* III, i, 59.
[3] Diodorus Siculus xix, 61, 62.
[4] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 278.

Corinth and Demetrias: and Greek envoys told the Roman Senate (198–197 B.C.) that there could be no possible freedom for Greece as long as the Macedonian held these places, not a spark of liberty; he could safely give up all other places, provided he kept these.[1] Where tyrants were not available, nor garrisons possible, the old Persian plan of control was still available —the subsidy would serve. It was not every Greek leader who had the honesty or the sense of Apollonidas,[2] who, when King Eumenes offered the Achaean League an endowment of 120 talents, said straight out that

> the interests of democracies and kings are quite opposite to each other; and, as our most frequent and most important deliberations concern points of controversy between ourselves and the kings, one of two things must inevitably happen; either the interests of the kings will have precedence over our own, or we must incur the reproach of ingratitude for opposing our paymasters.

Aratus, it is remarked, was never at a loss for money, but it was "this fatal habit of trusting in princes" that undid him and his League at last.[3]

Of course the kings were "allies" of the great cities, and the benefits they conferred upon them were at once sympathetic and considerable. Witness the endowment, which we noted, of the temple at Ephesus by Alexander, and gifts to other temples by other kings, and contributions to great city projects, *e.g.* the restoration of Rhodes after the earthquake. By now culture was the distinguishing mark of the Greek world, and one has only to recall the Museum of Alexandria and the Library of Pergamum to realize how much real service was done by kings, competing in culture, for literature, science and art; for it was not lip-service, but a genuine interest. Antigonus Gonatas had a thorough admiration and respect for Zeno the Stoic.[4] Even the

[1] Polybius xviii, 11. [2] *Ibid.* xxii, 11.
[3] Freeman, *Federal Government*, p. 290.
[4] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 35.

extravagant pageants of Alexandria and Antioch[1] had some suggestion of the patronage of Art about them, and it was believed that this form of wastefulness was useful in making money circulate. The kings everywhere promoted Greek tastes, and therefore the interests of Greek traders, among their subjects. As we have seen, they stood between Greece and barbarism—the Gauls in particular. They saved the cities from the horrible little internecine wars that they still loved to carry on for a few square miles of territory. They checked the risks of revolution, and kept the peace, and gave commerce a chance to thrive—a chance of which the Rhodians made conspicuous use. In short, as Mr Bevan says, if Greece was in chains, the chains were "charmingly gilded";[2] and they were all the more real for being so attractive to the artistic and spiritual side of the Greek nature.

In any case there the Successors of Alexander were, and Greek Democracy was challenged by wholly new circumstances. The barbarian, as the speaker in Thucydides says, came from the ends of the earth and caught Sparta unprepared, but he tumbled over his own feet. It is only of late years that the efficiency and the strategy of the Persian have received justice in intelligent study, but the sentence of Thucydides is true. It was touch and go, as Wellington confessed about Waterloo,[3] but the Greek democrat foiled the Persian King. Now they were Greek kings with Greek ministers who faced the city governments of Greece—kings and ministers with their wits sharpened in competition with their rivals. Democrats had to face facts. Early in the fourth century the Athenians had decided that their national finances could not be entrusted to

[1] Polybius xxxi, 3.
[2] E. Bevan, *House of Seleucus*, vol. i, p. 124.
[3] Creevey Papers, 19 June, 1815.

an official selected by lot. After Alexander the lot was less trusted; it was at times abolished; the roll of citizens was limited, and the government took a cast quite other than Cleon would have blessed. Ten years, with Demetrius of Phalerum as *epimeletes* or curator of the state, made an odd conclusion to the century of Demosthenes. The oligarchs bore with him, even with the Macedonian Cassander behind him. A democratic restoration followed; then a régime of moderates broke up the system of compulsory military training, disarmed the people, and got rid of election by lot; and after that came Lachares a personal ruler, a coup d'état, a terrible siege, and the entry of King Demetrius and the recall of the moderates. We need not pursue the story; the decisive moments are the ups and downs in dynastic struggles outside. Oligarch and democrat lose their old meaning; the parties are made by their attitude to Macedon; one supported King Antigonus; the other therefore, whatever its nationalist pretensions, must lean on Egypt. Athens lived on foreign corn, and its supply was controlled by the kings of Macedon and Egypt.[1] We have seen what Freeman said of Periclean Athens; let us hear him again on Athens in the days of Polybius—

> Demos still sits in his Pnyx; he still chooses Archons by lot and generals by the uplifted hand; but the fierce Democracy has sunk into the lifelessness of a cheerless and dishonoured old age; its decrees consist of fulsome adulation of foreign kings; its demagogues and orators are sunk into beggars who wander from court to court to gather a few talents of alms for the people which once received tribute from a thousand cities.[2]

The new position was sufficiently defined by the change in coinage. Athens no longer minted her familiar "owls"; the image and superscription on her coins

[1] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 219.

[2] Freeman, *Federal Government*, p. 172, citing Polybius v, 106. Compare also the ode to Demetrius, Athenaeus vi, 253.

were those of Antigonus. The change was not merely a sign of her lost independence but a direct blow, perhaps a final one, to her trade.[1]

The day of the city state was over. The old thought of Simonides, πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει, no longer holds. Once the largest life a Greek could know had been offered by Athens. No Greek city can make such a boast now. The assembly has no such business, and therefore no such intellectual training, as of old. For the man of ambition, the man with an interest in finance or in foreign policy, the real interest, the field with scope and range, lay in a king's court, and in no Greek *agora*. The stronger men move away, the significance of the city declines, and a smaller breed follows, not the stronger for remembering the past and pretending it is present. Cassander rebuilt Thebes, which Alexander had destroyed; Antigonus and after him Lysimachus restored Smyrna;[2] was it likely that these cities would have a richer or freer national life than Alexandria or Antioch or any other city, the work of a king and bearing his name? We need not linger over the new breed of tyrants, which after two hundred years reappears in Greece. The only new feature about this later tyranny is the readiness of an occasional tyrant to abdicate on promise of an amnesty, to step back among his fellow citizens and to co-operate in adding his late realm to one of the Leagues.

So to the Leagues let us turn; for in them lay the one hope of an independent Greek life, or of anything that could savour of Democracy; in them Greece made its last great contribution in political experiment, and in them foreshadowed the form of government, which already in four conspicuous cases the Anglo-Saxon race

[1] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 308; W. S. Ferguson, *Hellenistic Athens*, p. 184.

[2] Strabo 646.

has adopted with the happiest results. It appears[1] that in fact Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues had little or no direct knowledge of the Achaean League and its political structure, but that they were able to understand and to use the few facts they obtained, and they saw their importance. Little as Classical scholars of the stricter profession will go to Hellenistic authors, it remains that here, as in a good many serious issues, the Hellenistic world, with all its exhaustion and its disappointments, is more significant and more fruitful than is commonly admitted.

The Federal idea was not wholly new in Greece. Thales had urged something of the kind on the Ionians, of course in vain.[2] Xenophon tells us of the league of Olynthus, which, at the suggestion of two neighbouring cities, Sparta destroyed (383–379 B.C.). He did not live long enough to see how much this action meant for the rising power of Macedon, but Demosthenes realized the significance of the cities as a bulwark of Greece. When the battle of Leuctra (371 B.C.) broke the malign power of Sparta, there was at once an attempt made to establish a federal government for all Arcadia. It did not last very long, and comparatively little is known of its detail. A federal assembly, known as the "Ten Thousand," and also as τὸ κοινόν,[3] met at Megalopolis. The number, which may not be literally exact, suggests not so much representatives as a mass meeting, like the ordinary assembly of a Greek city; and its functions were much the same. The Ten Thousand received ambassadors,[4] sat in judgment on offenders against the League,[5] regulated and paid the standing army,[6] and voted war and peace and alliances[7].

[1] Freeman, *Federal Government*, pp. 249, 250.
[2] Herodotus i, 170.
[3] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, vii, 1, 38; 4, 2; 4, 35, etc.
[4] Demosthenes, *F.L.* 198. [5] Xenophon, *Hellenica*, vii, 4, 22, 23.
[6] *Ibid.* vii, 4, 22, 33. [7] *Ibid.* vii, 4, 2.

But before the death of Epameinondas, at the battle of Mantineia in 362, Mantineia was again a Spartan ally while Tegea stood by Thebes. Megalopolis remained and the *Koinon*; but by the end of the century the Confederacy was a thing of the past, and it is significant that the cleavage threw one group toward Sparta, and the rest toward Macedon—the Scylla and Charybdis of the more famous League to which we must now turn.

"The Achaeans," says Polybius,[1] "have had in our times a growth of power and internal unity beyond all expectation. Many in the past have tried to induce the Peloponnesians to join in a league for the common interests of all but no one ever succeeded, because every one's enthusiasm was not for the common freedom but for their own ascendancy (*δυναστεία*). Yet in our day this policy has made such progress and been carried out with such completeness, that not only is there in the Peloponnese a community of interests such as exists between allies or friends, but they have the same laws, weights, measures and coinage, as well as the same magistrates, senate and judges. Nor is there any difference between the entire Peloponnese and a single city, except in the fact that its inhabitants are not included within the same wall. All else, in common and in the several cities, shows almost complete assimilation of institutions."

It will be understood, of course, that his present tenses rather point to the past, and that, as will appear, Sparta stood outside.

He goes on to discuss how this all came about, for the Achaeans had not in the past been an outstanding people in any way. The Arcadians and Laconians had much larger numbers and greater territory, and in warlike valour yielded the palm to no Greek peoples. How came it then that the Peloponnesians were content to adopt the constitution and the name of the Achaeans? "It is evident that we should not say it is the result of chance; for that is a poor explanation." Polybius takes the same attitude with regard to the later supremacy

[1] Polybius ii, 37.

of Rome; it is not a fluke or an accident, it is the intelligible result of intelligible causes. So here "we must rather seek for a cause; for every event, probable or improbable, must have some cause. The cause then, in my opinion, is very much this. Nowhere could be found a system and a principle more pure and unalloyed of equality, freedom of speech, and, in a word, true Democracy than among the Achaeans" (ἰσηγορίας καὶ παρρησίας καὶ καθόλου δημοκρατίας ἀληθινῆς).[1]

The League was traditionally a very old affair, but "down to the reigns of Alexander and Philip," as Polybius says, "their fortunes varied according to circumstances,"—which tells us little. The Achaeans hardly come into the story of the Persian War; and in the Peloponnesian War Thucydides said they "had friendly relations with both sides, and the Pellenians were the only Achaeans who at first took part in the war with the Spartans, though eventually all the Achaeans joined them."[2]

"But," to resume with Polybius, "they always endeavoured to keep their League a democracy.—So after the time of Alexander they fell, chiefly thanks to the kings of Macedon, into such a state of discord and illfeeling that all the cities separated from the League and became opposed in interests. The consequence was that some of them were garrisoned by Demetrius and Cassander and afterwards by Antigonus Gonatas, and some also had tyrants over them; for no one planted more tyrants among the Greeks than Antigonus."

But about the 124th Olympiad (*i.e.* 284 B.C.) they began to repent and to think alike. The first cities so to do were Dyme, Patrae, Tritaea and Pharae; and for this reason we do not find any monument (*stele*) recording the compact between those cities. Five years later the people of Aegium expelled the garrison and joined the League; next the people of Bura put their tyrants to death and did the same; and at the same time

[1] Polybius ii, 38. [2] Thucydides ii, 9.

Caryneia joined, for Iseas its tyrant, in view of these events, "abdicated on receiving assurance that his life would be spared and added his city to the Achaean system." The three remaining cities soon followed.

Polybius goes on to emphasize the continuity of Achaean policy from that date—"always one policy."

> By holding out the inducement of equality and freedom (*ἰσηγορίαν καὶ παρρησίαν*), by consistently making war on and crushing those who either on their own account or with the support of the kings tried to enslave their native cities, in this way and with this purpose they accomplished the work, in part unaided and in part with the help of allies. . . . In return for the zealous aid they gave their allies, they bargained for nothing but the freedom of each state and the general concord of Peloponnesians.[1]

The great days of the League began when Aratus, then only twenty years of age, freed his native city of Sicyon from its tyrant and brought a Dorian city into the League, for which he had always had a passionate admiration. Polybius uses the word of Pericles, in Thucydides—Aratus was a "lover" of the Achaean policy, as Pericles bade Athenians be of Athens. After Sicyon, Aratus managed to capture the citadel of Corinth, the Acrocorinthus, one of "the three fetters of Hellas," which was held by a garrison of King Antigonus; and Corinth, shortly followed by Megara, Dorian cities both of them, joined the Achaean League. Rather later, Lydiadas, tyrant of the Arcadian Megalopolis, and the tyrants of Dorian Argos, Hermione and Phlius, abdicated in turn and brought in their cities. So the Achaean League was more than Achaean, it was Hellenic, and it seemed likely to give Greece what it had long needed—unity and liberty.

For, as we look back through Greek history, that also was the aim of the Confederacy of Delos—con-

[1] Polybius ii, 42.

certed action against Persia, with the hope of national and local freedom. For seventy years one of these aims was maintained and achieved by the Confederacy; as for the other, the avowed purpose of Sparta in the Peloponnesian War was to set the Greeks free from the Athenian Empire, for it had come to that.[1] The war-cry was Autonomy; the outcome was (as we saw) the harmost in Europe, the satrap again in Asia. It was as Isocrates says, the same thing that ruined Athens and that ruined Sparta. Look, he cries, at the prosperity of the generation after the Persian War, but the next generation desired not to be rulers but to be tyrants; they called it empire; its true name was calamity. The Spartans, he continues, can no longer taunt us with being ruined by our Democracy; Empire showed its true nature even quicker among them, and their constitution, unshaken for seven hundred years, was wrecked in a short space by it. So says Isocrates,[2] and his story points the moral of Polybius—"their enthusiasm (in those old days) was not for the common freedom but for their own ascendancy."[3]

Ἰσηγορίας καὶ παρρησίας καὶ καθόλου δημοκρατίας ἀληθινῆς—they are the old watchwords of Greece; only one is wanting, the fatal word Autonomy. But recall the enthusiasm of Herodotus—"it is proved not by one but by many instances that equality is a good thing."[4] Recall the praises of Democracy as spoken by his Persian.[5] Recall the gladness of escape from the Persian yoke; picture the tyrants and the garrisons of Antigonus, and what it meant to be rid of them. No wonder the League throve in a new atmosphere of hope and joy. Security without and freedom within—surely that is the ideal.

[1] Thucydides i, 139.
[2] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 90–95 ff.
[3] Polybius ii, 37, 9.
[4] Herodotus v, 78.
[5] *Ibid.* iii, 80.

When we come to consider the Federal constitution,[1] it must be admitted at once that there are uncertainties. Our authorities use terms lucid to their first readers, but not so clear after centuries. We must remember, too, that the United States has a written constitution which it takes a Supreme Court to explain, and that the Achaean League had, strictly speaking, neither. But for our purpose details and variants are of less matter than the broad outlines—the principle and the polity and their peculiar character, as Polybius puts it (*τὰ τῆς προαιρέσεως καὶ τὸ τῆς πολιτείας ἰδίωμα*). For it is the great idea, the inspiration, that wins adherents and makes the new movement, and in Greece as everywhere it is the application that divides. The written constitution of the United States was not ten years old when Kentucky began to consider "nullification," and after one generation South Carolina, thirty years before the Civil War, flaunted the word in legislation.

Security without, freedom within—this means a common foreign policy and domestic self-government. It would appear that the constituent cities were not wholly debarred from relations with foreign powers,[2] but that the general policy was decided in common. To cities which, however small, had always managed, or wished to manage, their own foreign affairs, this was a limitation, as it is and must be even to states in modern federations which were never independent. It is not always that Washington and California have seen alike as to the Chinese; and London, Ottawa and British Columbia may recall similar embarrassment. But with

[1] See Freeman, *Federal Government*, pp. 198 ff.; Niese, *Griech. Gesch.* vol. ii, pp. 290 ff. Holm, *Greek History*, vol. iv, pp. 271–273.

[2] A Roman embassy went to Corinth, still a member of the League, in 228 B.C., apparently in connection with Queen Teuta's piracies. Polybius ii, 12.

this limitation, the states in the Achaean League were sovereign in domestic affairs. They were generally democracies, though in one or two cases, it would appear, there were, as in Switzerland at one period, democracies with subject territories.[1] This may not quite suggest *ἰσηγορία*; but old usage must be recognized, and, as Freeman suggests, even in America the South had its "domestic institution." The constituent states had, of course, their own local magistrates, and we are told that Aratus was once General of Argos, which was not the same thing as being what he so often was, General of the League. Common laws, weights, measures and currency Polybius mentions; and from the fact that the Romans at the conquest prohibited owners of property acquiring property abroad,[2] it would seem that it was allowed between cities of the League, and probably intermarriage with it, and certainly trade. In spite of Aratus being General of Argos, Greek feeling would almost certainly be against that free interchange of citizenship which exists between the states of the American union. But, like the Americans, the citizens of the Achaean League had a double citizenship—they were Achaeans, and at the same time Dymaeans, Corinthians and so forth.

The great authority in the League was the assembly. Polybius describes its meeting in 187 B.C.[3] Aristaenus was general, and there were embassies present from the three kings Ptolemy V Epiphanes, and Seleucus IV Philopator (with the offer of ten warships) and Eumenes II (with the proffered endowment). An Achaean reported what he and his colleagues had said in the Roman Senate about Sparta and read the reply of the Senate, on which no one spoke and the subject was

[1] See Freeman, *Federal Government*, pp. 200, 488; especially Corinth and Megalopolis.

[2] Pausanias vii, 16, 9.

[3] Polybius xxii, 10.

allowed to drop. Eumenes' offer was declined. When Ptolemy's offer of arms and a renewal of alliance was reported, confusion followed; for there had at different times been various treaties with the Egyptian kingdom and the king's envoy did not say which was meant and apparently did not know. The assembly voted to renew friendship with Seleucus but did not accept the ships. So ended the assembly.

It has been debated whether the assembly was a primary or a representative body; but definite and distinctive representative government was hardly yet familiar enough to be practicable. It seems that any citizen of any federated state was entitled to attend the assembly if he was thirty years of age.[1] The ancient world knew two types of assembly—the Athenian, where every qualified citizen from any part of the country might come and speak and vote as an individual member of the assembly, and where, as a result, a majority of those present and voting decided the issue, and the Roman, where (to take the *tributa*) every citizen voted in his tribe, and a majority of tribes carried or rejected the proposition offered to them, but without discussion, on the spot. The Achaean assembly was a federal body, and the members of the federation were cities; there was, as we have guessed from the scene described, free discussion, which might continue for three days—the period of the two[2] annual meetings; but the voting was by cities, however this was managed, and resolutions were taken as the majority of cities enacted. This system of group voting we shall have to discuss when we come to Rome; its origin in the League is more explicable and intelligible; and the Greek habit of allowing discussion and voting at the same meeting obviously meant that the assembly was

[1] Polybius xxix, 24, 6.
[2] A deduction from Polybius xxxviii, 9, 5.

far better informed as to what it was doing, and in great measure really managed its own affairs. It made, as we have seen, alliances; it voted on peace and war, and, as a natural corollary, on the means of the national levy.[1]

But a federal assembly inevitably differs from the assembly of a city state, even though the city state be one like Athens that comprises a whole countryside. It cannot meet so quickly or so conveniently, and it must therefore delegate a great deal of its work. It seems generally agreed, though it has indeed been disputed, that the Achaean League had a council which met more frequently, perhaps every month. It is not clear—and it does not greatly matter—how it was constituted. Something of the kind there had to be. There were also magistrates possessed of real power. At first the Achaeans had two "Generals"; but some twenty-five years after the reconstruction of the League "they decided to elect one *Strategos* and entrust him with the general direction of their affairs."[2] It was, says Mr W. S. Ferguson,[3] "the creative force of foreign policy" that led to the change. Of old, as he says, there had been eleven Boeotarchs in the Boeotian league, and seven generals over the Acarnanians, but in this age of monarchy unity of action was a gain in foreign affairs. It was not in accord with the old Greek sentiment; but, as the Americans took pains to protect themselves from possible tyranny by a president, the Achaeans would allow their general to command them only in alternate years. They also elected a *Hypostrategos*, a Secretary, and a Commander of Cavalry. Ten *Damiorgoi* had the formal presidency of the assembly,[4] and formed a sort of cabinet with the magistrates,

[1] Cf. Polybius iv, 7. [2] Polybius ii, 43.
[3] W. S. Ferguson, *Greek Imperialism*, p. 239.
[4] Livy xxxii, 22, where they are divided five against five.

though in war the General could, properly, act without them. All these officers, it appears, were unsalaried.

On reviewing the constitution and its constituents, it is plain that we have here another and a very different type of Democracy from the Athenian. What the more gifted race could not do, or did not choose to do, the Achaeans achieve—a real Hellenic federation on the basis of equality and freedom. Corinth was a far greater city than Dyme, as New York is a far larger state than Rhode Island and far more populous than Nevada; and in the assembly Corinth and Dyme had equal voting power, as New York and Nevada have in the American Senate. In both cases it was the counting of sovereign states rather than of heads that made federation possible. In both cases the larger unit in the group seems to lose something, and no doubt that is true. It is not the equality of the Athenian *demos*, but the gain from a national point of view is very great. We may fairly count it Democracy.

Yet the extremer democrat of the Greek sort might not unjustly complain that he was being deposed by such a system. The meetings of the assembly were held at Aegium. So, to have the full enjoyment of citizenship, it was necessary to travel to Aegium; and the well-to-do could manage it more easily than the poor. The Athenian assembly was in a way the antithesis of this; it was held in Athens, and the farmers often found it awkward to attend and the city people generally had things their own way. The infrequency of the meetings of the Achaean assembly threw far more work and therefore importance upon the council, and still more upon the magistrates. This gave the League what the extremer democrat would at once call an oligarchic colour, while the single general (not least in those alternate years when Aratus held the office) was really much more like a monarch than John

Adams or Washington could have seemed even in Jefferson's most fevered moments. Office-holding moreover was costly, and there was no pay attached to it; and this excluded the poor man.

The system was a compromise, as perhaps most successful systems are. The inner life of the single city in the League must have been obviously less varied and thus less educative than the life of the independent city of three or of two hundred years earlier. But while that may have been the standard in men's dreams, when they were awake they must probably own that the life of the city within the League was a great deal better in every way than it had been in the very recent past when the tyrant or the garrison controlled all. If "the city" had less to "teach the man," because it asked less initiative of him, the League might supplement the education; for it had never done with foreign policy. It might also be urged that if quarrels between neighbouring towns, which were settled before the assembly or through its agency, developed less military skill and genius (in which the League was markedly deficient), other powers of mind were called upon, and in any case life and industry, peace, order and unity were less violently shaken and much less liable to perish. Thucydides records a small local war in Sicily in the year 425 B.C., between Naxos and Messene, both small towns; Sicel allies came down from the hills and the Naxians "sallied out of the city, charged the Messenians, and put them to flight with the loss of a thousand men; the rest with difficulty escaped, for the barbarians fell upon them in the roads and destroyed most of them."[1] A federal system effectively cut off that form of civic education. It also helped to stabilize society by making *stasis*, the old curse of the free Greek cities, less likely to succeed and therefore less likely to be

[1] Thucydides iv, 25.

attempted. If this made local politics rather more monotonous, persons who preferred reasonable bloodshed had, in that age of filibusters, ample chances to go abroad as mercenaries and see life and death.

No historian would urge that the Achaean League was a quite unqualified success; but, unless it be with their eyes on more contemporary controversies, historians rarely make such claims for any previous form of government. A federal system requires some degree of common origin among its members, or at least of common interest or habits of mind. The Aetolian League was formed of men at a more primitive point of view, and less differentiated, more accustomed to warfare and, so far, more effective on emergency. The Achaeans did a great thing when they brought in Dorians and Arcadians, and held together so long. If we praise Athens for giving the world a great example in Democracy, the same praise cannot be withheld from the Achaeans; and it can at least be urged that the future lay (though far away) more decisively with federal governments than with city states. If Greek carelessness of law, if Greek individuality and the old and fatal passion for autonomy, wrecked the League before ever it succumbed to Rome, once more the Greeks were the world's pioneers—the costliest rôle that Nature assigns to men, and surely the noblest.

The story of the decline of the League we need not follow in detail. It repeats the unhappiest features of all Greek history. On one side of the League stood the Aetolians, a people whom Polybius accuses of habitual injustice and aggression—not without some warrant for what he says; and who "live the life of beasts of prey."[1] They have been "damned for ever in the pages of Polybius," says Mr Tarn,[2] though he counts them the

[1] Polybius ii, 45; iv, 3; ix, 34.
[2] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 208.

one state in Greece able to stand alone. He forgets for the moment, perhaps, that it was they who first called in the Romans. The Aetolians certainly beat back the Gauls, fighting as the Indians habitually fought in North America from the cover of rock and forest with arrow and javelin against the naked warriors only dangerous at close quarters.[1] Philip V the Macedonian said that most of the Aetolians were not Greeks;[2] they were certainly hostile to the best hopes of Greece, and early proposed to Macedon to dismember the Achaean League.[3] As with the Spartans of old, so with the Aetolians, dismemberment and partition summed up their foreign policy.

On the other side stood Sparta, the enemy as ever of Leagues, and, it must be owned, coveted as a member by those who guided the League. Once Sparta were added, the rest would follow, and the Peloponnese would be consolidated.[4] But Sparta had no intention of merging herself among the Achaeans. She was a free state, with a royal leader in the attractive young king Cleomenes. The powers, jealous already, fell out. Cleomenes invaded Achaean territory, won victories, took and lost Mantineia and bitterly defeated Aratus at Ladokeia (226 B.C.). Next year the young king made his famous revolution in Sparta, and "restored" the discipline of Lycurgus. The infection of the new "socialism" spread; other men wanted "division of land and cancelling of debts."[5] Towns in Arcadia and the Argolid seceded to Cleomenes; Argos itself too; and there was danger in Sicyon and Corinth.[6] In despair Aratus turned to the old enemy, the king of Macedon—the despot as so often the only, if the hateful, alternative to communism and anarchy. The price of

[1] W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 152.
[2] Polybius xviii, 5.
[3] *Ibid.* ix, 34, 6.
[4] Plutarch, *Cleomenes*, 3.
[5] *Ibid.* 17.
[6] Polybius ii, 52.

Antigonus Doson was high, but Aratus paid it; he made the great fatal mistake of his life, and surrendered to the enemy the "fetter of Greece," the Acrocorinthus. He had his reward, for he saw Cleomenes crushed in the battle of Sellasia (223 B.C.), and later on Philopoemen forced Sparta to join the League; but it was a betrayal of ideals. It was a monstrous thing for the League or its General to surrender a constituent sovereign state to the foreigner. Hitherto the League, with frequent trouble from the Aetolians, had stood up against Macedon, and the Egyptian government had helped to finance it; but now Ptolemy dropped the Achaeans; they were the servants of his rival.

The League began to fall asunder, but it survived, though weakened and disgraced. It continued to secure for its members internal peace and good government and freedom in the main from border wars. But it was never the bulwark of Greece nor a really independent power again.

To trace the ruin of Greece from Sellasia to Mummius' capture of Corinth is happily not our task, for it is painful reading. Greek jealousy divides as ever, and without are enemies of Greek freedom more serious than any yet seen or surmised. With three comments made by contemporaries we may close.

In 217 B.C. the Aetolian Agelaos made a speech at Naupaktos, pleading for peace, if only Greeks could speak with one heart and one voice, and, marching arm in arm like men fording a river, repel barbarian invaders.

For it is evident even to those of us who give but scanty attention to our common interests, that, whether the Carthaginians beat the Romans, or the Romans the Carthaginians, in this war, it is not in the least likely that the victors will be content with rule over the Greeks of Italy and Sicily; they will come here.... If once you wait for these clouds that loom in the West to settle on Greece, I very much fear lest we may all of us find those

truces and wars, the games at which we now play, suddenly cut short.[1]

About 180 B.C., when things had gone much further despite the "Liberation" of Greece by Flamininus in 196 B.C., Philopoemen pled:

If, like captives of the spear, we offer unquestioning submission to every order, what will be the difference between the Achaeans and the Sicilians and Capuans who have been notoriously slaves this long time past? . . . That the time will come when the Greeks will be forced to give unlimited obedience, I know full well. But would one wish to see this time as soon or as late as possible? Surely as late as possible![2]

Polybius saw that the fall of Macedon assured Rome universal dominion beyond dispute;[3] and when the end came, his comment is as just as it is unhappy. "For my part, I think that Fortune displayed her resources and skill in resisting the folly and madness of the leaders; and, being determined at all hazards to save the Achaeans, like a good wrestler, she had recourse to the only trick left; and that was to bring down and conquer the Greeks *quickly*, as in fact she did."[4]

It is easy very often to see where other people go wrong, to mark the fatal turning, the error that means ruin; but history is not to be re-written. The fall of the League was sad, but its rise was glorious, for it did in truth show mankind the way to "liberty, freedom of speech, and, in a word, true Democracy."[5]

[1] Polybius v, 104. [2] *Ibid.* xxiv, 15. [3] *Ibid.* xxxii, 11.
[4] *Ibid.* xxxix, 11. [5] *Ibid.* ii, 38.

CHAPTER VII

The Early Days of Rome

"THE very element of unexpectedness in the events I have chosen as my theme," so writes Polybius, "will be sufficient to challenge and incite young and old alike to the study of my treatise. For who could be so worthless or so indolent as not to wish to know by what means, and under what system of polity, the Romans in less than fifty-three years have succeeded in subjecting nearly the whole inhabited world to their sole government—a thing unique in history."[1]

He reviews the other empires known to Greeks.[2] Whenever the Persians ventured to overstep the boundaries of Asia, they imperilled not merely the security of their empire but their own existence. The rule of Sparta over Greece lasted unchallenged for scarcely twelve years. The Macedonians never held more of Europe than the Balkan peninsula—"a quite insignificant portion of the continent," and though their empire, after their overthrow of Persia, was regarded as "the greatest in extent and power that had ever existed," most of the inhabited world lay outside it. So he begins his history with the 140th Olympiad (220–216 B.C.), because before that the doings of the world show no unity of initiative, results, or locality; but since then history has been "an organic whole" (σωματοειδῆ). Luckily for us, like other good historians, he introduces us to his subject with a retrospect of immense value. If in his preface he says Fortune has guided almost all the affairs of the world toward one and the same end, he immediately adds that a historian must review the means that Fortune has used,[3] and later on he says more plainly that it was not through

[1] Polybius i, 1, 4. [2] *Ibid.* 2. [3] *Ibid.* 4.

Fortune, as some Greeks think, nor "automatically," that the Romans aimed at and gained universal dominion, but by schooling themselves in great affairs.[1]

Who could be so worthless and indolent (φαῦλος ἢ ῥᾴθυμος)? The words may make the casual reader smile. Does it show worthlessness not to care to understand the great movements of history? At all events, it was almost contemporary history that Polybius had in mind—the events of two generations that produced the conditions under which men had actually to live. Should a good citizen take pains to understand the factors that have made his world? Polybius goes further; it is "the noblest and most beneficent work" of Fortune—strange language, one might think, in a Greek of that day; history has never seen so great a triumph achieved by Fortune; and to understand it, a man must study the world as a whole and not in parts; "we can get some idea of a whole from a part, but never knowledge or exact opinion."[2]

Let us reflect upon what he says, and add a point or two more. The world's history all went one way; all the kingdoms passed into one empire; it was brought about in fifty-three years; so far Polybius. We can add reflection upon the long endurance of this Roman empire—an endurance of many centuries. We can emphasize that so far empires of any size, or that lasted any time, had been the work of monarchs, and this was achieved by a city state and a republic. For all such events, explanations can be found, and it is the historian's task to find them. That at least is the view of Polybius; and even modern historians will agree that we have to understand what we record or read.

We can therefore extend Polybius' questions, and ask first how it was that the Roman city state was so markedly different from the Greek city state? It was

[1] Polybius i, 63. [2] *Ibid.* 4, 9.

something for Rome to consolidate Italy; no Greek city ever came near such an achievement. It was more unaccountable, certainly not to have been foreseen, that she should unite the world under her sway. To answer the question how she did it, is the task of Polybius, and gives to his book, in spite of his clumsy writing, a dignity and a grandeur that mark him out among ancient historians. No other, save Herodotus alone, ever saw the world so distinctly as a whole, a unity. We may ask not without advantage, how came that victorious republic to be transformed into a monarchy? And we may ask the further question, was it ever a democracy at all? Our special inquiry is into Democracy in the ancient world; does Rome really belong to our study?

With the Gracchi in our mind, with all the long story of the constitutional struggle of plebeian and patrician before us, it would seem hard to deny the relevance of Rome to the student of Democracy. There were moments when democratic ideas seem to have stirred the Roman people; to the end one of the great parties was known very often as the *populares*. Even if it is not quite unreasonable to doubt whether Rome ever was for any length of time a real democracy, it is surely not irrelevant for us to ask why democratic ideas did not in the long run prevail among the Romans. If we can discover the reasons, it will perhaps enable us to understand Democracy better.

The great difficulty in such study is that the Roman historians help us but little. No historian of an older generation than Caesar's survives, though in general, from what is left of those there were, our loss seems perhaps not very lamentable. Throughout the great period of Greek Democracy we have contemporary writers of the first order. The literary splendour of Rome belongs to the time of the Republic's fall. Under Augustus, Livy

wrote of the beginnings of Rome; but one must ever recall the contrast drawn between Livy and Sallust by Paul Louis Courier—"the one talks pure gold, the other knows what he is talking about." Dionysius of Halicarnassus also wrote of the origins of Rome at the same time, but he is not comparable with his fellow-citizen as a historian. And, not to linger over Virgil and Varro, lovers of Rome's antiquities, or Ovid and other clever persons who now and then played with them, the common drawback is that all the contemporaries of Augustus, who wrote of Romulus and Marcus Manlius and the Licinian-Sextian Rogations, did so with memories charged with recollections of the Gracchi, with minds trained in Greek history and literature, and relying on the most wretched sources. The earliest writers on Rome's first five centuries appear to have been uncritical, ill-informed and careless, whether Greeks or Romans. The one great light in Roman history is Polybius.

If we ask on what the authorities of Livy and his contemporaries could rest, they rested, we are told, on family histories,[1] not the securest of material even in ages when memoirs are written; on records of priestly colleges, perhaps; inscriptions, if there were any of relevance. Livy suggests that the burning of Rome by the Gauls in 387 B.C. may have robbed us of documents and dates.[2] It is not certain that such things were there to burn. The Romans had their legends like other nations; and to-day folk-memory stands higher than for some generations. But folk-memory tends to lay hold of striking or astonishing events—such as Periander's burning the clothes of all the women of Corinth to secure raiment for his wife in Hades; folk-

[1] Livy viii, 40, on the confusion made by such records.

[2] Livy vi, 1. Mr Tenney Frank seems not to accept this; *History of Rome*, p. 46.

memory does not charge itself with the details of a democratic or timocratic constitution. We may be more sure of the queen who drove her chariot over her father's body[1] than we can be of that father's division of the Roman people into so many centuries on the basis of their property rating.[2] A great deal about that father rests on fairy-tale and some of it on etymology. The constitution of Servius Tullius seems to me to have been taken too seriously. The proud Tarquin, says Livy, fetched in workmen from Etruria and set his plebeians to build a circus and a sewer.[3] The excavations of Commendatore Boni, we have been told, demonstrated that the *cloaca maxima* is a work of the republican period.[4] If this is disputed, as it is, other archaeologists deny the walls to Servius.[5]

Few to-day will wish to maintain the truth of the stories of the seven kings of Rome, but it is urged that, when stripped of the obviously mythical, the tradition may give a fairly trustworthy picture of those features of the period which were of most importance in the later development of the Roman state.[6] There were, of course, a great many traditions, as Plutarch tells us when he starts on his Life of Romulus. But we are bidden find in the story or stories, as we have them, a certain constitutionalism, a recurrence of some great standard Roman ideas—the institution of *comitia*, group-voting, the word *imperium* and so forth. On the

[1] Livy i, 49, 7. [2] *Ibid.* 43. [3] *Ibid.* 56.

[4] E. Pais, *Ancient Legends of Roman History*, pp. 38, 138. A. Grenier, *The Roman Spirit* (Eng. trans.), p. 19, urges that "the Cloaca Maxima, which carried off the stagnant water of the valley of the Forum, must clearly go back to the first occupation of this site. It represents one of the drainage works which the ancient Latins made all over the country. But what we see of it to-day cannot be older than the beginning of the Empire." *Non nostrum tantas!*

[5] See H. Stuart Jones, *Companion to Roman History*, pp. 66, 68, 70, who puts (pp. 32, 99) the *cloaca* in the sixth century. Cf. Pais, pp. 39, 141.

[6] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 54.

other hand we are warned that such conceptions are often thrown back from a more developed political environment to an earlier and simpler one. We are pointed, however, to survivals in usage, which seem to be fortified by religious belief or superstition, and we are told that such things must be old and can be interpreted through the continuity of political ideas from days long before historical records. Does not the usage as to the *interrex* hint at an elective king? or, at least, assure us that there were kings of Rome? We could have believed in Roman kings without the *interrex*.

But archaeology helps us in various ways; and the analogy of other peoples and lands suggests guesses that may have more truth behind them than some reconstructions based on legend. The geographer shows us a group of hills fifteen miles up the Tiber, about the first place where the river is fordable as you go upstream. On the right bank is a defensible hill (as General Oudinot found when Garibaldi held it against him in 1848), a hill commanding the ford. Above the ford, Strabo tells us, there was good river transport.[1] Up and down the west shore of Italy there is nothing comparable north of the bay of Naples. We are also told that the site is out of the malarial region. We know that from an early date, at any rate in the century in which legend says Rome was founded, Greek sailors and traders were sailing the western Mediterranean; and we are told that their wares, largely Samian pottery products, are found freely in central Italy and northward.[2] It is a general rule that freight by sea is cheaper than by land,[3] unless steel rails can compete with

[1] Strabo, C. 234; cf. C. 286 on the factors that made Rome.

[2] Tenney Frank, *Economic Hist. of Rome*, p. 19, counts sea trade less significant.

[3] Cf. Sir Douglas Owen, *Ocean Trade and Shipping*, p. 9: "A hundred or a thousand miles more or less count little in the cost of Ocean transport, but on land the charges grow with every mile. There-

shipping at some stages, and steel rails were not yet in Italy. It is natural to guess that ships with cargoes for the interior went as far up the one opening into the country as they could, and that there they unloaded their wares. A little acquaintance with the ways of commercial travellers in modern trade makes us aware of the significance of a point of distribution. The city of Quebec is such a point in Canada; language difficulties and tradition make it the terminus for the English-speaking agent, and beyond it are two river banks, both for hundreds of miles full of French towns and villages, whose dealers go to Quebec for their goods. Analogy, not drawn from Quebec alone but from many "factories" between Fort Garry on the Red River and Fort St George in Madras, suggests at least one source of future greatness for early Rome—a river and a point of distribution.

Legend, reinforced by ancient ritual, and (I learn) by modern archaeology, speaks of Etruscan kings in Rome.[1] Modern historical scholars are content with one great dynasty, whose expulsion inaugurated a Latin republic. They are, probably enough, right; but analogy, supported by legend, suggests more. We know that Gauls captured Rome about 390 B.C.[2] We are told, in decorous language, that Atta Claudius (or Clausus) the ancestor of the Claudii, a Sabine noble, "migrated"

fore, the further inland the port the greater the cheapness for the area of its distribution and collection." See also p. 10 of the same work, for the factors that have made London "the trading centre of the world" and "the country's market"; "the tea that is drunk in Liverpool and Glasgow is landed and sold in London"; "the tea-market—one of many such—is fixed in London."

[1] On the predominant part of the Etruscans, town-dwellers, urban and commercial to the core, in starting and developing Rome as a city and a centre of distribution, see Albert Grenier, *The Roman Spirit* (Eng. trans.), chapters i and ii, and p. 9 on the Tiber bridge and its significance. It is a book full of stimulus, and delightful reading.

[2] Polybius i, 6, says, in the year of the Peace of Antalkidas, i.e. 387 B.C.

to Rome, "settled" there with some thousands of followers, and was admitted among the patrician families.[1] If he did so, it was assuredly by right of conquest. Is it not possible, and indeed highly likely, that Etruscans captured Rome more than once and Latins re-captured it as often? The fortresses on English rivers, where they were fordable in the Middle Ages, Carlisle and Newcastle (to go no further), remind us of the value of a ford, where the race to the north and the race to the south are of different blood and are hostile. Rome is at once the gateway into Latium and into Etruria, significant therefore to Etruscans and to Latins, to hold and to capture.

Sir William Ridgeway goes back to yet another capture.[2] Dionysius of Halicarnassus has stories of wars between Aborigines and Sabines, which no modern scholar ever troubled much about. Ridgeway, however, noted the prevalence of two types of armature in Rome, of at least two forms of marriage, and of disposal of the dead by burial as well as by cremation. He tells us that the Sabine carried the same pattern of shield as the patrician classes in the early Roman army, worshipped the same gods and used the same marriage rites as the patrician,[3] and, like the patrician, burnt his dead, while in all these points the plebeian stood with the so-called Mediterranean race.[4] His conclusion is a conquest of an aboriginal town of Ligurians by an immigrant Sabine tribe, with the natural result that the immigrants have the monopoly of rule and the older race supplies the lower classes. The theory is

[1] Livy ii, 16; iv, 3; Suetonius, *Tiberius*, 1; about six years after the expulsion of the kings; Dionysius of Halicarnassus, v, 40, specifies "not less than 5000" followers.

[2] *Proceedings of British Academy*, vol. iii, 1907.

[3] *Confarreatio*, cf. Gaius i, 112.

[4] But Cicero, *de Legibus* ii, 22, 56, says the Cornelii used burial, and Sulla *primus e patriciis Corneliis igni voluit cremari.*

attractive, and, if it is right, Atta Claudius was only doing what other Sabines did before him.

So far then the indications do not clash with what we might have expected. We have actually the combination of a river, a ford, a very defensible position and a probable centre of distribution. Legend, tradition and probability add wars waged to hold a place significant for all these reasons. Upstream, downstream, and across it, lie routes of importance, all to be controlled by those who hold the ford, and the hills, or hill-villages, or little town, beside it. Every time the place is raided, every time it is captured or recaptured, it gains something. No doubt lives were lost and property destroyed or looted, but Rome becomes more and more the centre of interest in that part of the country, more desirable to hold for every reason that a modern or a primitive people would recognize. Every capture and recapture, however much it troubled the people of the present, helped to lay the foundations of the future. For, on such occasions it is not often that the whole of the conquered people will leave the city. Whether Etruscan or Latin or Sabine were master, there would always be individuals and families of the other races, who would have nowhere else to go and who were not important enough to be in any danger from the new rulers. All the time, the shipping of the Mediterranean, Greek, Etruscan and Carthaginian, was busy on the seas, and the Tiber was the one way into the country. Dealers and deserters probably helped to keep up the numbers of the population, persons not at first greatly interested in the race-struggles that centred on the place.

So there we have a nucleus for the historic *plebs*[1] in the Aborigines (if Dionysius and archaeology are to

[1] On the *plebs* see A. Grenier, *The Roman Spirit* (Eng. trans.), p. 49; on possible Greek influence on the *plebs*, p. 53.

be trusted) and the waifs and strays of conquest and commerce. Every such place in the ancient world was apt to harbour refugees—man-slayers like Patroclus and Theoclymenos, "without brother, without law, without hearth," who in the Greek tribe attached themselves to king or chief, and perhaps did the same in Rome[1]—families too and units from broken tribes—captives from beaten or conquered clans, and, later on, from little neighbouring towns transferred *en masse*, though the masses may not have been great. Mommsen would have us add settlers from other Latin towns under the terms of the Latin league. Freedmen and runaway slaves would count. Above all, we must not forget the children of unequal marriages, of unions, that is, between persons of different races, the legality of which was in very many places—and far longer than we might suppose—uncertain. Such striking reinforcements of the patrician body as the advent of the *gens Claudia* were not to be often expected; the numbers of the *plebs* grew more imperceptibly and probably far more quickly. It was not an age of statistics.

Certain things should be noted. It is clear enough, that whoever the Etruscans were or the Aborigines themselves, the bulk of the people of Rome is progressively Italian and Latin. The foreign elements, where religion and colour are not bars, and where the immigration is not overpowering in numbers, fuse with the larger stock; and their children, or certainly their grandchildren, are indistinguishable from their neighbours, unless it be by some sign of quicker intelligence. The archaeologists tell us that the remains in Rome witness to progress in building, and they suggest that the artisans who did the work must generally have been Greeks. There are some to-day who think those

[1] Cicero, *de Republica*, ii, 9, 16, *plebem in clientelas principum discriptam.*

Englishmen the better who have two or three Scottish or even Highland grandparents; and there is evidence that, whether it be due to heredity or environment, intelligence runs in families. A Greek grandfather, even if not emphasized, may well have bequeathed political instincts to his daughter's son, the plebeian politician. In any case, if our reconstruction of the Roman scene is sound, the Roman had early to learn the great art that marks his people of conciliating and amalgamating the foreigner, to learn that habit of "give and take" which the Greek never really acquired, to learn to recognize facts and to use them. Modern analogies must be used with care. But New York, while it was still New Amsterdam, a town twenty or thirty years old, heard eighteen languages spoken in its streets;[1] it grew to be a universal city, a mixing place of races, but not a Rome, because the United States was a federal government, and New York was far too significant to be a federal capital. A federal capital must make its own history and have no record older than the federation itself.

The familiar story of the struggles of patrician and plebeian we need not try to tell again, till it is a little more certain that we can tell it at all. It is full of legend,[2] full of laws re-enacted, full of too definite dates, full of speeches written by Livy himself. Even for its general features, which we are told to note as distinctive, we depend on doubtful authority. Is it quite certain that the genius of Rome was political from the first, that political contests saw no bloodshed?

[1] Theodore Roosevelt, *New York*, p. 29; Mrs Van Rensselaer, *History of City of New York*, vol. i, p. 209, "Eighteen languages were spoken among the four or five hundred people.... So, Father Jogues recorded, Governor Kieft had told him."

[2] Pais, *Ancient Legends of Roman History*, p. 149, suggests that Servius is the personification of all the reforms gained by the revolution of the *plebs*.

If there is an inclination to-day among historians to accept Agamemnon, Moses and Lycurgus more or less as described to us, inclination is not evidence. Mr Warde Fowler picked out seven landmarks in the struggle for the equalization of the orders, beginning with the reforms of Servius and ending with Licinius and Sextius (367 B.C.). Landmarks are useful for the memory, and seven is a good number; we need not quarrel with the scheme if we recognize that it is not infallible.

For our present purpose it will suffice to note the issues on which the struggle, as we are told, turned—issues on which the struggle has certainly turned in other communities and was bound to turn in Rome. There is the demand for a code, a body of law definite and intelligible, which was met by the xii Tables, commonly dated in 451 B.C. and perhaps revised later.[1] This demand was one phase of a larger one for the safety of the *plebs* against oppression. It was followed by a more strenuous insistence upon a share in the government, and a reform in marriage laws, which should make (let us say) one Roman species out of two. Whatever we make of economic struggles about debt and land, which may well be coloured by memories of later things in Rome and matters read of in the history of Greece, we must not forget, like some keen constitutionalists, that we live in a world of "victuals and drink," that land tenure is never an abstract question, that coinage affects every economic and political issue, that its influence is not necessarily lighter where a commercial centre has no currency of its own, and finally that the background of growing population and developing civilization conditions everything.

"Rome," as Mommsen wrote long ago,[2] and as one

[1] See J. S. Reid in *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, § 325.

[2] Mommsen, *History of Rome* (Eng. trans.), vol. i, p. 91. Albert Grenier, *The Roman Spirit*, chapter iii, p. 71, enforces this.

more and more must recognize, "was in fact a commercial city, which was indebted for the commencement of its importance to international intercourse." If we are told to doubt this because Rome for so long had no currency of her own—none, it would seem, till the heavy bronze coinage of about 350 B.C.[1]—it will suffice to point to the trade of the Mediterranean as witnessed by Homer, to Egypt which seems never to have had a currency till Ptolemaic times,[2] and to the long years (a century and a half) during which Montreal, a trade centre of no little importance, made shift with no currency at all or with every land's currency but its own. Against this, Mr Grundy urges that the Servian emphasis on the wealth of the individual as landowner tells against the view that convenience of position for Italian trade gave Rome its prominence, and further holds that the Roman was essentially an agriculturist up to the time when Rome won her first possessions outside Italy.[3] Perhaps he over-stresses the historicity of Servius and forgets the commercial cities, Etruscan and Greek, to the north and to the south; and perhaps ancient literature always leans more to land than to trade. At all events, we may postulate growing population in the interior of the country and fairly conclude that the great multiplication of magistracies by the end of the plebeian struggle surely means a very great increase of municipal and political work to be done—of business, in plain words.

To secure equalization of the orders, the first condition of any real Democracy, it was necessary to break the patrician monopoly or at least control of legislation. The only point in which students of the records of the

[1] G. F. Hill, *Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins*, p. 45.

[2] Mahaffy, *Silver Age of Greek World*, p. 27.

[3] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 90. Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 22, takes the other view.

earliest Roman history agree is that from evidence so defective and difficult no clear account can be given of what happened. Laws, as we have seen, repeat one another—evidence enough for some historians that history has been confused and falsified, evidence for others that in politics as in war victory needs to be repeated and re-affirmed. It is allowed that by the laws carried by Publilius Philo in 339 B.C., the sanction known as *patrum auctoritas* must be given in advance to laws which were to come before the *comitia centuriata*. There is dispute as to the relations or the identity of the *concilium plebis* and the *comitia tributa*, but opinion leans to their being distinct. If they are, then there is ground for the description of the Lex Hortensia of 287 B.C. as "the final triumph of Democracy at Rome." It enacted that *plebiscita*, that is the resolutions of the *concilium plebis* over which the Senate could wield no *patrum auctoritas*, should have the force of laws. "It established," says Professor Reid, "in theory, the unrestricted sovereignty of the popular assemblies."

"Never," writes Mr Grundy, "so far as is known, had Greek Democracy in its wildest moments set up a legislative body from which the highest class of citizens in the state was excluded.... The Senate had been robbed of all its powers strictly so called. The power of ratifying, or refusing to ratify, laws had been practically nullified; and its sole function was that of a council of advice to the magistrates—advice which the magistrate need not seek if he did not want to seek it, and need not take even if he had sought it. Its constitutional position was apparently hopelessly weak....The assembly [more strictly the assemblies] possessed the sole right of legislation and election."[1]

To make all secure, the priesthoods had been thrown open by law to plebeians. The victory of Democracy was complete; yet, if one were asked to name the date

[1] See J. S. Reid in *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, § 335; W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, vol. i, § 173; G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, pp. 285, 361.

from which the ascendancy of the Senate began to be secure, it would be the same as that which marks the democratic triumph. For a victory means little if it is not used. "To-day," said Caesar after his defeat by Pompey at Petra in 48 B.C., "the victory was in the enemy's hands—if they had had the victor."[1] But Pompey was never the victor. Like Meade with Lee after Gettysburg, he let the victory slip.

In some ways the victory was really won. A Roman citizen was henceforth a Roman citizen, with substantially equal rights. What may have been left to patricians was, so far as politics went, a number of the merest formalities. They also held certain priesthoods —those of the old Sabine deities, where the priesthood involved marriage of the strictest old type, the *confarreatio*, and descent from such marriages. In all that concerned the political life of Rome equality was attained; and, so far as the private rights of the citizen were concerned, citizenship was for centuries of more and more personal value to the citizen; but political power was not to remain in the assemblies. When Polybius describes to the Greek world the nature of Rome's constitution about 150 B.C. after he has set forth the "monarchic" and "aristocratic" features in it, he asks,[2] as he well might, "who would not naturally inquire what part in the constitution is left for the *demos*?" All he can say is that "it is the *demos* alone that has the right to confer honour (office, τιμή) and inflict penalty"; it is the *demos* alone that can try men who have held the highest offices, and forms the only court before which capital charges can be preferred;

it is the *demos* that bestows office on the deserving, the noblest reward of political worth; and the *demos* has the power of approving or rejecting laws; and, most important, the *demos* decides (βουλεύεται, a strange word to use) on peace and war;

[1] Plutarch, *Pompey*, 65.

[2] Polybius vi, 14.

and further in the case of alliances, terms of peace and treaties, it is the *demos* that ratifies or rejects. So that here again one might reasonably say that the share of the *demos* is the greatest and that the constitution is a democratic one.

This is all true enough; but Polybius, if he had cared to think of Hesiod, might have recalled the "fools, who know not how much more the half is than the whole."

For look at that sovereign assembly—let it be the *centuriata* or the *tributa*, engaged in the democratic function of approving or rejecting laws. Where is discussion? Where is the right of amendment? Not in the assembly, nor in any one who attends it. It is a straight vote *Aye* or *No*. The Roman citizen in his legislative capacity may use one word or two. He may vote *Antiquo* for rejection, or *Uti rogas* for acceptance.

When Cicero was defending Flaccus, *psephismata* of Greek assemblies were produced in evidence on the other side,—

those splendid votes, with no resolutions (of the Senate) behind them, authorized by no signatures, attested by no oath—mere products of the outstretched hands and the outpoured voices of an excited multitude! O the dignity of the tradition and usage we have received from our ancestors, if we would but keep to it! Those men of supremest wisdom and highest character willed that the meeting (at which speeches were made) should have no validity. No, it was their will, where the *plebs* was to resolve or the people to decree, that, after the meeting (for speeches) was over and done with; after all were in their proper sections, grouped by ranks, classes and ages in tribes or centuries; after the responsible proposers were heard; after the matter was promulgated and made known for many days; then the vote should be taken *Aye* or *No*. But the whole state business of the Greeks is despatched with the carelessness of a meeting sitting in their seats. So, to say nothing of the Greece of to-day, long since ruined and broken by its own counsels, the Greece of old that once flourished with wealth, empire and glory, was ruined by one curse, the boundless liberty, the licence of popular meetings (*contionum*). They took their seats in the theatre, ignorant persons, unskilled in everything, uninformed (*imperiti*

homines, rerum omnium rudes ignarique): and then they began to undertake useless wars, then they would set seditious persons over the government, then they must drive out of the commonwealth the citizens who had served them best.[1]

We need not discuss the Greek assembly as Cicero draws it. It answers to the picture of Megabyzos;[2] let us recall the words because they may shortly be serviceable—"the *demos* has no knowledge; how could it—people who have neither learnt nor for themselves seen what is best, but ever rush headlong and drive blindly onward like a river in spate?" Aristophanes and Isocrates would give much the same testimony; but we have already seen Greek Democracy. Let us look at the Roman variety—the promulgation of the proposed law; meetings at which speeches would be made, but summoned by authority and no very real debate; and then the day of voting again appointed by authority, for none but a magistrate could summon the people—everything done with ritual and ceremony that we may omit, and at last the decision *Aye* or *No*, but not given by a majority of those voting, for many perhaps never voted at all. It was group-voting that made the greatest difference between Roman and Greek procedure. As Cicero describes it, it suggests order and decency; in real practice it meant a very serious limitation of popular government. It is held that the origin of the *centuries* was certainly military; the *curies* were older and their origin more obscure. In any case, from first to last, during the four and a half centuries of the Republic, in the *curiata*, the *centuriata*, the *tributa*, men voted in their groups; a majority of groups decided the question, and when that majority was reached, the logical Roman did not care to inquire how large the minority might prove, nor whether the larger part of the people went one way or the other; the matter was decided.

[1] Cicero, *pro Flacco*, 7, 15. [2] Herodotus iii, 81; cf. p. 60.

Englishmen understood the constituency system, and Americans the Electoral College that chooses the President. Englishmen know that a political party may not have anything like its proportional number of members to represent it in parliament, that a prime minister may have a large majority in the House, and a bare margin or a minority at the polls. Americans recall how some 1200 voters in New York State in 1884 swung the whole forty or so electors of the State to Cleveland against Blaine, and secured the Democratic victory, and how in 1912 a minority of voters made Wilson President. To two great Anglo-Saxon peoples it seems scarcely illogical, but almost natural, that a majority may fail to make its will supreme. We have at least the excuse of great distances and the necessity of a representative system. In Rome the sovereign people met in a narrow area and voted by groups. If it began by being a quick way of taking the decisions of military units or—earlier still, perhaps—a natural way in which tribes or clans or septs, or whatever they may have been, might take common resolutions, in the republican period the system prevailed for other reasons. The first and most obvious was that it was the traditional usage, and the second and more practical one that, at least in the *centuriata*, it gave preponderance to responsible people, to wealth in fact, and in any assembly was handier for dull people and more useful for clever people. It gave the appearance of stability—the Roman assembly never obviously carried a proposal by a narrow vote; it might quite often carry it by a real minority, but it did not look so. It is a safe guess that the *centuries* differed and were intended to differ very much in numbers; the elder and richer men would be fewer than the young and the poor. The proportion of people voting must have varied a great deal. Altogether the system could be publicly defended as the

unreformed parliament was in England, and the real value of it was that it secured the state from snap votes on the unofficial proposals of irresponsible demagogues. Rome had her demagogues, but they needed to be elected to magistracies or tribunates before they could very easily meddle with legislation; and, if the demagogue now a magistrate was one entitled to summon an assembly, there was a statutory interval between the announcement of the law he wished to carry and the vote upon it. Such intervals are normally of more political value to an oligarchical government than to a democracy of the Athenian type; and there can be no question that they may save a state from damage which might sometimes be irreparable. The Roman system secured something like second thought, an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip with at least a chance of being sober.[1]

Usage tends to secure itself in human societies, but that is never a complete explanation. *Mos* and *disciplina* are great words on the lips of Cicero, *mos* and *mores* in the poems of Ennius and Virgil; they evidently meant much with Romans; but the source of their strength is not thus explained. Great as the nonsense is that men talk about national genius, there seems to be some element of fact behind it. Celt and Jew and Chinese, for instance, differ markedly, and it would be a bold man who would maintain (to use Aristotle's terms) that the difference is all in training and not in nature. The naked Gaul who charged the Roman legion[2]—the Gallic soldier besieged in the Roman fortress in Mesopotamia[3]—Alan Breck and John Splendid in the

[1] See W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, vol. i, §§ 79–85; 257–259; G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 57; Halliday, *Growth of the City State*, pp. 163, 174.

[2] Polybius ii, 29, 7.

[3] Ammianus Marcellinus xix, 5; 6; cf. Silius Italicus, *Punica*, viii, 17.

modern Lowlander's and Highlander's novels—they are all akin. Explanations of national character seem bound to fail, or merely to repeat in other language the facts to be explained. Yet a clue here or there may be found, which may take us a little way. The Greek, so far as we know, never tolerated the Roman system of group-voting, perhaps not even in Sparta. Why did the Roman? The Greek, again, nowhere, outside Sparta, had anything in him equivalent to the Roman feeling for *imperium*—"one technical term of wonderful force and meaning."[1]

Let me gather up a few sentences to show what our historians have to say of *imperium*.

"We English have no word to express the concentrated and absolute power originally connoted by this memorable term. Nor indeed had the Greeks. The Romans were exceptional, perhaps unique, in the clearness with which they grasped the notion of ample official power, and made it a chief element in their public life. The power of the Father in the Family was surely the model. The *imperium* included the power of life and death."[2] "The Roman government at all times was based on a certain conception of authority which resembles nothing that is to be found in the constitutional history of any other people. The supreme magistrate or magistrates of the community were invested with 'the right to command' which was denoted by *imperium*, and disobedience in the citizen was treason. This *imperium* was regarded as in its nature and origin absolute and unlimited. The legendary history of the Monarchy assumed that the *imperium* of the kings was in fact unfettered."[3] "There is one fact which must be recognized for the right understanding of Roman constitutional history, and that is the enormous power of the magistracy... In Rome it continued in theory, and to a large extent in practice, to the end of the Republic. The sole power to initiate legislation, the administration of justice in matters civil and criminal, the executive, or power of putting into operation the laws, and the whole administration of the

[1] W. Warde Fowler, *City State*, p. 75.
[2] W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, vol. i, § 41.
[3] J. S. Reid in *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, § 303.

state—all these things were absolutely in their hands. They were in fact autocrats during their year of office."[1]

When the kings were expelled "the royal power was by no means abolished,...each consul possessed and exercised it for himself as fully and wholly as it had been possessed and exercised by the king."[2] But throughout it is a *legitimum imperium*; whatever the magistrate enacts, his colleague has equal power and may neutralize his action; and in the last resort the people and the *mos majorum* define its limits. Incidentally we must not forget that it is in virtue of this theory of *imperium*, that the Praetor's Edict becomes an instrument of the highest importance in the development of law for Rome and for the world. But we must return to the Roman genius.

It seems probable that racially Latins and Sabines are of a very different stock from the Greeks—an explanation, it will be noted, that takes refuge in the unknown. Possibly the different configuration of Italy made the narrow independence of the Greek clan, as it settled into a canton and grew into a city, impossible and undesirable for the clan or clans that settled on the Tiber. Monarchy, in the ancient world Eastward at least, is associated with large areas unbroken by the mountain barriers that cut up Greece into tiny plots. But there again we are guessing. At all events authority and tradition held a place in Roman life that they never had among the Greeks. *Mos majorum*—it is ancestral custom, re-inforced by all the influence of a home training based on the solidarity of the family; by the association with religion, which with its dull but permanent influence is never far off in Roman things; by the shrewd sense of the value of established rules and legal principles in keeping human nature efficient and

[1] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 115.
[2] Mommsen, *History*, vol. i, p. 257.

centripetal. It is an essentially conservative ideal—to hold, to control, to avoid mistakes, to keep solidarity. It is seen in the family. Pericles the son of Xanthippus is a Greek democrat; his family some generations earlier were Alcmaeonids. The Cornelii were one *gens* from the beginning to the end, and so were the Claudii, yet neither resembled a Highland clan. The state has a larger and a stronger solidarity.

Hence, when a series of laws secures at last "the triumph of Democracy," when the decisions of the assembly and the resolutions of the *concilium* of the *plebs* become equally valid as legislation, the Roman people and the Roman *plebs* continue in their old procedure, dependent on magisterial initiative and limited by their traditional group-voting. "You may reckon," wrote Livy,[1] "the beginning of liberty as proceeding rather from the limitation of the consul's authority to a year than from any diminution of their power compared with that which the kings had exercised." A conservative revolution, we are told; and the triumph of democracy was a conservative one too. *Plebs* or people, they did not wish to change their institutions; they wished, when occasion required, to have the last word; and after the *lex Hortensia* of 287 B.C. there was no doubt that they had it, whenever they wanted it. The fact was recognized and accepted. There were no exiles as in a Greek state; there was no counter-revolution—the very word seems humorous. From time to time foolish things were done, when a demagogue climbed high enough to work the machine and retained popularity and absurdity enough; but not often. From now onward the Roman people or *plebs* was satisfied that it had all the power it needed; it elected the magistrates; it had the last word in legislation. Administration had

[1] Livy ii, 1, 7.

never been an affair of assemblies; it did not become so now—and that is the significant fact.

We have to recognize in the period, which we have been surveying, the monotony of Roman life.[1] Livy's heroes, it is true, have some variety with their ceaseless little wars and their long speeches. But it is certain that those speeches were never delivered, and it is not certain that border forays are always amusing to both parties.[2] It might be nearer the mark, if, judging from the whole course of Roman history, we said that the Romans always found border wars tiresome and preferred to put troublesome neighbours on the footing on which they were least likely to give trouble. But Rome must have been a dull town in many ways; for even soldiers and traders can be dull. A town of narrow streets and smallish houses, built of sun-baked bricks with wooden beams, thatched or shingled, here and there concrete, and no windows on the streets—no one who has seen the same sort of thing in India will call such an exterior interesting. Indoors a similar monotony prevailed, in furniture, dress and diet. The sheep was kept for its wool, the cow for its labour, for milk and cheese but not butter. The Roman lived on the goose and the pig—the goose the least troublesome of domestic fowls, the pig independent in life, and the most enjoyable (and durable) of creatures after death. The prevalence of pork and beans, and of dullness, in the back parts of America and Canada, is a sufficient parallel and explanation. The Roman hunted the boar, but did not much use fish. Pounded cereals were never quite driven out by ground wheat and baked bread—

[1] See W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, chapter xx for much of what follows; and W. Warde Fowler, *Social Life at Rome*, chapter ii. See also A. Grenier, *The Roman Spirit*, chapters iii and iv, especially pp. 62–72 on the arts.

[2] See Remulus Numanus in Virgil, *Aeneid*, ix, 603–613.

both involving extra care and labour. Spelt long held its own against wheat but was beginning to lose; barley was not liked and oats were fed to animals as in England. Garlic was and remained, it would seem, the predominant flavour—*O dura messorum ilia!* Woman's work was to prepare the food within this narrow range, to spin the wool, to weave, and to make the clothes as best she could; for scissors (it is said) first came from Sicily about 300 B.C. The *toga* took a minimum of making. Soap was unknown till the Empire—a fact which surely makes more significant the statement that Scipio Africanus the Younger was the first great Roman to make a practice of the daily shave.[1] Water had to be fetched from outside or got from wells; the first aqueduct about 312 B.C. brought water underground to the foot of the Aventine. All that cheery miscellaneous life of small purchases from small shop-keepers, familiar in the plays of Aristophanes, was wanting in Rome. There was no small change, and the first baker only opened his shop, they say, about 171 B.C. The butchers started earlier; Terentius Varro, the luckless consul of Cannae, was a butcher's son. The first *horologium* was set up some twelve years before the war with Pyrrhus;[2] and the first free physician—a Greek, of course, Archagathos by name—commenced practice in 219 B.C. Agriculture was the chief industry.[3] The popular election of laymen into the priestly colleges is a striking illustration of the Roman mind; their religion was, as Boissier put it, a religion of laymen, cold before the gods, and very thrifty. Numa was praised for the inexpensiveness of the sacrifices he established.[4] No stimulus to thought

[1] Pliny, *Natural History*, vii, 59, 212.

[2] See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vii, 60, 213, who gives a curious account of earlier ways of knowing the hour.

[3] This is not to contradict what is said above about trade. If England was in the Middle Ages chiefly agricultural, a sheep-rearing land, London is not negligible.

[4] Dionysius of Halicarnassus ii, 23.

or fancy was afforded by Roman religion; the very prayers were like legal formulae. Art, of Etruscan or Greek origin, was not unknown, but in art Rome was "a secondary centre." Whatever lays of ancient Rome there were, this was not a literary people, and never was thereafter. The *Frogs* of Aristophanes is unthinkable in Rome at any period. But, as Pais emphasizes,[1] the legends told reveal the people's character; and they speak of great women, Lucretia, Virginia, and the mother and wife of Coriolanus. So far, Greek influence was slight. Indeed Mr Grundy will have it that till about 300 B.C. the Romans borrowed from the Greeks nothing material or moral that could modify Roman life,[2] with the exception of an alphabet; and the alphabet served solider ends than those of literary men.

It is a society more marked by solidity of character than by personality—men more responsive to actual grievances than to abstract rights, more ready to settle questions than to discuss them—a practical people that made peace on its border by conquering those who broke the peace, and then somehow amalgamated its enemies, absorbed them into its own ranks and made fellow-citizens of them. We have not here to attempt to trace the progress of Rome's expansion, to estimate the historicity of her most ancient claims to headship, to follow the fortunes of the Latin League or the later movements that touch Samnium and Campania, the Etruscans and the Gauls. It has been suggested that the same stages may be seen in the ascendancy over Italy as are to be observed in the later conquests without. The neighbouring state may begin by being an

[1] E. Pais, *Ancient Legends of Roman History*, p. 202.

[2] If I understand the archaeologists aright, Greek builders were at work in Rome, not without some influence on life, in more ways than I have suggested above, for a change in the type of house affects life and perhaps character.

ally, but an ally nearer the danger, a buffer-state. Gradually Rome is aggrandized and the Latins (and later on the Rhodians, the Pergamenes and the rest) fall more and more into a subordinate place; they are less necessary to Rome's well-being, and humiliation and semi-independence is their lot. At last they are annexed, and, at least in the West, amalgamation follows. Latium and Italy became essentially Roman, Gaul and Spain Latin, and Latin they remain.

But, if, because our study is directed to Democracy, we abridge the story of Rome's expansion in this way, there are several things we must not forget. While the struggles of patrician and plebeian, of assembly and Senate, are being carried on to the so-called "triumph of Democracy," there is almost incessant war upon the borders or across them. Patrician and plebeian are being hammered together by the Latin and the Italian neighbours—learning one another's merits, learning to work together, learning the arts that made Rome. New elements come into the population, new territories are added to the domain, new problems rise for solution. Some of these problems touch the people, and are abundantly discussed—debt and land, for instance. But diplomacy is hardly a matter for a public meeting; it may better be kept to experts; it obviously involves discussion, and that is only possible in the Senate. That is only common sense. No form of government calls for common sense more than a republic, and no people ever more conspicuously had common sense than the Roman; but common sense covers a multitude of sins. It is so obviously common sense to leave diplomacy to those who understand it, that the point may be missed that foreign affairs are supremely the concern of the body that is to rule the state. Common sense delegates foreign affairs, foresight would have controlled them.

But the Roman people had the defects of its qualities;

it was practical, it had the feeling for authority. At the same time it did not, like Athens or even England, approach empire with a great intellectual inheritance. Latium and Italy are welded together as the kingdoms of the English heptarchy were—by a rough-and-tumble process, with no great difference in culture, habits or antecedents between Romans or Latins or any others of the Italian stock. There was a lack of outlook about them all; they saw what was immediately in front of them, and the work was well done. It was a good thing for Italy (as it was later in England) that the amalgamation should be made; it was a good thing for the world at large. There was for the present no substantial injustice in it all—friction and discontent, no doubt, and now and then rebellion, but at last a very genuine acceptance of the situation and a realization of the strength of the united country. What was lacking? where was the defect?

Here was the defect. Government can be done too well, too effectively. The Roman Empire fell in the long run, because nobody could govern it except civil servants and soldiers, and they began by governing it too well. The same thing is to be seen from the beginning. A practical people secures all the liberty it seems to want for itself; it leaves other matters to the magistrates and still more to the Senate; the other matters are managed extremely well, as things go in nation-building, and nobody troubles about it. The sovereign people abdicates control of foreign affairs—except at great moments, of course, when it refuses to fight Philip V or definitely sends Marius against Jugurtha—and all the time, with each small war or series of raids, foreign affairs are growing in importance. The conquered territory, the absorbed populations, the subject and controlled peoples, the new neighbours, they are more and more in number, they lie further from the forum,

they cover more space and are less and less within the ken of the growing people. The nation's business has to be carried on, and it is carried on, and no one has grounds for real complaint. But it is all by make-shift. The Senate was originally a clan council, a chief's body of advisers, a town council; and by 300 B.C. it is nominally an advisory board to magistrates elected by the people; in reality it is governing a great kingdom. The sovereign people has secured the supremacy of its own assemblies for its own purposes; and round about it is a group of subject peoples, unrepresented in the assemblies or in the Senate, dependent on Rome, bound to be governed somehow—and the practical man misses the fact that the body that does the most important part of government controls the whole of it.

CHAPTER VIII

The Ascendancy of the Roman Senate

"A COUNCIL of many kings"—*βασιλέων πολλῶν συνέδριον*.[1] Perhaps the famous saying of Cineas was invented to please the vanity of a later day. There are those with whom all anecdotes are suspect, though in truth anecdotes again and again keep history alive and give us faithfully a character or a situation. It is likely enough that the tale of Cineas is true, for his saying represents a discovery—a very significant and startling discovery, of import for the whole Mediterranean world. Cineas, the Thessalian, was reputed by the ancients to be a man of strong intelligence and remarkable memory,[2] and a pupil of Demosthenes the orator.[3] In his later years he was a regular agent of Pyrrhus, a skilled diplomat, "sent among the cities"; and his master "used to say that more cities had been won for him by the eloquence of Cineas than by his own arms."[4] He knew quite well what a *βουλή* was, a Greek senate full of local public men, in some places perhaps still chosen by lot—a group chiefly of nonentities amenable to fine language and flattery, and, if not to these, certainly to bribery, in any case persons of light weight, talkative and apt to miss the real issue. A diplomat, again, in that age of Alexander's successors, knew what a king was—something very different from the kings two centuries later. Ptolemy, Seleucus, Antigonus Gonatas—they were the kings of his day, hard-headed men of experience in war and politics, men who knew the world and had

[1] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 19.
[2] Cicero, *Tusculans*, i, 24, 59.
[3] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 14.
[4] *Ibid.*

the eye for fact, who talked things and not notions, and (let us not forget) men accustomed to rule, as little careless of dignity as of any other form of reality. Cineas was sent to Rome to deal with councillors and found himself in a session of kings; and, if he did not say so in so many words to Pyrrhus, he knew it himself. The Roman Senate, with which he had to negociate, was a new thing in the world, a new factor in the world, a surprise and something of a menace.

The precise aims and plans of Pyrrhus in the West we have to conjecture; perhaps he did not exactly foresee them himself. There is a dialogue between him and Cineas in the pages of Plutarch, a pleasant dialogue with a moral in Plutarch's style; but perhaps the views outlined may be true. In that case he was to conquer the Romans and take Italy, after that Sicily, and after that "who could keep his hands off Libya and Carthage once within reach?"—and the conclusion was obviously "to recover Macedonia and rule Greece securely."[1] A large programme, but Pyrrhus was an adventurer, who had had successes surprising enough; had he not, though a foreigner, been for a while king of Macedon? Might he not, like Alexander Eastward, carve out another empire Westward? It is not unlikely that, in thinking of the West, he thought first, as all Greeks and their neighbours would, of the traditional enemy of Hellas in the western seas, Carthage, entrenched in Africa, with a firm grip these three centuries on Sicily. Tarentum was a stepping-stone to Sicily; and it is conceivable, perhaps even likely, that Rome was a mere detail in his scheme. Pyrrhus understood war; he would beat the Romans in battle—he must have been sure of that—and the thing would be done; but there he was thinking in the terms of the Eastern Mediterranean, with the easy ignorance of the

[1] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 14.

West that marks old countries, though the stories of Agathocles and of Alexander the Molossian[1] might have been familiar. But Pyrrhus was essentially a gambler, "a lucky dicer who did not know how to use his good throws," as Antigonus Gonatas said.[2]

So to Italy he came and won his great victory, rallied to himself the enemies of Rome in Italy, and made no impression on the Senate. His elephants frightened the Roman troops at first; he quite out-generalled Laevinus himself. But the Romans met him "as perfectly trained athletes in war" after their long and terrible experience of the Gauls;[3] and, as he is said to have remarked himself, "the discipline of these barbarians is not barbarous."[4] A second battle at Asculum was as hard won as the first; and "a third would ruin us," said Pyrrhus.[5] He now turned to Sicily and was hailed with delight by the Greeks at first; but he drove Rome and Carthage into some sort of treaty,[6] alienated his friends, and after fresh failure in Italy went back to his inglorious end across the Adriatic.

The adventures of Pyrrhus made a good story, as the lives of adventurers often will. The real significance of his Italian campaign was the discovery of Rome. It was like the Japanese victory over the Russians in 1904; the world recognized a new great power, and Ptolemy Philadelphus sent an embassy to Rome,[7] for he also understood the Carthaginians, if Pyrrhus had not, and he saw what Rome's victory meant. Central Italy was Roman for ever, and by now the Romans "attacked the other parts of Italy not as if they were foreign but their own, and their rightful belongings."[8] That came out most clearly when Cineas met the

[1] Livy viii, 17. [2] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 26.
[3] Polybius ii, 20. [4] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 16. [5] *Ibid.* 21.
[6] See W. W. Tarn, *Antigonus Gonatas*, p. 258; Polybius iii, 22.
[7] Dio Cassius fr. 41. [8] Polybius i, 6.

Senate, and Appius Claudius, "by reason of age and blindness retired from public life," had himself carried in a litter through the forum to the Senate house, and enounced what we may call the Monroe Doctrine of Italy—"Pyrrhus must first depart out of Italy and then, if he wished, he might talk of friendship and alliance; but as long as he was there in arms, the Romans would fight him."[1] They had fought him and driven him out, and in 272 B.C. his general Milo surrendered Tarentum to them and not to the Carthaginians—a Greek or half-Greek could hardly do that. So Rome was mistress of Italy from the Straits to the Gauls, and they too were quiescent.[2] But the significant things are the "council of kings" and the proud answer. The Claudius Doctrine was a manifesto to more than Pyrrhus; it was intelligible—and only in one way—to Samnites, Greeks, Gauls and Etruscans, in the country, and to the Carthaginians in Africa and Sicily. The hold of Rome on Italy had been strong before; it was stronger now, and Rome made it still more secure with her roads.

The nineteenth century opened with a much-divided Italy—"a geographical expression"; but in 1839 an Italian statesman, the Marquis d'Azeglio, dropped a shrewd remark. With the physical shape of Italy in his mind, he said that the new railways, then building, would "stitch the boot." This was what the Roman roads did. They had reached Sena[3] and Venusia before; they were carried further now, and clamped down with colonies[4]—Paestum in Lucania (273 B.C.), Beneventum in Samnium (268), Ariminum in Picenum. The relations of Rome with all these peoples of Italy, with the Latins and the Latin colonies, the "citizens without

[1] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 19.

[2] For forty-five years, till a younger generation rose, unexperienced in suffering; Polybius ii, 21.

[3] Polybius ii, 19 (283 B.C.). [4] A list in Velleius Paterculus i, 14.

vote," the various grades of allies—the whole *formula togatorum*—only concern us so far, that such distinctions made it clear that, while Italy was to be one country under one government, Italians were not to share in that government. There was no dream or desire of a national democracy. Where it was not likely to be troublesome, local self-rule was conceded, municipal independence. Coinage and foreign relations Rome controlled. The rule of Rome was moderate, and as rulers and ruled were (so far as Italians went) of one blood, one tradition in the main and one culture, union came naturally. But the political inequality, where all else was equal, was bound to be felt when once the united people (not politically equal) had subjected the Mediterranean world to the government on the Tiber. The time came, when the mutual dislikes and fears, on which Rome relied,[1] were old forgotten far-off things, and the present realities were a conquered world and one sole privileged city.

Meanwhile we must return to the "council of kings." The greatness of the Senate may be dated from the embassy of Cineas (280 B.C.) to the period of the Gracchi. The account given to us by Livy[2] of the procedure of the censors in the disastrous year 216 B.C. shows that the original freedom of consuls or censors in choosing the Senate had become modified by prescription. Ex-magistrates had come to be thought of as having a claim to membership—curule magistrates first, of course, and then tribunes of the *plebs*, aediles of the *plebs* and quaestors; and finally private citizens distinguished in war, "who had spoils at home or had won the civic crown." It was further an understood thing that once in the Senate a man was always of the Senate, unless he gave flagrant reason for his removal.

[1] *E.g.* Italian fears of the Gauls, Polybius ii, 23.
[2] Livy xxiii, 23.

The whole body tended to consist of magistrates and ex-magistrates. We have further to recall that, as time went on, there were fewer "new men"; magistrates were most commonly "nobles," men, that is, of families already distinguished by holding magistracies. The range of selection is thus doubly limited. It becomes harder for a man of ability, but without antecedents, to reach the Senate, but it is still very far from being a hereditary chamber. The eldest son of a noble family is not always the most able; Englishmen remember the younger Pitt, and under the Roman practice it is he that would have reached the Senate rather than the second Lord Chatham. It is easy to see the value of the ex-magistrate on such a body, and the further value of him, if office-holding with its experience and responsibility is a tradition of his house, if he has grown up (as he did in that period) in a family, where public service, difficult and un-salaried, is the honourable tradition and the goal for which the boy is trained. It is possible, too, to see something democratic, something not so remotely suggestive of representative government, in making a Senate of ex-magistrates. On every one of them, sometimes more than once if a man were praetor or consul, the people has passed judgment; he has faced and won a popular election. In plain words, his family ran him—thought him fit to run and picked him against his brothers and cousins; he made a good candidate; and, if he did well in his earlier magistracies, it would be difficult in any country, under any system of representative government, to suggest a better choice. If there is to be a Senate of life-members at all, perhaps no better plan could yet be devised. The censor practically accepted the choice of the people. Cineas, then, faced a house of men who were natural leaders, with inherited traditions, and with experience of their own, men conscious of responsibility, every

one of them, as a later Roman put it, *par negotio neque supra*; no wonder he felt the difference between Rome's Senate and a Greek *boule*.

The only deliberative body in the Roman system, recruited by elected magistrates, who will be members of it for life but will only hold their office for a year, the Senate has within it, one might say, all the political experience and all the political ambition of the Roman people. Experience and ambition might take a man into financial life, in which case the Senate was not for him—a material disadvantage to the Senate, but such talents as commerce and banking developed were not at first organized in any rival body. So the Senate's monopoly of its powers was unchallenged. Strictly, the magistrate was not bound to consult the Senate; but his tenure was for a year, which is a short period, and his future was bound up with the Senate; so that it was only sense not to be too independent of the men with whom he would have to work, and on whom his prospects of further office might depend. Great as are the powers of the Senate, it must, as Polybius says,[1]

> pay attention to the many and guess the mind of the *demos*; it cannot inquire into nor correct the most grave and important offences against the state, punishable with death, unless the *demos* confirm the decree. Similarly in matters which directly affect the Senate itself, if anyone introduces a law to diminish the Senate's traditional authority, or to abolish the precedence and honours of the Senators, or, by Zeus! to cut down their property, it is the *demos* alone that is supreme in all these matters to pass or to reject the law. But most important of all is the fact that, if one of the tribunes interpose his veto, the Senate is unable to conclude its deliberations, and cannot even meet or hold a session.

So far the *demos* controlled the Senate; and now and then the *demos* forced the Senate into policies it did not wish. We are told for instance that the declaration of

[1] Polybius vi, 16.

the first Carthaginian War was an instance of popular jingoism giving an unavoidable lead to the Senate.[1] But even the House of Lords and the American Senate and President will respond to popular demand. On the other hand *Senatus consulta*, resolutions of the Senate, were coming to have something of the binding force of laws; and the decree *darent operam consules nequid res publica detrimenti caperet* in case of emergency was taken, rightly or wrongly, to suspend for a time the operation of ordinary laws.[2] But exceptions prove rules. There was not usually a Catilinarian conspiracy, nor year by year a proposal to dock the powers and ornaments of the Senate; and the normal life of Rome saw an amazing amount of business committed to the Senate.

"If it is true of any constitution," says Polybius,[3] "that it owed its original foundation and growth to natural causes, it is true of the Roman." Lycurgus established the Spartan constitution without the discipline of adversity, because he was able to foresee by the light of reason (λόγῳ τινί), whence and how events naturally happen; but it was not so with Rome. "The Romans have reached the same end in framing their commonwealth, but not by abstract reasoning (διὰ λόγου) but through many struggles and difficulties, always choosing the better thing from knowledge gained in disaster. So they have reached the same result as Lycurgus and the best system among the polities we know."[4] While, as a political philosopher, Polybius in the familiar way finds in Rome a "mixed" constitution[5]—democratic in degree, as we have seen "for the *demos* has the greatest part in the government,"[6]

[1] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 91.
[2] Pelham, *History of Rome*, p. 146; E. G. Hardy, *Catilinarian Conspiracy*, pp. 58, 99.
[3] Polybius vi, 9, 13.
[4] *Ibid.* vi, 10, 12–14.
[5] *Ibid.* vi, 11, 12.
[6] *Ibid.* vi, 14, 12.

with a monarchical and almost royal element in the power of the consuls[1]—the Senate certainly is an aristocratic feature.[2] The Carthaginian constitution was not unlike it, but by the time of the Hannibalic War, it had degenerated, while that of Rome was better—in plainer words, also those of Polybius, Rome was exactly at her acme so far as the constitution of her government went; for at Carthage the *demos* had the chief voice in deliberation, but at Rome the Senate, and "as in the one case the many deliberated and in the other the best men, the Roman decisions on public affairs were better."[3] And, if you care to compare Rome with Greece, "the Athenian *demos* always more or less resembles a ship without a commander,"[4] and Sparta to rule Greece had to obey Persia.[5]

The Roman Senate, then "first of all has control of the treasury. It is master of the whole revenue and the whole expenditure. For the quaestors cannot issue any public money for the various departments of state without the decree of the Senate, except for the service of the consuls."[6] Here let us break off, and look two chapters ahead for some modification. The consul himself is dependent on the Senate—

> for it is obvious that constant supplies must be sent to the armies; and without the consent of the Senate, neither corn, clothing, nor pay can be provided, so that the commander's plans come to nothing if the Senate chooses to be negligent or obstructive. It also lies with the Senate whether or no a general can carry out completely his conceptions and designs, for the Senate has absolute authority, when his year is out, to send out another general instead of him or to keep him in command. Again it has the power to celebrate with theatrical display (ἐκτραγῳδῆσαι) and magnify the successes of a commander or to obscure and belittle them. For the processions that the Romans call triumphs, in which generals bring the actual spectacle of their achieve-

[1] Polybius vi, 12, 9. [2] *Ibid.* vi, 11, 12. [3] *Ibid.* vi, 51, 3–7.
[4] *Ibid.* vi, 44, 3. [5] *Ibid.* vi, 49, 3. [6] *Ibid.* vi, 13, 1.

ments before the eyes of their fellow-citizens, cannot be properly organized and sometimes cannot be held at all, unless the Senate consents and provides the requisite funds;

so, he concludes, it is not safe for a consul to neglect the Senate.[1]

But the Senate has control of the purse-strings for other purposes also—the heaviest and most expensive item of all being the outlay on public works every five years by the censor, whether construction or repair.[2] Here we must pause for a moment to think particularly of Roman roads, built to endure, straight and level, be the country hill, plain or valley.[3] Friedländer calculated that they might cost £800 a mile. In 312 B.C. the *Via Appia* was built, in a straight line to Capua, and in 268 B.C. it was prolonged to Beneventum—*Appia longarum teritur regina viarum.*[4] The bill for labour and materials must have been enormous, and the contract not unprofitable; and perhaps it was not left to modern governments, imperial or democratic, to realize the value of a good labour programme. The tyrants of Greece, Polycrates and Pisistratus, built temples and water-supplies, and they understood the arts of popularity. It would be easy to digress to the political significance of the great roads, but those who are interested in modern railroad building can do it for themselves. Let us hear Polybius again.

Throughout the whole of Italy a vast number of contracts, which it would not be easy to enumerate, are given out by the censors for the construction and repair of public buildings, and beside this there are many things which are farmed, such as rivers, harbours, gardens, mines and land—everything in a word that comes under the control of the Roman government. In all these the people at large are engaged; so that there is scarcely a

[1] Polybius vi, 15, 4–11. [2] *Ibid.* 13, 3.

[3] Cf. H. S. Jones, *Companion to Roman History*, p. 41; and C. A. J. Skeel, *Travel in the First Century*, chapter iii.

[4] Statius, *Silv.*, ii, 2, 12.

man, so to speak, who is not interested either as a contractor or as being employed in the works. For some are the actual purchasers of the contracts from the censors, and some are shareholders; some are sureties for them, and some pledge their property for them to the state. Over all these transactions the Senate has absolute control. It can grant an extension of time; it can relieve the contractor if an accident occur, and release him from his contract if the work prove impossible to carry out. And there are quite a number of ways in which the Senate can inflict great hardships, or, on the other hand, can benefit those who undertake public contracts. For all these matters are referred to it.[1]

The Senate had yet other powers, of jurisdiction. Crimes committed in Italy that called for public investigation—*e.g.* treason, conspiracy, poisoning or assassination—come before the Senate. "The judges in most civil trials, whether public or private, where large interests are involved, are appointed from the members of the Senate" (*quaestiones*). Or, again if any individual or state among the Italian allies needs an arbitration, the assessment of a penalty, assistance or protection, the Senate attends to all these matters.[2]

To all this add the dispatch and the reception of embassies, all negociation with foreign powers, the terms of alliances, treaties of peace—everything in the foreign affairs of a great state, in a world where there were other great powers and innumerable small ones, such as city states—and the duties entrusted to the Senate are fairly outlined. And where the *demos*, to use the Polybian word, is consulted at all, it is with a mere Yes or No decision. Government by assembly may be possible in a small clan or a little town; it throve somehow—almost by miracle—in Athens. But, to succeed, it must be the assembly of very remarkable citizens, with a high knowledge and understanding of the world at large and of all its details in particular—or else, as Thucydides suggests, an assembly endowed with un-

[1] Polybius vi, 17, 1–6. [2] *Ibid.* vi, 13, 5.

usually strong powers of insight and criticism, to pronounce on policies submitted by trusted leaders. The Roman *demos* met none of these requirements, and the only other alternative was delegation.

The war with Pyrrhus taught the Romans that, to control the Samnites and the Lucanians, the Greek cities and harbours beyond them must also be under control. So, says Polybius,[1] when they had driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, they fell to fighting again and subdued those who had sided with him. With incalculable good fortune (παραδόξως) they became masters of all, and brought all the inhabitants of Italy under them, except the Gauls—who, however, as we saw,[2] were content for a generation to be quiet till a new brood of men felt it time to experiment with the miseries of war which they had not personally known. Pyrrhus, according to ancient story, saw further. When he left Sicily, "What a wrestling-ground, my friends," he said, "we are leaving for the Carthaginians and the Romans."[3] That war came, in 264 B.C., welcomed by the Roman assembly, still its own master in virtue of the laws of 287. "The Senate long debated" the Mamertine issue; but "the many, though worn by the previous wars and needing every kind of recuperation, but at the same time hearing the military commanders urge the general advantage of the war and the great private benefit that it would be to individuals, voted" for what must be war with Carthage, and put Appius Claudius in charge of it.[4]

The actual course of the war belongs more to military than to political history. "Philinus will have it that the Carthaginians did everything wisely, well,

[1] Polybius i, 6, 7–8. [2] *Ibid.* ii, 21.

[3] Plutarch, *Pyrrhus*, 23.

[4] Polybius i, 11, 1–2; cf. Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, pp. 89, 107; W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, vol. i, § 243.

courageously, and the Romans the reverse; Fabius says the opposite."[1] The modern student of the war goes half way with both of them. There was no war, says Mommsen, "which the Romans managed so wretchedly and with such vacillation." The annual term of the consulate, the annual return home of the soldiers, the difficulty of devising a plan of campaign (and sticking to it) against a new type of enemy and that overseas, hampered Rome. Carthage suffered from jealousy between civil and military authorities, from the employment of mercenary troops,[2] and the disaffection of Libya,[3] and from a navy not in good order.

But at last—"for it is not easy to name a war that lasted longer"[4]—the war was over, "the longest, most unintermittent and greatest war we have heard of."[5] So says Polybius, but Mr Tenney Frank sees something of more import in the war, and most people will agree with him—"it was because Rome now acquired a tribute-paying dependency that the Punic war was epoch-making."[6] So far, as long as she confined herself to Italy, Rome had been welding together (let us use a vague word) a number of states, cities and tribes, bound to her on various terms, more or less self-governing according to treaty, but never called on for tribute. In 242 Sicily was surrendered to Rome so far as Carthage controlled it; Hiero of Syracuse was an ally. A little later (238), Sardinia became Roman "contrary to all justice, and solely because the opportunity allowed it."[7] Such strokes of policy are familiar to moderns, and we know that they do not consolidate peace. A few years later again (232) "the Romans divided among their citizens the territory in (Cisalpine) Gaul

[1] Polybius i, 14, 2.
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* i, 67; 68.
[3] Polybius i, 72.
[4] *Ibid.* i, 13, 11.
[5] *Ibid.* i, 63, 4.
[6] T. Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 93.
[7] Polybius i, 88; iii, 28.

known as Picenum, from which after conquest they expelled the Gauls known as Senones. Gaius Flaminius was the originator of this piece of demagogy, a policy, which we must call in a word the first step in the demoralization of the *demos*, and the cause of the war with the Gauls that followed. For many of the Gauls, and especially the Boii, undertook this, in the belief (since their land lay on the Roman frontier) that the Romans were no longer making war on them for supremacy and sovereignty but for their total expulsion and destruction."[1] They shared, that is, the conviction of the American Indian as the frontier moved Westward.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos—

so prays Dido in the *Aeneid*, and Virgil thought of Hannibal. The avenger came, the avenger of the lost Sicily and (particularly) Sardinia, and of the dispossessed Gauls, whom he led anew against their conqueror. I have always felt that Livy wrote unworthily of Hannibal, as Anglo-Saxon patriots have written of Napoleon,[2] or George III or Wilhelm II. Polybius was a foreigner, and in any case of an intelligence far above Livy's. He tells us how Hannibal came into Italy with less than 20,000 men, against a consolidated power, which could muster, of citizens and allies, 70,000 horse and 700,000 foot.[3]

"Who could," he asks, "withhold admiration for Hannibal's generalship, courage and power in the field, who that considers the length of this period and reflects on the general engagements and minor battles, and the sieges, the revolutions and counter-revolutions in states, the vicissitudes of fortune, and in fact the course of his design and its execution in its entirety? For sixteen continuous years Hannibal maintained the war with the Romans in Italy, without once releasing his forces from service in the

[1] Polybius ii, 21. Cf. F. L. Paxson, *American Frontier*, pp. 289, 431, etc.
[2] Seeley for instance. [3] Polybius ii, 24.

field, but like a good pilot keeping those great numbers free from sedition toward himself or among themselves, though his armies so far from being of one nation differed also in race. He had Libyans, Spaniards, Ligurians, Celts, Phoenicians, Italians and Greeks, who neither in law, custom, speech nor anything else had any natural affinity. Yet the skill of the commander was such that those differences, so manifold and so wide, did not disturb the obedience to one word of command and to a single will."[1]

The Romans, as we all know, pulled together during the war, Senate and *demos*, and they at last got rid of Hannibal. But when Senate and *demos* pull together in Rome, it is the Senate that gains. A popular assembly may vote for a war, as a modern nation will go wild in a khaki election; but a popular assembly could no more carry on a war than a nation could do it by *plébiscite*. The war, too, resulted in the acquisition of further territory overseas, and in complications with Philip V of Macedon, which led to intervention Eastward and into Asia itself, and then to fresh provinces and the destruction of Corinth at the same time as the destruction of Carthage. Polybius gives us the varying comments of the contemporary world,[2] and our historians look back on the story from points of view almost as different. Did Rome plan aggression? Can we believe Livy, when he tells us that the deified Romulus suddenly descended from the sky at dawn and bade Proculus Julius "go, declare to the Romans the will of heaven that my Rome should be the capital of the world; let them cherish the art of war and let them know and teach their children that no human strength can resist Roman arms"?[3] It was wonderful, says Livy, what credence was put in the man's tale; can we believe it, or the underlying idea that empire was Rome's aim? Or shall we swing to the opposite side,

[1] Polybius xi, 19.
[2] Polybius xxxvii, 1.
[3] Livy i, 16, 7.

and hold with Mr Grundy that "until Caesar mainly from motives of private ambition and interest undertook the conquest of Gaul, Rome never waged a single war save on provocation from outside which neither Rome nor any other state which was ready to fight for its existing interests could overlook. Under the Republic she never tried to camouflage the greed for rule by fictitious grievances; she had no reason for so doing, for she had no such greed."[1] That is the language of political controversy, the tones of which are not always absent from Mr Grundy's pages[2]—*tantaene animis caelestibus irae?* Probably most scholars will accept the vision neither of Proculus Julius nor of Mr Grundy, but will concede that, while self-defence and the desire for quiet frontiers carried Roman rule far, the Boii and others, notably during Pompey's campaigns in the East, had reason for what they thought. In any case whether a jingoistic *plebs*,[3] or organized capitalism,[4] or the whole people together, was responsible for the acquisition of provinces, whether it was done with a deliberate financial policy, or with no clear outlook, or sometimes in one spirit and at other times in another, the Roman provinces increased in number and extent, and naturally became a larger and larger part of the national business.

It is the verdict of history that the conduct of the war with Hannibal was in the main the work of the Senate. Flaminius and Varro, authors of disaster, were the choice of the people, who made a wiser preference in Scipio; but "that the fabric of the State had not fallen to pieces under the stress of disaster and despair was the Senate's doing." It had its reward in sixty

[1] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 307.
[2] Cf. *ibid.* p. 304, on "enlightened moralists of liberal views."
[3] See Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, pp. 66, 89, 93.
[4] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, chapter xiv.

years of almost unchallenged supremacy, to which its own "punctilious and conciliatory legality" contributed.[1] It is worth while to halt here in order to realize something of the new situation which confronted Rome, and which the Senate was for two generations to be free to handle.

The battle of Zama was one "on which everything depended and which assigned universal dominion to the Romans."[2] If that statement, or the translation, be challenged, Polybius offers us a later date—it was the common idea, when the kingdom of Macedon was destroyed, that universal dominion was secured to the Romans beyond dispute.[3] It did not mean that all the kingdoms of the world were at once to be Roman provinces; the provinces were indeed many, but even where the governor from Rome did not go, the Roman envoy's message was supreme. Thus in 168 B.C. Popillius Laenas, with the tablets in his hand on which was the despatch of the Senate, met King Antiochus Epiphanes near Alexandria. He gave the tablets to the king, who read them, and said he would consult with his friends. "Popillius did a thing which was looked upon as overbearing and exceedingly insolent. He happened to have a vine stick in his hand, and drew a circle with it round the king and ordered him to give his answer about what was written inside that ring." The king was surprised; he was silent a while; then he answered that he would do as the Romans required.[4]

[1] W. E. Heitland, *Roman Republic*, vol. i, § 397.

[2] So Shuckburgh renders Polybius xv, 15, 1, ἡ μὲν οὖν ἐπὶ πᾶσι γενομένη μάχη καὶ τὰ ὅλα κρίνασα Ῥωμαίοις. W. R. Paton translates it "decided the war" in view of the same phrase in iii, 70, 7. But see xv, 9, 2; and xv, 10, 2.

[3] Polybius xxxii, 11, τὸ καταλυθείσης τῆς ἐν Μακεδονίᾳ βασιλείας δοκεῖν ἀδήριτον αὐτοῖς ὑπάρχειν τὴν τῶν ὅλων ἐξουσίαν.

[4] Polybius xxix, 27; Livy xlv, 12, *clara ea per gentes legatio fuit*; Cicero, *Philippic*, viii, 8, 23, *praeclare; senatus enim faciem secum attulerat, auctoritatem populi Romani.*

He withdrew his army to Syria, and the world had an object lesson. To this in one hundred and fifty years had come the successors of Alexander. The world was obviously under the control of Rome; who was to exercise that control?

"I have remarked again and again," said Cleon on a famous occasion, "that a democracy cannot manage an empire." How many varieties of mankind were there in that Roman Empire, how many in a single province? It was the dream of Americans that the Filipinos and Cubans could be taught in one generation what the negroes had failed to learn in two, and the Mexicans in three, what the Anglo-Saxons had learnt in fifteen or twenty generations, and had never been able to teach the Irish. Had Romans any universal theories about a uniform treatment of their subjects? Probably not, for they had not read Jefferson and Tom Paine; and the Greek antecedents of those thinkers they frankly despised. Province by province the Empire grew, and province by province arrangements were made for it being governed with the minimum of trouble or remodelling. For the Romans were as practical as the English, and every province had its own Quebec Act, based upon actual conditions. The usual procedure was to send a commission of perhaps ten Senators, who would investigate everything and draw up a scheme, which as *lex provinciae* became the charter of the province. Later on Pompey did it himself and "organized most of the nations in the continent of Asia with their own laws and constitutions, so that even to this day they use the laws that he laid down."[1] Pliny and Trajan discuss "the Pompeian law given for the Bithynians,"[2] which by then had been modified by an edict of Augustus. For purposes of administration the

[1] Dio Cassius xxxvii, 20.

[2] Pliny to Trajan, 79, 80; see edition and notes of E. G. Hardy.

province was carefully mapped—from of old a first step to peace in the Greek world, at all events; Artaphernes in Ionia did "certain things which greatly benefited them"—he compelled arrangements that put legal processes between the cities before raiding, and he "measured their lands by parasangs."[1] The Roman did the same, and once the borders were fixed there was a real chance of peace. He defined the relations locally between *koina*, magistrates, and assembly. So much for the people; he also organized the province for the administration of justice and the collection of revenue. We shall have to return to the significant fact that there was for the last purpose no existing civil service; and local usages, supplemented by a system of contractors, were the only means available and worked ill. When the report for the administration of the new province was ready, it was submitted to the Senate. Pompey's arrangements in Asia were drastic, we are told, and the test of time showed them to be masterly;[2] but the Senate had the right to discuss them, and exercised it.

Lucius Lucullus, whom Pompey had treated contemptuously when he met him in Galatia, now fell on him with all his weight (*molis sibi nouae*), and demanded that he render an account, severally and in detail, of everything that he had done, instead of asking for the approval of his acts in a block. In any case it was only fair, he urged, that these acts, of which none of them knew anything, should not be confirmed all in a mass, as if the work of a master (Pompey's), and, since Pompey had set aside some of his own (Lucullus') arrangements, he asked that an examination of both might be made in the Senate, that the Senate might confirm whichever pleased it. He was strongly supported by Cato and Metellus and the rest of the party. . . . Metellus censured every point. . . . When Pompey found he could accomplish nothing because of Metellus and the rest, he

[1] Herodotus vi, 42.

[2] Cf. E. Gentile, *History of Greece and Roman World*, p. 429.

said they were jealous of him and he would make this clear to the *plebs* (πλῆθος).[1]

The episode is famous for its historical outcome, and Dio's account shows the procedure plainly enough, and the sovereign power of the people beyond, which did in fact at last confirm the *acta* in a block.

It was not perhaps a very serious invasion of democratic government that a complicated charter for the administration of a subject nation should be drawn up by a commission; it could not be done otherwise. It would be reasonable to contend that the Senate was in a sense an elective body; and, if when the work was done a *plébiscite* (in the modern sense) was taken upon it, surely the sovereign people should be content. And it seems that they were.

But the provinces involved more than legislation, for laws have to be administered and taxes collected. It was not long before the appointment of provincial governors came to be an uncontested function of the Senate—uncontested except upon occasion of public ferment. Similarly, for it was often a cognate matter, the command in one field of war or another was assigned by the Senate, though we read that "the artisans and country people" transferred, as they were entitled to do upon a proper proposal at a legal assembly, the command against Jugurtha from Metellus to Marius.[2] With the conceded or usurped right of appointment went that of prolonging a man's term of office—a necessary thing very often that common sense must approve, but which also had its consequences. So far, it may be urged, so long as the right of the people to over-ride the Senate's act is admitted, nothing very terrible, nothing unreasonable, is being done; nothing

[1] Dio Cassius xxxvii, 49, 4–5; 50, 1, 5. Cf. Appian, *Civil War*, ii, 2, 9,

[2] Sallust, *Jugurtha*, 73, *opifices agrestesque*.

is being done that a practical people would not wish done; administration is needed—it is being supplied, with a minimum of worry to the Roman people, and with no substantial injustice to the provincials. For, to tell the truth, for the first century of Rome's imperial rule, and perhaps, though with shocking exceptions, afterwards, the government that Rome gave the world was not harsher than what it replaced; it was more uniform and calculable. Justice was in general done or at least it was the ideal aimed at, and peace was preserved. Common sense ruled.

But common sense by itself does not exhaust the catalogue of political virtues; it may be no virtue at all in responsible people, but a mere cloak for unintelligence and the refusal to think ahead. We have the advantage of looking back upon the problems of the Roman world. It may not at once strike Englishmen as a defect that there was no comprehensive or consistent imperial policy. Remembering the immense concessions made to the Roman Catholic Church on the conquest of Canada—concessions that gave to its priests and its adherents rights not allowed in the English colonies, and not conceded in England for two generations—Englishmen may consider the practice of improvisation in empire an advantage; and very often it is for the moment or even for a period. But what was to be the outcome of Rome's rule of the Mediterranean world? No one seems to have asked the question. And there were other questions that went unasked. What was actually being done in the provinces? Now and then it was heard of, and so much clatter was made that the names of Verres, Brutus and Pontius Pilate may give us a wrong conception of the empire as a whole. But in general the Romans seem to have been as little interested in provincial affairs as Englishmen in colonial and Indian, or Americans in the events of other con-

tinents than their own; and in neither case is inattention sure of immunity from consequences. Then again—a mere psychological question, where it is easy to guess and to talk nonsense—what effect were the provinces having on the men who governed them, and on other Romans and Italians who went to them?

We have to realize that great numbers of Romans and Italians went to the provinces. When we read that during the Italian War the provincials of Asia—the province, not Asia Minor—massacred 80,000 or more Romans and Italians,[1] we may decide that the figure is exaggerated—yes, but from what? Not from hundreds. May we conclude at least that there were thousands of them in the one province; and in all the provinces? And what were they doing? They were hardly settlers on the land; they were engaged in commerce and tax-collecting and other forms of legitimate and illegitimate business, obviously in some regions bitterly disliked (for massacre implies ill-will) and generally exposed to the suspicion that they were exploiting the province. Figures in general are not available, and they might not be credible if they were. But it is notorious that in Rome there was immensely more wealth than ever before; where did it come from? This state, said Cato, "is sick with two conflicting diseases, avarice and wastefulness."[2] The booty of war must have been enormous. Polybius has a chapter[3] on the stripping of Syracuse in 211 B.C.—there were perhaps good reasons for taking all the gold and silver; but they need not have pillaged the works of art, the removal of which was far more invidious; the very sight of them in their new homes wakes hate. At the capture of Corinth, he says, "I saw with my own eyes pictures thrown on the ground and soldiers playing dice on them," and he

[1] Valerius Maximus ix, 2, 3.
[2] Livy xxxiv, 4.
[3] Polybius ix, 10.

names two, one the Dionysus of Aristides, and sardonically quotes the proverb "Nothing to do with Dionysus."[1] But the spoils of peace were in a way more serious. Where and how did Caesar manage to clear debts of £250,000 in a year's government in Spain, without any eminent scandal? How did the syndicates of tax-collectors make so much money? What should be said of the Roman slave-market on the once sacred island of Delos, where on a single day ten thousand slaves might change hands?[2] Whence had they been collected, where were they going, what would be the effect upon the places they came from? And more significant, what would be the effect of this huge slave trade on Rome, on the wealth of Rome, on the prevalent ideas there, above all on the Roman attitude to labour, and what the outcome for Democracy? Polybius says that there were 40,000 men at work in the silver mines near New Carthage in Spain, who produced for the Roman people 25,000 drachmas a day[3]—say, in modern currency, $25,000, for a denarius or a drachma is roughly equivalent to a dollar; perhaps since the European War the modern figure ought to be doubled.

The Roman government profited, but not as much as it should have, for the collection of taxes by contractors meant more wealth to the agent than to the principal. Cicero in 70 B.C. says "We endure it, and we say nothing about it; but for years now we have been watching all the wealth of all the nations come into the possession of a handful of men."[4] The wealth was squandered on villas, pictures, statues, Greek girls, gladiatorial shows, beast shows, festivals, all sorts of things. In some of these the *demos* had its share, and got as little good from them as the rich. But, not to

[1] Polybius xxxix, 13. [2] Strabo, C. 668.
[3] Polybius xxxiv, 9; he describes the process.
[4] Cicero, *Verr.* v, 48, 126.

dilate like "enlightened moralists of liberal views," let us at once turn to the political re-actions of empire on Roman Democracy.

In the first place, it is plain, that what with war and business, a considerable section of the Roman citizen register must always have been out of Italy, and that this section must have comprised the physically fit, the younger and the middle-aged in the army, and the vigorous-minded, the enterprising and the intelligent in commerce, tax-collecting, mine-managing, banking and other forms of business. It is well to remind home-staying people that the emigrant classes always represent, if not quite the top social layer of a community, still very commonly the best of each of the remaining layers. In Rome it is notorious that what was left resident in the city was not the best element of the people. Yet to this remnant fell the power of the assemblies; the remnant wielded the authority of the sovereign people and quite flagrantly sold it. Money, as capital became organized, was available for political purposes as never before; and it spoke as incisively, if not as loudly, in the Senate as in the *comitia*. "Capital" said Theodore Roosevelt on 31 May, 1910, "is a good servant, but a mighty poor master." We shall hear more of it.

Meanwhile the provinces were producing a new type of man in the Roman administrator. A community that has known the telegraph for two generations—the Atlantic cable was first laid in Buchanan's presidency—finds it hard to imagine the isolation of a province before steamships and cables. One of the Lawrences, John or Henry, delayed sailing for India for four months in order to voyage with his brother; they would be six months at sea. A Roman magistrate in Spain was as remote from the Senate and its control, as Warren Hastings from Parliament. A province hun-

dreds of miles in length and breadth, without civilized roads—warlike tribes of very primitive habits—a Roman army of perhaps 40,000 men—the ultimate responsibility for law and order, taxation and peace—it is a good deal for a man to carry, if it is only for a year. But such a man was not proconsul without antecedents or experience; Caesar was propraetor in Spain before he was proconsul in Gaul. The Roman provincial governor sooner or later saw war and administration in perhaps half a dozen lands. Is it guess-work to suggest that he came to think in the terms of the Mediterranean? Let us recall the episode, which does not seem improbable, of Aristagoras at Sparta. How many days' journey would it be from the Aegaean Sea to the Great King? "Till now Aristagoras had been cunning and had fooled the Spartan right well, but here he made a false step." Of course he did; for he was familiar with the three months' journey and Cleomenes had never conceived of space in such dimensions.[1] Much depends on how often you have crossed the Atlantic and how often you sleep on the train. There are no figures or statistics here; it is pure imagination that must picture the change in the Roman who has seen the cities of many men, and more or less, as a governor, learnt their minds. It meant a new breed of efficiency, sometimes developed by the sense of immense personal responsibility into moral and intellectual power, sometimes strongly tinged with autocracy. Rome was not unfamiliar with the nabob type,[2] as the story (already quoted) of Pompey and Lucullus sufficiently suggests.

Finally look at the Senate to which such men return. If it was in 280 B.C. a "council of many kings" as

[1] Herodotus, v, 50.

[2] *Arabarches* it might be—the nickname, Cicero says, given to Pompey.

Cineas said, what was the effect of the wider experience upon men of such a character? Is it surprising that for a century and a half after Cineas' visit, the Senate is more and more predominant, growing in sheer knowledge of the world, trained by the study of a nation's affairs, affairs serious and complicated beyond anything so far dreamed, skilled to face every issue that all the variety of man can present? They were, as we saw, ex-magistrates; now they are ex-proconsuls, and ex-propraetors, men who have borne strange burdens of responsibility, and borne them with success for the state and many new ways of thought for themselves. The Senate in this period represents Rome at its best and strongest; and as it grows in strength of character and experience, it faces a populace, constantly stripped of its best elements, and as constantly reinforced by poorer types of foreign origin, ex-slaves and adventurers. If the Roman people had remained on its highest levels, it could not—without great strides forward in culture and thought and political foresight, without, in short, the same discipline as the magistrates underwent—have competed with the Senate. On the contrary, as the Senate rose in moral quality, the people declined. Democracy is not possible on such terms. All the time the proportion of the state that lacked voice and franchise grew progressively greater. Whatever the right name for such a government, it is not Democracy.

CHAPTER IX

The End of the Republic

"PERHAPS," said Socrates, "you have not images made by Daedalus in your country?" "Why do you refer to them?" rejoins Meno. "Because they need to be fastened in order to keep them, and if they are not fastened they will run away." "Well, what of that?" "I mean to say," said Socrates, "that they are not very valuable possessions if they are at liberty, for they will walk off like runaway slaves; but when fastened, they are of great value, for they are really beautiful works of art. Now this is an illustration of the nature of true opinions; while they abide with us they are beautiful and fruitful, but they run away out of the human soul, and do not remain long, and therefore they are not of much value until they are fastened by the tie of the cause"—

that is to say, of the reason or principle from which they come. He goes on to explain that knowledge is a different thing from true opinion, and to suggest that it was not by wisdom that Themistocles and Pericles and such people guided the state aright but by a kind of divination—like the diviners and prophets who say many things truly but know not what they say; and that was why those great statesmen "were unable to make others like themselves—because their virtue was not grounded on knowledge."[1]

Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque

so wrote Ennius—in a noble line. It was indeed men of the old type of character that made Rome, and upheld her. But, in process of time it appeared that they shared the defect of Themistocles and Pericles; they were unable to transmit their virtue to others. Polybius

[1] Plato, *Meno*, 97 E onward; see E. Caird, *Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers*, vol. i, p. 96.

dates a decline in Roman character from the battle of Pydna, when the Macedonian monarchy went under, and the idea became prevalent that universal dominion was beyond dispute secure for Rome, and when moreover an immense difference was made in both public and private wealth and splendour, by the importation of the riches of Macedon into Rome.[1] The agrarian legislation of Gaius Flaminius, the demagogy which led to the settlements in Gallic territory, was the first step in the demoralization of the Roman *demos*.[2] That was in 232 B.C.; but Hannibal had since fallen and the kings of Macedon; and after the awful years of invasion came the wealth of Macedon, new conceptions of pleasure, and the influence of the Epicurean. The Roman discovered the riches of the world and what they would buy, and at the same time he realized that by conquests and annexations he could keep tapping fresh sources of wealth and pleasure. Down to 146 B.C. there had been hesitation in making new provinces eastward; in that year reserve was thrown away,[3] and so it went on till the huge annexations of Pompey from 65 B.C. onward all but completed the Oriental sweep of the Roman Empire. Even where provinces were not made, protected princes might "pay tribute to a few nobles"—in plainer terms, bribes to secure themselves against deposition or to purchase honours and titles.[4] It was in the middle of the second century B.C. that it became necessary to have a regular court to try Roman governors on the charge of extortion in their provinces —*de repetundis*. The long series of laws on this matter is eloquent of their futility in checking the evil.

[1] Polybius xxxii, 11. Mommsen agrees with Polybius here, and so, it appears, does Freeman, *Essays*, vol. ii, p. 262. [2] Polybius ii, 21, 8.
[3] B. W. Henderson in *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, p. 392.
[4] See P. C. Sands, *Client Princes of the Roman Empire*, p. 137, and the instances he cites.

Mr B. W. Henderson remarks that no great Roman writer of prose, and the greatest least of all, betrays any real consciousness of, or pride in, Rome's imperial mission to her subjects; the good of the governed is a secondary consideration. There is a famous passage of Virgil that we all remember; but, in general, literature is silent about the provinces and their government. Perhaps it is only of recent years that literature has spoken of the white man's burden—if literature it was. We must not expect that men of genius will care for what interests practical people long after; Herodotus wrote a great book, but he says sadly little, some think, about Persian commissariat. Such considerations have to be weighed, but Mr Henderson's remark holds. Victory impressed the Roman people to whom the orator spoke; the good of the conquered was perhaps as tiresome to them as the welfare of India and Fiji to English miners or members of parliament. But the striking thing is how little the general Roman public cared. Yet we have to remember, first, that our best literary sources belong to the period when the great question was whether the Roman state would endure at all, and, next, that the provinces made themselves felt, as the repetition of the laws *de repetundis* may indicate.

The great question in Roman history is, How long can a city state rule an empire? The indignant Cleon declared that it could not; it was too flighty, too casual, too amenable to other considerations. Two ideals are striving in Rome—the old one of the imperial city on the Tiber, an ideal that needed no explanation, and another ideal less vocal, so difficult to express, so inaudible, that many historians will deny that it was there. Yet unformulated and unexpressed as it was, the reaction of the provinces upon Rome surely implies among thoughtful men the presence of the larger ideal. There were disinterested citizens, a Scipio, a Drusus,

a Gaius Gracchus, who realized as Caesar did that the other peoples had moral rights; and the violence of the adherents of the older ideal, their shamelessness in spoliation, shocked even people of the sort that take things for granted, and forced them to reflect.

Two powers had long contended in the city state, as we have seen, the one steadily controlling policy and the other fitfully disturbing it. But, in spite of these occasional fits of self-assertion, it may be said that the people had abdicated in favour of the Senate. For a century and a half the Senate ruled, and ruled well —a well-knit body, as we saw, with a hereditary sense of responsibility and much personal experience of affairs, men who, with as real insight and genuine statesmanship as are generally found in mankind, guided the State and gave most of the world a stronger and more civilizing government than it had known. New motives, less honourable, began to be prevalent in the second century B.C., and, after the middle years of it, dominant. No statesman would of course avow an ideal of spoliation, but that the appeal of it was operative is plain enough. It is needless to talk of policy being dictated by the knights, the financier class, when the laws *de repetundis* bore on the senators themselves, the governors of the provinces. When a government abandons moral ideals, it invites change; for all governments exist by consent, and rule without the sense of responsibility is never long acceptable. It is remarkable that, while the provinces had no voice, no representation, no share in the control of their destinies, it was their victimization that brought down the Senate. But it took three explosions, if the metaphor may be forgiven, to shatter the system.

As often happens, the first of these explosions was brought about by a pure-minded idealist intent on nothing but the general welfare. Tiberius Gracchus

recognized the ruin of Italian agriculture and its consequences. Hannibal had devastated large parts of Italy, and the vindictive treatment by Rome of the areas that supported him did not mend things. The restriction of the free sale of land and other commercial freedom among the allies, together with large levies for overseas war and the appeal of trade in the provinces, did not make for population or prosperity in Italy. Some tell us, and some deny it,[1] that imported wheat from the large farms of Sicily, brought by water instead of by land—always the cheaper way—competed too successfully against the small farms of Italy. The growth of the passion for large estates—*latifundia perdidere Italiam*[2]—and the cheapness of slave labour, told in the same direction. The idea behind the proposals of Gracchus, says Appian,[3] was not the wheat-crop but the human crop. The resumption by the state of state-lands, which he proposed, was not unconstitutional nor illegal; prescription gives no title against the state. It was not unconstitutional nor illegal to carry proposals of this kind direct to the *comitia* without the approval of the Senate; the people was supreme, as Polybius saw,[4] in the last resort. It could be urged that the deposition of his colleague in the tribunate, to which Tiberius felt himself forced, was illegal; it was a vigorous anticipation of the modern "doctrine of recall." But was there actually any law that bore on the case—or anything except usage? Still even a legal act may make a revolution; the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court was legal, and catastrophic. If there is any doubt as to the legislation of Tiberius contributing to rapid and revolutionary change, there is no doubt

[1] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 368, suggests that this is importing nineteenth-century England into the story. I still lean to the other view. See A. H. J. Greenidge, *History of Rome*, vol. i, p. 72.

[2] Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xviii, 7.

[3] Appian, *Civil War*, i, 11.

[4] Polybius vi, 16.

that his murder, for it was hardly anything else, was a precedent of import.

Gaius Gracchus, like Julius Caesar, kept his own counsel, and left his own day and ours to guess at his ultimate purposes. A clear-sighted man, with a gift of oratory and a passion for efficiency,[1] endowed with strong patriotism and family feelings as strong, he recognized two central facts. He must in short put the Senate out of action and take control himself. On his proposal the assembly declared that the summary punishment of Roman citizens by the consuls on the strength of a *senatus consultum* was a violation of the law of appeal; and further the control of the courts *de repetundis* was taken from the Senate and given to the knights. There was this to be said for the latter proposal, that the Senatorial courts could no longer be trusted; but it also broadened the platform from which Gracchus meant to work. Further legislation as to the taxes of Asia finally detached the knights from the Senate and rallied them to the reformer. He then organized the corn-supply—mere demagogy, some tell us, but, more fairly judged, a wise attempt to secure the food of Rome against the chances of weather and the sea and against the malevolence of regraters, a piece of statesmanship which was really popular, but it offered an irresistible bait to later politicians to meddle with the price, with the worst results. Then came his constructive programme—more farms in Italy, oversea town-colonies, the enfranchisement of the Italians, and his own re-election to the tribunate—followed by his murder.

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Gaius, or his real wisdom.[2] The enfranchisement of the Italians there and then would have anticipated the second explosion, which was led up to by a series of

[1] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 248.
[2] See Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, pp. 247 ff.

further murders of everyone, statesman or cheap politician, who touched the question of justice to the Italians. The party—if we may say party—adopted every plank in Gaius' platform; and the greatest constructive mind of Rome carried out his proposals. To anticipate Julius Caesar, and to be confirmed by him in point after point, is no small glory. Mr Grundy is surely thinking of other men in another age when he calls Gaius a "pseudo-reformer";[1] but at least he shares with Livy the instinct to carry the passions of a later period into an earlier.

The Gracchan explosion called every man's attention to a number of great issues—land, Italian franchise, and the actual government of Rome. The proposals of the two brothers ignored the long developing initiative of the Senate in legislation; and Gaius' law as to Asia asserted the sovereignty of the assembly in the spheres of finance and of the provinces. But, as Mr Grundy shrewdly says, if the republic was to last, the Senate must maintain its power. For thirty years it did this, and it successfully showed by its use of power that it was no longer fit to rule an empire of so vast a range, with questions of war and peace so serious. It broke down alike in peace and in war.

Failure in war is, perhaps in most epochs and societies, more spectacular than failure in peace. The breakdown of Russia in the war with Japan was more obvious than her internal bankruptcy; abject defeat in battle is less easily explained away than economic chaos. A series of foreign wars and some similar troubles nearer home showed the incapacity of the Senate. Why should Jugurtha have been able to last so long unless it were true that he bought the Senate's generals? And when a Senatorial commission (109 B.C.) inquired into the matter, its whitewash was no more convincing than

[1] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 375.

similar whitewash ever has been. Meanwhile a far greater danger than this African chief loomed over Rome. The great Northern migrations were beginning again. The Teutons and the Cimbri—both famous names, whatever the ethnical variety of the two tribes —came from the back of beyond, and asked to be settled in Italy or in the Province in Southern Gaul. The generals of the Senate fought the newcomers and were uniformly and regularly defeated—Carbo, Silanus, Longinus, Scaurus and Caepio, one after another; and some of them managed to add other scandals to defeat. A century earlier Hannibal had devastated the interior of Italy; now runaway slaves under an Italian knight were defying Rome and wasting the country. A King Tryphon, a runaway slave of Syrian origin, with one Athenion as vizier, was ruling Sicily. Piracy was beginning to thrive on the Mediterranean, and a great Oriental monarchy was surely growing up under Mithradates of Pontus. The aristocracy had had things their own way, no "new man" intruding; and here was the result. The Roman Empire was menaced all round. One has only to think of the two periods together, to see the likeness to the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., Germany, Africa and the East all engaged. Yet the Roman Empire did not now collapse.

The people came to the rescue and insisted on efficiency. Year after year they would have Marius consul, till Jugurtha and the Northern invaders were things of the past. It was a plain indication to the Senate that if it could not govern, there was an alternative; personal government could be tried.

The disasters of peace weighed less with the people. Provincial misgovernment did not seem so dangerous as the combination of a barbarian invasion with a slave rebellion; it was less noticeable and less novel. The Roman theory had always allowed, as we saw, the full

imperium to a magistrate, and there was no obvious way of checking it. *Imperium* included the right to issue an edict—in experience one of the most valuable means for the development of Roman law. The provincial governor as well as the praetor in Rome could issue an edict, announcing his principles, or at least his plans, for administering law. But the *imperium*, that entitled a magistrate to issue an edict, entitled him to alter it, and it was not till 67 B.C. that the much needed law (Lex Cornelia) was carried by a tribune of the people that praetors must administer justice in accordance with their edicts—"a regulation," says Mommsen,[1] "which may well be compared with the law of the Twelve Tables." The provincial governors of the period we are reviewing seem to have realized and abused their freedom; but the transference to the knights of the courts that might have to try them meant in the end that the provincials had two sets of extortioners to satisfy at once. Yet this hardly troubled the Roman *plebs*, while the money extorted came to Rome and much of it was wasted there in shows and elections. As for the Italians, the Roman people on that issue stood solidly with the Senate; there was no need to give them the citizenship and share with them the privileges of dominion and bribery. So for a while the uneasy balance of three hostile parties, Senate, knights and people, maintains the republic, with occasional resort to personal government that never lasted very long.

Gaius Gracchus had in a sense ruled—there was, says Plutarch, "a sort of monarchical power about him." Thucydides said something of the sort about Pericles; but Athens in 440 B.C. was more amenable than Rome in 123 B.C. to moral greatness, and the Athenian *demos* was a far more united body than the combination that Gracchus effected. The foundations

[1] Mommsen, *History of Rome* (Eng. trans.), vol. iv, p. 52.

of Gracchus' power crumbled at once when he suggested Italian claims; and it was plain thenceforth that no permanent "monarchy"—in the Greek sense of it, no permanent sole rule of a single person could be based on anything so unstable as the goodwill of the Roman *comitia*. Time confirmed this; but it also showed that, while military power—the strange power of the Roman general over the new type of army devised by Marius—promised more continuance it was not of itself sufficient. The military ruler must have qualities or gifts or experience of some sort which (it was more and more evident) army life neither gave nor suggested.

Meantime the second great explosion occurred. When advocate after advocate had been murdered, and it was plain that Roman Senate and Roman people were alike deaf to justice, the Italians struck for themselves—"not for Samnite or Marsian independence but for a new Rome of their own." They designed a federal government for Italy to rule the world. One or two features of Canadian federation were anticipated. The Canadians chose, as Goldwin Smith caustically said, the lumber village between Quebec and Ontario that was nearest the North pole, *i.e.*, furthest from the American border; they renamed Bytown Ottawa, and they set up a federal parliament, in which French and English were both to be spoken. The Italians picked Corfinium, a fortress in the north with no highly coloured history; they renamed it Italia or Italica; and they decreed the parity of the Oscan and Latin languages. They copied otherwise the Roman constitution in the main, though perhaps their two consuls were chosen by their federal Senate. We need not pursue their federal scheme; it came to an end; for, after a year in which the Italians on the whole did better than the Romans, Rome became, so to say, the competing Italica, and the Italians were Roman citizens at last.

It is disputed what effect this broad enfranchisement had upon the Roman state. A "gerrymander" was at once attempted, and for a while succeeded, to neutralize the new voters by concentrating them in eight out of the thirty-five Roman tribes.[1] Such political successes rarely win goodwill; and if the Roman constitution was to last, goodwill was needed. It is suggested that the Italians accepted the ascendancy of the Senate; the people certainly had been no friends of theirs; and, as the assembly became less and less of a reality, there was less inducement to new citizens to trouble to assert its sovereignty. But it can hardly be urged that wholesale Italian citizenship ultimately strengthened the Senate. The more indifferent the new citizens were to the old issues, the more open was the way for a wholly new consideration of personal government. It is difficult to believe that the Italians southward can have cared for the government of the Senate when its restoration bore the name of Sulla, the butcher of the Samnites; and we know that the greatest of all Italian voices was silent about Sulla and hailed Caesar as a saviour. But that voice came from north of the Po, from the land that was still technically Cisalpine Gaul and not Italy.

But in any case certain aspects of the change are significant. For the first time in history, I think, are a land, a state and a race co-extensive. If Attica is cited against this, Attica was from a modern point of view a mere county; Italy was, as she is once more, a land, a country, hundreds of miles long; and throughout all those hundreds of miles the people were Roman citizens. But for their citizenship to be fully effective, they had to exercise their citizen rights in Rome. It is possible to travel from Aberdeen to London in much less than

[1] So Velleius ii, 20, 2; Appian's less likely statement (*Bell. Civ.* i, 6, 49) does not affect the main result.

twenty-four hours, but it is safe to say that, if a British subject could only vote in Trafalgar Square, many Aberdonians would never dream of voting. Quite apart from the peculiar uncertainties of group-voting and the doubtful value of a vote in a group from occasion to occasion—and to say nothing at all of the extreme irregularity with which at last Roman assemblies voted—it is as safe to say that the majority of the Roman citizens domiciled in Italy never took the journey of several days that would enable them to vote in the *comitia*. We have seen already that, with the extension of Roman rule over the whole Mediterranean, a larger and larger percentage of Roman citizens were liable to be out of Italy for months or for years together, and that, as a result, the actual voters, the resident city populace, quite apart from its social and ethnical antecedents, was less and less representative of the whole Roman people. The addition of Italy to the potential register made the assembly more patently absurd; it was a still smaller fraction of the people and still less representative. It is remarked as significant that, while Augustus was at once conservative and cautious in all his doings with Roman tradition, and especially with the Senate, he did not regard the *comitia* as even suggesting challenge. The assembly was finished as a serious organ of government by the admission of the Italians to citizenship, but it still had the power of mischief.

It was an act of the sovereign people that precipitated the third explosion. A popular vote suddenly transferred the command in the war against Mithradates from Sulla to Marius; Sulla at once marched on Rome; and from the hour when he gave his troops the order to leave Nola, it may be said that the republic was doomed. Of course after his second capture of Rome, six years later, Sulla restored Senatorial government; but that was immaterial, he had demonstrated the fact

that any general who commanded an army loyal to himself might have Rome—Senate, people, constitution, *fasces* and *comitia*—at his mercy. His constitution was more consistent than any Rome had had. In the most definite and clear cut way he subordinated assembly, tribune, and magistrate to the Senate. There was in the scheme "not a single new idea in statesmanship."[1] Sir Richard Jebb, as became a conservative member of parliament, did his best in one of his essays[2] for Sulla; he was the vindicator of order against anarchy; he made the best, on his own principles, of an almost desperate situation; he built the fortress but he could not answer for the garrison; and so on. "Sulla," says Mr Grundy, "himself did all that a man could do to make the system fool-proof, a task perhaps impossible in view of the folly of its political supporters, and the blind recklessness of its subsequent assailants."[3]

They were hardly so blind as he suggests. Government, once more, rests on consent; the assailants saw well enough that this system did not rest on consent, that it only rested on force, and that among those who upheld it, among Sulla's own men, there were jealousies and ambitions that would soon reduce the value of that force. So it proved. Caesar had already in a minor matter of marriage defied Sulla. It was he who brought Pompey and Crassus together, and got the last relics of Sulla's work swept away within ten years of his death. Indeed Pompey's own career showed how little the system counted. Sulla's laws laid down an order in which magistracies should be held. There was however rebellion in Spain, and the Senate had recourse to personal management, law or no law; it wished Pompey to go and crush Sertorius; he refused to go without full

[1] Mommsen, *History of Rome* (Eng. trans.), vol. iii, p. 385.
[2] Jebb, *Essays*, pp. 296, 297.
[3] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 416.

pro-consular powers, he got his terms and was pro-consul before he was consul[1]—so much for his chief's laws! Caesar and Pompey from the first, and others with them, knew what they were doing; they felt already what Caesar is reported to have said long after, that "the republic was nothing, a mode of expression, without form and substance."[2]

From the death of Sulla government resolved itself into a series of desperate expedients to meet contingencies as they arose, with little reference to constitution or principle. Sertorius must be dealt with; so Pompey goes as proconsul to Spain for years on end. The pirates become unsufferable; so the Gabinian law gives Pompey powers that suggest the rule of Augustus—twenty legates *pro praetore*, 120,000 troops, 4000 horse, a fleet of 270 ships, command of the whole Mediterranean, and (since the boldest pirates go ashore) command fifty miles inland, with a *maius imperium* to allow him to override the authority of any magistrate who may dare to oppose him. Caesar goes to Gaul for five years, and then a second five to win another empire; and Pompey stays in Rome, nominally trying to keep some control of it, while Milo and Clodius with their gangs fight over the assembly, and every kind of anarchy grows. During the last few years Pompey once more has a province and is ruling Spain without going there. "The unspeakable Senate"[3] can do no better than quarrel with the knights and Pompey at once in 61 B.C. and so upturn the only foundation that Cicero or anybody else could still imagine for the republic—"the Concord of the Orders and the Authority of the Senate." At last in 50 B.C. it quarrelled with the one effective person in the Roman world, and then,

[1] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 313.
[2] Suetonius, *Julius*, 77.
[3] G. B. Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, p. 430.

after quarrelling with Caesar, did everything conceivable to thwart its one champion, till it had tormented him into fighting the fatal battle of Pharsalia.

Usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa—

Lucan is right in that memorable line.[1] Till the day of Thessaly the eagles were Rome's standards and the state's, and after that they were Caesar's.

When we come to Caesar, we find the modern historians rather of one mind with Brutus in the play; they say that Caesar was ambitious, and it is probable that they are right. But there are varieties in ambition; there is the man who covets power because he would enjoy thinking he had it, not that he would do anything with it; there is another who would use it, like the worse Greek tyrants, for his own interests; but there is another type altogether who is more interesting. He has the stirring mind and knows ambition like other men; but, when power comes to him, it opens his eyes, and he sees the facts of the case in a new way, and acts on his knowledge; he does not throw away ambition, but he cannot rid himself of the sense of what is the right thing to do, and he does it. His motives may not be quite pure of self-centred hopes, but he must base himself on the real situation, and his ambition becomes a larger thing, a desire to achieve some great advance, some real achievement, in which humanity may share. Using his power in this spirit, he grows in depth and insight, and his power grows with him, and he sets higher and larger aims before him. It is so that I read Caesar. From the first he showed spirit—before Sulla, on the pirate ship, in the Senate in the Catiline time—spirit and sense. He played the game of politics to perfection, because he read men's characters, because he would take risks, put his fortune to the touch—as

[1] Lucan, *Pharsalia*, vii, 164.

when he braved the Adriatic with the fisherman—because, as Lucan suggests, he knew the difference between done and half-done,

Nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum.[1]

He was not infallible; he read Pompey absolutely aright; but he misread his supposed friends—which, too, is a mark of greatness, for it shows that friendship was a real thing to him. He misread, like Tiberius Gracchus, the intellectual clearness of his contemporaries; he could not see how they could miss patent facts and live in dreams of a dead past living again. Could they not see that the days of the old republic were done, that they lived in a new world, of which, too, something could be made?

What, then, were his aims? In a vigorous lecture,[2] given at the Royal Institution in 1869, and reprinted after his death, Sir John Seeley warns us against picturing Caesar as a great popular hero, the hope of the subject nationalities, the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived, the champion of mankind. No, we must distinguish between what he intended and what he accomplished. It was to his army, not to the provincials, that he owed his victory. As consul he had been the champion of the populace not of the provincials—though here the professor seems to have forgotten the code *de repetundis*, which even Cicero praised.[3] "No one of the time regards Caesar as an emancipator.... The Caesarians were a party without ideas." Caesar's revolution was a triumph, not of Liberalism but of military organization. But, if he had not been murdered, "his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold, original and magnanimous"; though not the champion of the provinces, "he might have taken

[1] Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ii, 657. [2] Seeley, *Lectures and Essays*, pp. 1–15.
[3] Cicero, *pro Sestio*, 64, 135.

away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire . . . and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honours of the state."

Sir Richard Jebb again pleads; could not Caesar with the aid of the knights have made the Senate a real aristocracy? Could he not have attempted to restore a healthy public opinion? If *then* he had failed, the military monarchy was justified. How a usurper can make a real aristocracy, it might take more than both the Napoleons to explain; and a healthy public opinion seems beyond the creative power of the best tory cabinets of our time. Public morality is not so easy to create or to renovate as public sentiment; and even that is difficult, as Woodrow Wilson found. But, continues Jebb, Caesar did not try to save the republic—which is true; and yet Jebb would have us remember, "the massive stability of that protection under which Caesar's legislation placed the life of civilized mankind."[1]

It might be worth while to see what account Caesar gives of his motives for crossing the Rubicon. Seeley says Caesar never raised the cry of justice for the provincials. No doubt, but Caesar, like a good politician, took stock of his listeners, and, as Dr Tenney Frank says, his "silences are well nigh impenetrable."[2] We learn, then, that when Lentulus Spinther was pleading for his life (which was not in any danger at all),

> Caesar interrupted his speech by telling him that he (Caesar) had not left his province as a brigand, but to defend himself against the insults of his opponents and to restore to their legal position tribunes of the people who had been driven from their country for daring to uphold his rights: in a word, to re-assert the freedom both of himself and of the Roman people, at present ground down by the despotism of a clique.[3]

In addressing his troops, he emphasized the wrongs

[1] Jebb, *Essays*, pp. 307, 309.
[2] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, p. 329.
[3] Caesar, *Civil War*, i, 22.

done him by his political enemies, the warping of Pompey's mind, the invoking of military force to override the veto of the tribunes.[1]

The tribunes, Antony and Curio, had certainly served him well; they had been most adroit, and had manoeuvred the Senate into a false position—

Momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum.

But the first issue was undoubtedly the life and future of Caesar. A man may be expected to sacrifice these for his country; but no one, unless a pedant or a Cato, could by now identify the Senate or Pompey with Caesar's country. Caesar was right; the old republic was no more. But there was a larger issue, which is hinted. A government of some sort was needed for the world; the Senate and Pompey had failed even to keep order in the forum and the adjacent streets. The government of the world was bound to be monarchical —the long and unhappy debates which Cicero had with himself witness this; if the issue had been simply between the old republic and Caesar, that could have been decided in a moment, but it was not. Cicero had to choose between Caesar and Pompey, and he liked neither cause; Pompey was clearly the less capable of the two, but there might, in view of his floundering past, be more hope for the Senate with him in spite of himself.

One would think some of Caesar's modern critics had never noticed the ways of men at a general election or in a presidential campaign. Seeley puts down Caesar's victory to his legions, which is no doubt in part a just verdict. But, as we saw Caesar suggested at Petra, the victor is another thing from the victory; the commander-in-chief counts. Providence may be at times on the side of the biggest battalions, but Providence is more reticent than Caesar himself and does

[1] Caesar, *Civil War*, i, 7.

not babble of plans. History limps a long way behind and notices that Providence never trusts to battalions alone, any more than Alexander or Hannibal did, or Caesar himself. Caesar represented something.

First of all he was, in Carlyle's famous phrase, "a son of fact." He saw quite as plainly as thousands of other people that the ancient city state was exploded; the rule of a single city democracy, met in *concilium* or *comitia* or organized from *collegia* (political clubs and unions), was not what the world needed; and, besides, it had proved an abject failure. As for making the Senate a real aristocracy—by adding knights to it, the big financiers!—which Jebb suggests that both Caesar and Sulla might have tried, Sulla had in fact tried it and added 300 knights to the Senate, with the results that Caesar saw, for he was more than of age when Sulla did it. The modern republic, with its government by elected representatives, was hardly possible; most of the Eastern provinces had never been used to freedom and self-government at all, the Western provinces were largely uncivilized, the mass of the people everywhere was illiterate. Representative government on such a scale implies roads and navigation, a more peaceful sea and land than the world had known as yet, means of communication, and indeed a far better mutual understanding by the various peoples of one another's problems than exists in the British Empire to-day after generations of railroads and steamships, printing presses, daily papers and electric cables. And to crown all, the very idea of representative government was unfamiliar even in the Leagues. Might not some form of Federalism have served? Once more let the British Empire remind us of the difficulty of federating such disparate elements—negro tribes, protected princes, independent democracies. Federalism was even more unthinkable for the ancient world. Besides all this,

Democracy was badly discredited everywhere; it had failed in Athens, in the Achaean League, in Rome; it required moral standards that were wanting, and every rational man was sick and ashamed of it. There was nothing for it; if Caesar wished to see the world well governed, he must do it himself, and, though he did not put this forward in any manifesto to the Roman populace—for very intelligible reasons—it is probable that he quite intended to govern the world himself.

It is perhaps sometimes overlooked that Caesar came to the government of the Roman world from nine years of Gaul.[1] It is, I am afraid, true that years of life in a colony affect the outlook and character even of the modern Englishman, unless he is quite sealed against new impressions and observations, which no one would assert of Caesar. In Gaul Caesar had left a long way behind him

fumum et opes strepitumque Romae;[2]

he was in a clearer atmosphere. Men may laugh at colonial talk of the great open spaces where a man is a man—at Joseph Chamberlain's "illimitable veldt"; but no one who has felt such things will laugh at them; for the newness, the sense of opportunity, the very vastness, are spiritual quickening. In Gaul Caesar escaped the past and lived in the future; he laid the foundations for the future. Everything he handled was on a great scale—great armies, great enemies and greater combinations of enemies, great distances, a great nation with a great natural endowment. It is clear that he admired the Gauls, and they admired him —plain proof of mutual understanding.[3] He comes,

[1] On this see W. Warde Fowler, *Julius Caesar*, p. 241.

[2] Horace, *Odes*, iii, 29, 12.

[3] Tenney Frank, *Roman Imperialism*, pp. 336, 340; T. Rice Holmes, *Roman Republic*, vol. ii, p. 231; and W. H. Hall, *The Romans on the Riviera*, p. 133.

then, to huge tasks of understanding, imagination and action—battles to win, tribes to conquer, a whole government to plan; and he does it, does it all and does it himself. Such years reveal a man's powers to himself and cannot fail of intellectual results. This man, then, crosses the Rubicon with sufficient self-confidence, and he is justified. He lived five years, and won victories in Thessaly, Spain, Central Asia Minor, North Africa and Egypt; everywhere he was successful. Small wonder if he undertook the re-modelling of Rome and the world; and in that work, whatever is written in his early manifestos, it is reasonable to look for some revelation of his mind, some hint of what he really meant.

There is in Suetonius a sentence about Julius Caesar, that seems to give a clue to the whole of his work—"he corrected the calendar...and adjusted the year to the course of the sun."[1] The sun after all is the final authority on the natural year, and men live by watching natural laws, by grasping fact and working with it. The priests, as is said in the omitted clause, had got the year into hopeless confusion, partly through tradition, partly through bad astronomy, partly in political manoeuvres. Caesar went back to the sun: he obtained the best astronomical knowledge available, the closest approximation to fact, and on that, cutting away tradition and politics, he based his calendar—a calendar so true that the world used it for many centuries without further correction. The act is symbolic. If the tradition did not square with the facts of the world, it should go. It was so that he had handled Gaul and made a new country of it, with results that endure for ever. It was so that he proposed to handle the world, irrespective of the dim vision, the wealth and the noise of the city on the Tiber. It was this independence of tradition, which he never attempted to conceal, that stirred men of the

[1] Suetonius, *Julius*, 40.

old Roman sort against him. Augustus draped all his acts in the ancient garb, observed wont and usage with conspicuous punctilio, and, when he made his new position finally secure, he described it as the restoration of the republic. Julius was reported to say that the republic was nothing, and, whether or not he was so injudiciously frank as to say so in words, his whole course showed that that was his thought.

The most real body of fact in the world was the transformation of the whole Mediterranean area into the provinces of Rome. Caesar saw plainly the significance of this.[1] The provinces were not accidents of national life, that could be arranged for incidentally; they changed the centre of gravity of the world; they by now were the real thing, the conquering city was but a factor in a new readjustment of mankind. Assembly and Senate no longer answered to the facts; they were traditions, legends, encumbrances. The world cried out for government; and government he gave it, with peace and justice and the beginning at least of the restoration of the normal life of humanity. Every provincial governor, and every member of his staff, every financier engaged in tax-farming or any other form of speculation down to money-lending, and every deputy or agent in every office or custom-house, should know that the old *régime* was over, that the world had a head at last, a single strong intelligence in control of it, and that every man who touched in a large way or a small way the life of his fellowmen would be held responsible for his acts. If men chose to grumble that this was revolution and tyranny, they might; there was precedent enough for those who cared for precedent in the dictatorship of Sulla and in the exceptional powers that Pompey had held in Spain, in Asia and in Rome; and

[1] It is a pleasure to find the same general view of Caesar's attitude expressed by Mr Grundy, *History of Greek and Roman World*, pp. 440, 441.

there was this difference to note—Caesar meant to hold his powers for life, and they were to be used neither for personal aggrandisement nor for the traditions of an obsolete order. He stood in all this for the provinces against the city; and, whether we are surprised or not that it is not all in the first manifesto, his government, both in scheme and in action, declares him the champion of the provinces.

He went further. Marius, the old hero of his party, had given the Roman citizenship to two Italian cohorts in the hour of victory over the barbarian invaders; it was not really legal, but the noise of battle, he said, for the moment drowned the voice of the laws. If, when the Italians declared war on Rome, Marius fought for Rome, everybody knew where his sympathies were. When among his first acts in the civil war we read of Caesar giving full Roman citizenship to the Transpadanes, "the Gauls living south of the Alps and beyond the Po,"[1] the action was unmistakable; it was, as people say nowadays, a gesture. Later on he did the same for the town of Gades in Spain. He gave Latin rights to Sicily. He restored the Greek town of Corinth; he planted a colony in Carthage. Every one of these acts was significant. The Romans had, like the English, a habit of accepting a thing when once it was done, with the air of feeling that it did not matter, that it was exceptional and would not be repeated. Sulla, for example, did not undo the grant of Italian citizenship. These acts of Caesar might be taken as occasional merely; but it was a manifesto indeed when he enrolled Gauls in the Roman Senate. The pasquinade survives that greeted the act—

Caesar led the Gauls in triumph, to the Senate House he led;
And the Gauls took off their trowsers, donned the laticlave instead.[2]

[1] Dio Cassius xli, 36, 4.

[2] Suetonius, *Julius*, 80.

Augustus, a middle-class Italian, "purged" the Senate; Claudius re-introduced Gauls. Caesar had seen the meaning of the provinces, and the whole trend of imperial history confirmed his reading of the facts, against both Brutus and Augustus.

At times it seems to me one of the most signal things in all history, this reaction of the provinces on Rome—more interesting and more remarkable even than Rome's conquest of the world. Without power of resistance, without representation, leaderless and voiceless, the provinces make themselves felt. *Vae victis!* it is an old saying in Roman history, but in more than arts and letters the conquered lands overcame the conqueror. The historian is rightly forbidden to moralize. But this Roman story suggests that there is justice in the world. The spoils of the provinces told—and the rulers lost the moral power that is needed to rule; their sufferings told—and the Roman people was at last content, when all the laws proved vain, to see a despot give the world in sense and justice the guidance it needed. Democracy failed in Rome, as it must fail wherever democrats do not realize that of all forms of government it asks most of men, and calls for the highest of all loyalties, the consecration of mind and heart, of intelligence and sympathy, the recognition of the rights of other men and the sanctity of the human soul.

CHAPTER X

Children of Nature & Fortunate Isles

STRICTLY speaking, it is not true to say that the establishment of the Roman Empire was the end of Democracy in the ancient world. There were allies of Rome that still preserved democratic government. But even if San Marino remains a medieval republic in the middle of a monarchical Italy, it is not untrue to say that the republics of medieval Italy belong to the past.

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
> Of that which once was great, is passed away.

That is a natural sentiment, but not less natural perhaps is the sentiment that the lingering of the Shade when the Substance is gone has its own sadness. Of Athens too—if one word may (with a deepening sense of shame) be altered for the moment—we can say

> Once did She hold the gorgeous east in check
> And was the safeguard of the west.

But Athens in the Roman Empire is a parody of the Athens of Pericles and Socrates. Not that the city lacked historical and intellectual interest—for such things it was the world's true centre still; but a self-governing republic must have real things to do, and Demos in these latter days, selling citizenship and voting decrees of rank flattery, dishonoured the great record.[1] The day of Democracy was over, and yet men felt that it had meant something which the present could not give to them. If it was but *infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra*, it was a reminder of better things. No one would say it too loud, but surely man was not

[1] Cf. Polybius v, 106, of Athens about 217 B.C.

born to be the servant of pro-consuls and procurators, to take orders from Gallio and Pontius Pilate. But was anything else possible?

There was Plato's ideal Republic. Yet Polybius, in his matter-of-fact way, touches its weakness. No, he says,

> it is not fair to bring in Plato's Republic even if some of the philosophers grow lyrical about it (ἐξυμνοῦσιν). For, just as in the athletic contest we refuse admission to artists and athletes who are not duly entered or have not been trained, so we have no right to admit the Platonic constitution to contend for the prize of merit unless it first give a genuine exhibition of actual working. Up to this time talk about that, in comparison with the constitutions of Spartans, Romans and Carthaginians, would be much as if one were to exhibit a statue for comparison with living breathing men. For even if such a statue were wholly praiseworthy in point of art, the comparison of the lifeless with the living would strike the spectators as defective and incongruous.[1]

A century later Cicero uses Plato's Republic as a synonym for Utopia—"you don't love our Cato more than I do," he writes to Atticus,[2] "but, with the best intentions in the world and utter loyalty, he injures the state now and then; for he speaks his thought as if in Plato's Republic and not in the dregs of Romulus." Plato himself playfully says as much of "the city we have been founding, built in words,—for I don't think it is anywhere on earth." "No," rejoins the *Ego* of the dialogue, "but in heaven perhaps there is laid up the plan of it, which he who desires may behold, and, beholding, may set his own house in order. But whether such an one exists, or ever will exist in fact is no matter; for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other."[3]

In heaven—or in the speech of Pericles? Is Thucy-

[1] Polybius vi, 47. [2] Cicero, *ad Atticum*, ii, 1, 8.
[3] Plato, *Republic*, 592 A (conclusion of book ix).

dides a historian or a dreamer? Was there ever a true Democracy? Is it all a dream? But can we do without it? Or can we find it somewhere in some new form in an unexpected place? If what I have to set before you seems irrelevant to politicians or to the straiter sect of historians,

sat patriae Priamoque datum;

let us wander a little with the dreamers of the Empire, if they are dreamers who see life outside the forum and the academy, and far from the military roads.

Dio Chrysostom[1] was a rhetorician, and an amazingly clever one; but he had some real contact with the facts of life, for the people of his native town, Prusa, burnt his house on one occasion, and the Emperor Domitian banished him, so that he saw death and disaster at close quarters. He had his eyes open for other forms of reality, and he found something to speak about. He began, as one of his admirers says, "holding his head high, giving himself airs, like a peacock turning round and round to look at itself; he seems delighted with the charms of his discourse as if this were his only aim, as if his end were grace of expression."[2] But if in his earlier days he could write the *Praise of a Parrot* or the *Praise of Hair* (to which Synesius replied with a witty *Praise of Baldness*), later on he was more interested in personal and social righteousness. He preached both with effect over the Empire, and stood near the Emperor Trajan, a trusted friend and an influence for good —though there is a wicked story that Trajan said to

[1] There are essays on Dio Chrysostom in Martha, *Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain* (warmly praised by Lecky, *European Morals*, i, 313), and H. Weil, *L'Antiquité Grecque*. Cf. also Merivale, *The Romans under the Empire*, viii, pp. 228–240; Sir John Mahaffy, *The Silver Age of Greece*, ch. xii; Sir Samuel Dill, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, pp. 367 ff.

[2] Synesius, *Dio*, 3, 1120D (Migne). Dio himself has a lively picture of the peacock, *Or.* xii, § 2, where he compares it with the sophists.

him "I admire you exceedingly, but I don't understand a word you say." Dio did not fail to magnify his office as a teacher of the truths of Nature, even if something of the old Adam were left in him—something that prompts him to be amusing and to turn a sentence well. He could and did discourse on Kingship, but for our purpose it is better to turn at once to the tract or speech which Synesius praises as "a picture, a sketch, of the happy life"[1]—a tract, "by which Xerxes himself, Xerxes who led the great expedition against the Greeks, might have been persuaded that happier than himself was a hunter, a man in the mountain land of Euboea, who lived on millet."

The speech, called *The Euboean* or *The Hunter*, tells us of an adventure of Dio's—"it is what I myself saw, it is not hearing from others, that I am about to tell you.... I will tell you what sort of men I met, and what sort of life they lived in mid Hellas." "He opens," says Sir John Mahaffy, "with the traditional falsehood of all good story-tellers, that the thing actually happened to himself." "It is a charming pastoral," says M. Chassang, "the scene of which is well drawn and the characters interesting, because they are true." There are indeed various kinds and degrees of truth; and Sir John concedes at least general and dramatic truth, and many will find in the sketch a true historical picture of a depopulated Greece, which Plutarch and others confirm. For the rest, let us get to the story.

I chanced to cross from Chios with some fishermen in a very little boat, not in the summer season. A great storm rose, and with difficulty we escaped into "the hollows of Euboea." They ran the skiff on to a rough beach under the cliffs and wrecked her, and then themselves went off to some purple-fishers at anchor inside the nearest claw of land, meaning to stay there and work with them.

[1] Synesius, *Dio*, c. 2.

Dio went along the shore by himself to see what might befall. He came on a buck just tumbled from the cliff to the water's edge, and caught at the same time the baying of dogs far above him. He climbed up and fell in with a man whose look and dress spoke of the hunter, healthy, bearded, and long-haired—like the Euboeans whom Homer describes with a touch of mockery. They recover the buck, and, as they walk five miles to the hunter's cottage, he tells his tale. There are two families, settled side by side, the men married to each other's sisters, living in general by hunting but doing also a little farming.

> The land is not ours; it did not belong to our fathers, and we never bought it. But our fathers were free men, but as poor as we are, herdsmen on wages. They tended the cattle of a rich man in these parts of the island, who had big herds of horses and cattle, big flocks, owned many fine fields and all the mountains roundabout. He died and his property was confiscated; they do say he was put to death by the Emperor because of his money. They at once drove off his herd to kill them and our poor little cows with them, and nobody paid the wages.

So the two men just stayed where they were, squatters now, with what cattle chanced to be left. And a very pleasant place it was to squat in—a deep and shady valley, a bit of a stream from a spring nearby, and in summer a regular breeze up the valley, plenty of wood and shade, and not many flies or other pests; meadows too with good grass. They had taken to hunting, and so had their dogs; and though only watch dogs originally to keep off wolves and to bark at strangers,[1] and starting late and a little slow, hunting dogs they had become by now. The two old men lived out their days, strong and sturdy to the end, content with their lot, content never to see city or village again. When winter

[1] As at Odysseus in the *Odyssey* and at Mr J. C. Lawson more lately; cf. *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, p. 32.

came, their work was less, their hunting easier, and they made their huts shipshape. Their sons succeeded to their steadings and their contentment, and one of them, though fifty years of age, had never seen the city. The teller of the story had seen it.

The fact was that someone had found out about their squatting and came demanding money. They had entertained him of what they had and given him two buckskins, but he would have one of them off to the city and the assembly.

I saw a lot of big houses and a strong wall outside and high square buildings on the wall, and a lot of ships at anchor as if in a lake. . . and a great crowd packed together and no end of row and shouting, so that I thought they were all fighting. So he takes me to some magistrates, and said, laughing, "This is the man you sent me for. He has nothing except his hair and a hut of strong timbers."

But it comes to a trial scene in the theatre, and the huntsman draws a lively picture of the shouting, the friendly applause, the angry cries of the mob, sudden as a big wave or a thunder-clap, and talk, talk, talk, few words or many, and some men listened to and some not. At last comes the squatter's case and an accusation of occupying public land without a grant, and never a penny of rent paid nor public service done—but the whole mountain country or near it seized by the ringleaders of the gang, and all that wealth of cattle and slaves—and a strong suspicion of wrecking ships with false beacons. And as the speaker piled up his charges and his suspicions, though it appears no witnesses were called, the crowd grew angrier and angrier.

But an advocate appears—a reasonable kind of man to judge from his words and dress. He spoke quietly and gently. Two thirds of our land, he urged, is deserted through neglect and want of population.

"I," he said, "have many acres, as I suppose others have, not only in the mountains but in the plains; and if anybody would

farm them, I would not only let him do it for nothing but be glad to pay money into the bargain. For it is clear, its value for me is increased, and it is a pleasant sight too, land occupied and well worked."

He is for encouraging other people to do as the squatters do, citizen or alien, and for giving the alien citizenship if he will work 200 acres. For, as it is, the land at the city gates is utterly and disgracefully dirty, as if in the deepest of wildernesses; and a great deal inside the walls is now in crops and grass. The sycophants attack these poor squatters, and say nothing about men farming the gymnasium and turning animals into the *agora*;—Herakles and the gods and the heroes are hidden in their crops; and the accuser himself keeps sheep in the *agora* round the council chamber. Again there is clamour.

Then the accused is examined. Could he pay rent and of what kind? So many fells of sheep or bear, he suggests; and there is disturbance, till he gives the simple inventory of all they have in their huts—goats, sickles, spades, three spears, and a wife and children each. But as for wrecking, he says—God forbid! they prefer to help the shipwrecked. And a man starts up from the assembly, and tells how he and another (who also rises) were wrecked in the ship of Socles two years ago, and had the kindest attention from the squatters. The accused man was so moved that he went over and kissed them both, and discovered from the laughter his act awoke that kissing is out of fashion in the city. The case ends with a grant of clothes, which he has to accept, and money which he will not.

So, as they talk, Dio and the hunter reach the huts. Dio laughs—"There was one thing you concealed in court!" "What was that?" "This garden," says Dio, "this beautiful garden with all its plants and trees." "We made it afterwards," is the reply. They enter,

and a simple feast follows, as they sit on leaves and skins; and a grown-up daughter waits on them. By and by the neighbour comes in, with her cousin, a fine lad who blushes when he sees her, but has brought her a hare and kisses her, while his father talks to the visitors. The scene that follows Mahaffy describes as idyllic, charming and exceptional in Greek literature.[1] It is the love of a clean lad and a clean girl; far ahead, as Chassang says,[2] of *Daphnis and Chloe* in its freshness, its truth and purity, not unworthy of the author of *Paul and Virginia*. It is all told, says Rohde, in the simplest and most genial style, without a phrase of *coquetterie*, with all the appearance of real and inward experience.[3]

But the piece does not end there. Idyll as it is, it has a pendant. Dio has not drawn his picture simply for its own sake, he says. He first emphasizes the generosity of the poor; and he reinforces his case from the *Odyssey* where Eumaeus has welcome to bed and board for the disguised Odysseus, far warmer than the Suitors offer or even Penelope herself. Then he falls to considering the life of the poor free labourer in the city; how do they live and how should they live? He distinguishes between honourable trades and others; for the sage Hesiod did not praise every kind of work, and some trades injure the health of body or soul and are needless. The city can do without cosmetics and their makers, buffoons, dancers and the like; and he ends with a grave condemnation, very rare among Greeks, of the business of keeping poor girls for an Aphrodite, who works corruption and not the giving of life.

Cleon, as we saw, has a flout ready for use, if we ask for conditions other than those under which we must

[1] Mahaffy, *Silver Age*, p. 334.
[2] Chassang, *Histoire du Roman*, p. 408.
[3] Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 511.

live. Dio in drawing his squatters is not sketching a Utopia; he claims, like Polybius, to be sticking to the actual. He has no patent remedy; but the Greek city, which he draws but does not name,[1] is a poor place—none the better, if it has, in its smaller way, the shameful features of life in a larger place. The *demos* is still what the Persian noble describes in the pages of Herodotus, what moved the scorn of Cicero—foolish, headlong, equally easy to stir to silly injustice or to sentimentalism. It has failed, too, to maintain population or prosperity in an island, which nine centuries before was a centre of Greek trade and colonization, on whose plains was fought for commercial motives the first serious and general war among Greeks. From what we have already seen we shall not wish to blame Euboean aristocrat or democrat for the change. The Venetian oligarchy was not to blame for the closing of the Mediterranean and the eastern land routes by the Turk, for the opening of the Atlantic by Columbus and Vasco da Gama.[2] There are fundamental changes in human society, for which a local or even a national government can find no cure. A shift from hand labour to steam, from steam and from coal to power from waterfalls, sends disaster and prosperity to new abodes in the modern world. You cannot move Venice to the Atlantic, or plant coal in Italy, or dot England with Niagaras and St Lawrences. Our idyll, with its excursion to the haunts of Demos, is history after all. A land may be left desolate for no fault of its rulers; and a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep; butter and honey shall every one eat that is left in the land; and where there were a thousand vines at a

[1] Mahaffy notes he is careful not to name it. Chalcis and Carystos might claim or disclaim the allusion.

[2] See the very interesting contemporary comment in the Diary of Priuli, quoted by Horatio F. Brown, *Studies in Venetian History*, vol. i, p. 353.

thousand silverlings it shall even be for briers and thorns.[1]

Dio has another picture of a Greek town, apparently an independent democracy, which is much more pleasing than the unnamed Euboean city. "I chanced," he begins once more, "to spend the summer at Borysthenes"—the town on the Black Sea locally called Olbia, and he describes its situation, the rivers, the lagoon, the salt works, "whence most of the barbarians buy their salt, and those of the Greeks and Scythians who inhabit the Tauric Chersonese." The city is not as large as it once was, because of its frequent captures and its wars. All these years it has lain among barbarians of the most warlike sort, always at war and often taken. The last capture and the worst was rather more than a hundred and fifty years ago—*i.e.* about 50 B.C.—when it was taken by the Getae with all the other cities along the shore to Apollonia. Since then Greek life has been at a low ebb in that region; some of the cities were never restored, some only badly, and a great many barbarians live in them. The Scythians, Dio thinks, felt the need of an *emporion*, a resort for merchants from Greece, and allowed the Borysthenites to rebuild their city; for trade had ceased when the city fell, and intermediaries were needed. The restored city only covers a small portion of the ground enclosed by the old fortifications, hugging part of the old circuit wall, with a poor defence across it. You might think the old towers belonged to some other place outside. The statues in temples and on tombs have all suffered injury.

Dio, then, chanced to be walking about just outside the city; and among other townsmen who joined him was young Callistratos on horse-back, who dismounted, gave his horse to his attendant, and came up very

[1] Isaiah vii, 21–23.

respectfully with his hand under his cloak. He wore a big cavalry sword and trowsers and Scythian dress generally, and a little black cloak in Borysthenite fashion on his shoulders. For they use black clothes as a rule, copying one of the Scythian tribes who have their Greek name from it. A fine strapping lad he was, about eighteen, with a good deal of the Ionian in his feature. Olbia was in fact colonized from Miletus some seven or eight hundred years before. He was a good soldier, and had disposed of a number of Sauromatians; but he was interested also in culture and philosophy—particularly in Homer, as all the Borysthenites are, whether from their warlike nature or their goodwill to Achilles who has a temple in the city. They will not hear of another poet. "They are no longer quite certain of their Greek, after their long residence among barbarians, but nearly all of them can repeat the *Iliad* by heart." To tease the lad Dio suggests that Phocylides may be a better poet, but he has never so much as heard of him—"we don't reckon anybody a poet but Homer." Dio offers a couplet. "Stranger," says the youth, "we love you and admire you very much. Otherwise none of the Borysthenites would have stood such words about Homer and Achilles." An apology in a half line of Homer suffices to calm his feelings, and he reminds Dio how "yesterday about noon the Scythians galloped up, and some of the guards they caught napping and killed, and some they took alive perhaps. For we don't yet know, as they may have had a longish flight, and they have not reached the city." It was indeed so, and the gates were shut and the war signal was on the wall. Meanwhile, as people gather, there is talk and a proposal that Dio shall address them in the temple of Zeus. The run of visitors to the city from the Roman Empire are Greeks in name, traders and dealers in poor cloth and bad wine, more barbarian than the Borysthenites;

Achilles must have sent Dio and they would like to hear him. The older men, the notables and magistrates, sat on benches in the temple, and a philosopher would have indeed been delighted that they wore their hair and beards in the old Homeric style. One man was shaved and was disliked for it; he was suspected of flattering the Romans, showing off his friendship for them, by shaving in their style; so it was plain the practice was regarded as unfitting for men. The discourse about the "divine city" they wished to be as Platonic as he could make it; and, though he modestly says he could not have fought quite like Achilles yesterday, he does his best and writes it out for us. That city has no demes or decarchies, but God is its monarch. The story leaves off with Dio speaking.

So there is the ancient Greek city with which our story began, still living under the ancient conditions, on the very outskirts of civilization, on the frontier of barbarism.[1] It would seem to have suffered, as the old European Greece suffered, by the shifting of the centre of gravity of the civilized world. Arrian in his *Black Sea Voyage* records the Greek cities of these coasts; for Olbia he has only a line—"on the Borysthenes, as you sail up, a Greek city called Olbia." He has more to say of Achilles' temple on the island in those parts. But Greek life has found Rome and Alexandria more interesting, and Babylon—

> May Greece abide for ever
> And Babylon child of God,

sings Herodicos, hater of Aristarchus and monosyllabic grammarians.[2] Nor would it seem that the Romans were very greatly interested in the North coast of the Black Sea. "All these towns," says Mommsen, "enjoyed Roman protection," and had, perhaps, like

[1] See above, pp. 30, 31.

[2] Herodicus *ap.* Athen. v, 222 A.

Olbia, to defend themselves as a rule. Antoninus Pius, it is true, assisted the Borysthenites with troops against the Tauroscythians;[1] and Caracalla and Geta did enough to have statues set up to them. But the spectacle of the one shaven citizen suggests that the Roman connection was not on the Athenian scale of interest. It seems that about A.D. 250 the Goths finally destroyed the town—the last home of Demos, perhaps, in the Greek or Roman world.

But men were beginning to look outside the Roman world with a new interest, at times with a new wistfulness, just as in the eighteenth century Lord Monboddo[2] and others conceived that, in Otaheite, or some other innocent region, untouched by civilization, man "free and unrestrained amidst the rude magnificence of nature," might live at once a happier and a more virtuous life.

Campestres melius Scythae,

sings Horace in that Ode,[3] in which, says Sellar, "the call is made in still sterner tones for a reformer to restrain and punish the two great evils, luxury and avarice, which Roman moralists regard as the two great causes of national decay."[4]

> Better with nomad Scythians roam,
> Whose travelling cart is all their home.
> Or where the ruder Getae spread
> From steppes unmeasured raise their bread.
>
> There, with a single year content,
> The tiller shifts his tenement:
> Another, when that labour ends,
> To the self-same condition bends.

[1] Julius Capitolinus, *Vita Antonini*, 9, 9.

[2] See Chauncey B. Tinker's charming little book *Nature's Simple Plan* for Lord Monboddo, Omai, Ossian and other children of Nature.

[3] Horace, *Odes*, iii, 24, 9–24.

[4] Sellar, *Roman Poets of Augustan Age, Horace and the Elegiac poets*, p. 156.

The simple step-dame there will bless
With care the children motherless:
No wife by wealth command procures,
None heeds the sleek adulterer's lures.

The best of gifts to young from old
Virtue, and chastity they hold
That fears to meet a stranger twice:
All fault is crime; and death the price.

So Gladstone renders the Choriambics, and the rather stiff, nearly eighteenth-century movement of his stanzas answers very well; for the passage is hardly lyrical. It is not certain whence Horace derived all his information as to the Scythians of the plains. Herodotus knew a good deal about them, but he does not look at them in quite the same way. A Greek of his day had still hope enough that Greeks would achieve all that was needed of virtue and government; and Herodotus had things to tell of the Scythians that suggested other thoughts altogether than those put forward by Horace.

But Virgil also has a friendly eye for the scene

Where Scythian tribes
Dwell by the murmur of Maeotian waves,
Where troubled Ister rolls his yellow tide,
Where Thracian peaks trend to the very Pole.[1]

He draws a picture of Winter, terrible in many ways, yet suggestive of Cowper's feeling—

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

The herbless fields and leafless woods, the endless burden of the snow seven cubits high, the icy breath of northern winds and the feeble sun, while

Of a sudden in the running stream
Gathers the filmy ice, and lo! the wave
Bears on her breast a weight of armoured wheels,
And bids the spacious waggons be at home
Where once she welcomed argosies—

[1] Virgil, *Georgics*, iii, 349–383; the translation is Lord Burghclere's.

all this he describes, and the ever deepening frost, the ice in men's unkempt beards, the helpless cattle, and the stags stark with cold and whelmed in massy snow, an easy prey for happy hunters, as

> their antler tips
> Scarce peer above the summit of the drifts.

Yet, as Cowper also felt, Winter even in the North has another aspect—

> In deep-delved caverns bide their human folk,
> Housing beneath the earth in lazy ease,
> And pile up store of timber on the hearths,
> Yea, roll the very elms to feed their fires.
> Whereat they spend the night in frolic mirth,
> And with rough brew of berries, cups of mead,
> In joyous fashion ape our Southern wines.
>
> Such is the tale of those unfettered tribes
> Who dwell beneath the seven Northern Stars,
> In garb of fur, reft from their tawny kine,
> Forever smitten by Rhipoean storms.

"Those unfettered tribes"—*gens effrena virum*—it is, says John Conington, the freedom of savage life. Dryden introduces another touch which will take us a step on our way—

> Such are the cold Ryphean race, and such
> The savage Scythian and unwarlike Dutch.

But before we undertake the Dutch, we have to consider the Scythians a little more closely.

"The most capricious poet, honest Ovid among the Goths" saw the Scythians at closer quarters than Horace and Virgil, and he is more of the mind of Herodotus. He writes from Tomis of the winter, when Boreas and the snow prevent life under the Great Bear, when the Danube, their barrier in summer, freezes, and the savages on their swift horses dash over the ice,[1] and the guard must hold the wall and the gate is barred

[1] Ovid, *Tristia*, iii, 10.

against the Getae.[1] Greeks and Getae live up and down the coast, the Getae more numerous and unsubdued.

"Greater hordes of Sarmatians and Getae go and come upon their horses. There is none who does not bear quiver and bow, and darts yellow with viper's gall. Harsh voice, fierce face, true picture of Mars, beard nor hair trimmed, the right hand swift to wound with the knife that every barbarian carries at his side. Among such men, alas! your bard must live, forgetful of the loves with which he has played. . . . If I look at the place it is an unlovely place, nothing in the world gloomier. If at the men, they are scarce worthy to be called human, with savagery beyond wolves. They fear not laws; right yields place to might, and justice lies conquered by the sword of battle. With skins and loose breeches they keep off the cruel cold, their faces shaggy with their long locks. In a few lingers some trace of the Greek tongue, barbarous with a Getic tang. Not one man in the race who could speak a word of Latin. I—*ille ego*—the Roman bard —forgive me, ye Muses!—I must speak most times in Sarmatian."[2] "Countless tribes around threaten war; they count it base not to live by plunder.[3] When least you would expect, the foe is thick upon us, and drives off the prey ere scarce discerned. Oft, though the gates are closed, we gather their deadly shafts in the midst of the streets. Rare is he who dare till the soil; with one hand he ploughs, with the other he holds his weapon. The shepherd goes in a helmet as he plays on his oaten pipe. Scarce with the fortress' aid are we defended; the barbarian throng, mixed with the Greek within, wakes fear. For with us dwells, with no distinction, the barbarian; more than half the houses are his. Grant that you do not fear them, you must hate to see their chests covered with pelts and their own long hair. Even these, counted sons of a Greek city, wear as their ancestral garb, the Persian trowsers. Here I am the barbarian, understood by none; my Latin is the mockery of the stolid Getae. . . . Add that the hard sword dispenses justice, and wounds are dealt in the midst of the forum."[4]

Campestres melius Scythae!

Let us move Westward. A hundred years or so after Ovid's day, Tacitus wrote his famous account of the

[1] Ovid, *Tristia*, iii, 14, 41. [2] *Ibid.* iii, 7, 14–22; 43–56.
[3] Cf. Remulus Numanus, *Aeneid*, ix, 603–613.
[4] Ovid, *Tristia*, v, 10, 15–44 (with omissions).

Germans.[1] He was neither an exile nor a poet. If "feeling his way as a writer" he is encouraged by great examples to attempt the historical monograph, if he has a political purpose in hand—to support the policy of non-annexation, if he has really an interest in these great tribes, it is difficult to think that he was not also consciously drawing the picture of a free and uncorrupted nation. Not quite a Utopia, for Tacitus is hardly the man to sketch a Utopia, and much that he says and must say would fit no Utopia. But over the borders there is a people, great and free, still in possession of the freedom and the virtue that the Romans have lost. There every man's house stands in its own homestead, by some spring or grove that pleases him;[2] freeman or slave he has his own home.[3] All wear the same dress, a cloak (*sagum*) fastened with a brooch, or, failing that, with a thorn. It is a sign of great wealth to wear other clothing too, tunic or breeches not loose and flowing like the Parthians but fitted to the limbs. Furs also they wear, as you go into the interior and leave the Roman frontier behind. The women dress in the main like the men.[4] Their blood is pure. No Syrian Orontes has fouled the Tiber there.[5] They seem never to have intermarried with alien stocks; so, numerous as they are, they have all the same fierce blue eyes, the same red hair, the same large frames.[6] Marriage is sacred among them, one wife to one husband; their

[1] H. M. Chadwick in his book *The Origin of the English Nation* discusses the data of Tacitus on early German civilization, which seems in the days of Tacitus to have been very appreciably lower than in the fifth and sixth centuries A.D. See his chapter xii on social conditions in the Roman period. Professor Chadwick points out certain discrepancies between some of our information from literary sources of the Empire and the conclusions of the archaeologists—notably about agriculture and the use of iron. The Anglo-Saxon king of the later period appears to have been more autocratic than the chiefs described by Tacitus.

[2] Tacitus, *Germania*, 16. [3] *Ibid.* 25. [4] *Ibid.* 17.

[5] Juvenal iii, 62. [6] Tacitus, *Germania*, 4.

wedding gifts between man and wife are oxen, the war-horse, shield and spear and sword, for they are to be partners indeed.[1] In that numberless race adultery is rare, and there is no tolerance for it; "none there makes a jest of vice; to corrupt and to be corrupted is not called the way of the world."[2] Youth comes late to passion, and its strength is unsapped, nor are maids hurried into marriage; young, tall and strong alike they mate; and their children are like them. There is none of the race-suicide that Polybius noted among the Greeks. Every household is full of children, naked and dirty, growing up to those mighty limbs and great frames that wake our wonder.[3] The mother suckles her own child. None can tell the young master from the slave by any hint of softer breeding. Out among the cattle, at home on the earthen floor, they live alike, till years separate the free-born and character claims its own.[4] For there worth is the test.

Their wealth is almost exclusively in herds of small cattle—not like the fine oxen of Italy with their spreading horns. Silver and gold the gods have denied them "whether in mercy or in anger."[5] Silver vessels that Rome may have sent to the chiefs are used like ordinary ware. Up-country all trade is after the primitive and ancient fashion, by barter. Money is known on the Roman frontier, but they prefer the old minting, with milled edges and stamped with the chariot.[5] It is a natural society; the more kin a man has, the more regard he has in old age; there are no legacy hunters there to put a premium on childless old age.[6] Freedmen rarely have weight in the household, and never in the community (*civitate*) save where the tribe is ruled by a king[7]—as among the Suebi. They carry arms in daily life, in public and private business; but a man

[1] Tacitus, *Germania*, 18. [2] *Ibid.* 19. [3] *Ibid.* 20.
[4] *Ibid.* 20. [5] *Ibid.* 5. [6] *Ibid.* 20. [7] *Ibid.* 25.

does not take arms till the community permits, till in the presence of the assembly one of the chiefs or his father or a kinsman formally gives him shield and lance.[1] No race is more hospitable; it is counted sin to turn any human being from the door; and when supplies fail the host takes the guest to another's house, uninvited but welcomed both. More still, it is a usage for a guest on departure to ask and have what he will, and the host may do the same.[2]

The race loves fighting. Youth gathers round the chief; it is beneath no lad's dignity to be among the companions (*comitatus*), but there is eager rivalry to win the post of honour next the chief—and among chiefs to have the largest and most valiant bodyguard. For, in his own tribe, and in other tribes, it is spread abroad with what picked young warriors he goes; it wins him dignity, security, position, a reputation that will often decide a war.[3] In battle it is a point of honour for the chief not to be outdone in valour, for the companions to equal him. It is infamy for a retainer to come home without his chief. The chiefs fight for victory, the companions for their chief. He repays them, this man with the war-horse, that with the bloodstained spear of victory, with repasts and banquets; and all such things are won by war and foray.[4] Woman, too, has her part in the battles, which have been won before now by her rallying the wavering line;[5] for the clan goes together.[6]

They choose their kings for their noble birth, their leaders for their valour. The king's power is not unlimited nor arbitrary; and the leaders do more by example than authority.[6] Tacitus uses the very Roman word *imperium*, and its Roman associations heighten the contrast; the German leader is not sacrosanct, he

[1] Tacitus, *Germania*, 13. [2] *Ibid.* 21. [3] *Ibid.* 13.
[4] *Ibid.* 14. [5] *Ibid.* 7; 8. [6] *Ibid.* 7.

must be ready and conspicuous, and fight before the battle-line.[1] Among Germans the Chatti of the Hercynian forest are conspicuous for hardier frames, well-knit limbs, threatening countenance, and greater energy of mind, and for a great deal of method and skill—for Germans. For they elect their leaders, obey the elected, keep ranks, watch the moment, restrain the onset; and "what is most unusual, a characteristic of Roman discipline alone, they rely more on the general than on the army."[2]

On minor matters the German chiefs will decide; things of more import come before all the tribe; the chiefs debate them first, and the popular vote decides. Apart from emergencies, the assembly is held on fixed days; but freedom has this failing that they are seldom all punctual to the day, and two or three days may be lost. At last they all take their seats, armed. Silence is commanded by the priests. Then king or chief, according to the speaker's age or rank, his prowess in war or eloquence, is heard; but he is listened to rather as one whose character carries weight than for any right to command. If his proposal find no favour, they reject it by groaning; if it has pleased, they clash their spears; praise thus given by arms is the highest form of assent. Trials are held in these assemblies; in them, too, chiefs are chosen to administer justice in districts and villages, where they go, with a hundred men to a chief's tail to give him advice and authority.[3]

The Germans are indeed a great people. It is two hundred years since they clashed with Rome—so long it takes to conquer them! Liberty thrives there better than in the home of the Arsacids, the Parthians. The Romans have won triumphs but not victories from the

[1] Tacitus, *Germania*, 7. [2] *Ibid.* 30.
[3] *Ibid.* 11; 12. Cf. H. M. Chadwick, *The Origin of the English Nation*, p. 311.

Germans.[1] Happily the Germans are divided; and long may they be! prays Tacitus.[2]

To the Classical scholar the picture suggests the Homeric world, to the general reader the society of the Icelandic sagas[3]—neither perhaps in race very far removed from the German. Among the tribes the English reader will perhaps remark one name, mentioned in a list of names none of them noteworthy—the Anglii.[4] What destiny might reserve for such a tribe, Tacitus is as little concerned to inquire as Thucydides to ask what the Latins might do. But in a new home a race may do new things, and the new home that the race found was not unfamiliar to the Romans.

About 500 B.C. it was common talk in the Mediterranean world that there was a river or a sea to the north of Europe. Some even gave the river a name, and said that Oceanos ran not only round Northern Europe, but the whole world—except apparently some islands beyond, whence tin was brought to the civilized lands. Herodotus simply disbelieved the whole story; he had never met anybody who had seen Oceanos or the Cassiterides, and he dismissed both to the limbo of fiction.[5] Tin came from somewhere—that was obvious; but Cassiterides was like Brazil and California before the discovery of America—a fancy name for an undiscovered if not quite imaginary land.

However, a hundred years after Herodotus, another Greek (about 330 B.C.) said that he sailed round a large island off the coast of Gaul.[6] He started from the town

[1] Tacitus, *Germania*, 37. [2] *Ibid.* 33.

[3] See *Saga of Burnt Njal*, § 141; and Mary W. Williams, *Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age*, pp. 280–291.

[4] Tacitus, *Germania*, 40. Cf. H. M. Chadwick, *The Origin of the English Nation*, pp. 110, 200, 205; and chapter x on the cult of Nerthus.

[5] Herodotus ii, 23.

[6] For Pytheas see the fascinating book of H. F. Tozer, *History of Ancient Geography*, pp. 152–164, and T. Rice Holmes, *Ancient Britain*, pp. 217–226.

now known as Marseilles, and he wrote an account of the "Ocean" from personal knowledge, in which he maintained a new theory of his own that tides had some relation to the moon.[1] He reached a port on the island whence tin was shipped in ingots shaped like ankle-bones, two being load enough for a pack-horse, by which means it was carried across France. He got the geographical bearings of another large island to the West—not to the North, as rival geographers said: and he observed a phenomenal high tide, in which the sea rose eighty cubits. (This is twice the recorded height of the bore in the Bristol Channel.) Away in the very far North "the natives pointed out to us the sleeping-place of the sun; for in these parts the nights are very short, in some only two, in others only three hours long." The island, he learned, was called the Pretanic Island. It is reasonable to add that the most accepted ancient geographers counted Pytheas a romancer, and treated him with the contempt that he deserved.[2] Modern writers have reversed this verdict.

It was at last established that there was a three-cornered[3] island off the coast of Gaul, an island overgrown with forests, with a climate of fog[4] and with people not unlike the inhabitants of the mainland, though taller and not so yellow-haired. Another Greek, Posidonius by name,[5] about 100 B.C., described the thatched huts of mud and wattle-work in Gaul, and the way of life there. Seated on straw, round low tables, they took their meat in their fingers and tore it like lions or cut it with pocket-knives, and then washed it down with beer drunk from earthenware or silver cups;

[1] Plutarch, *de placitis philosophorum*, 3, 17.

[2] Cf. Strabo, C. 63, 104, 114, 201; and Polybius quoted by Strabo, C. 104, 190.

[3] Strabo, C. 199; Caesar, *Gallic War*, v, 13.

[4] Strabo, C. 200, rain and fog.

[5] Posidonius *ap.* Athen. iv, 36, p. 151.

a fight might interrupt the meal with bloodshed; for they were a foolish and braggart race. On the island barbarism was worse; in the North of it men lived in pits like beasts.

Tin, however, was of value; and as gold-bearing rocks and petroleum fetch daring spirits overseas to-day, traders went across for tin to this island, remote as Quivira and barbarous as Borneo. They picked up other things, too—tall slaves for the Roman market[1]; a breed of hunting-dogs found on the island was good enough to take across to Europe; gold was washed in quantities worth removing, and there was some iron; and in the South grain and hides could be bought at a price that would allow a profit on transport. But as Caesar wrote, towards the year 50 B.C., "as to tribes, localities, harbours and landing-places—even the Gauls knew hardly anything about them. In fact, apart from traders, no one goes there without good cause; and the traders know nothing except the sea coast and the districts opposite Gaul."[2] Traders are apt to limit themselves to the practical.

Savage and remote as they were, the inhabitants could not be content to let the civilized world alone. Caesar learnt that in all his Gallic wars the islanders sent over succour to his enemies[3] who were themselves "war mad and quick for battle." He resolved first to reconnoitre the island himself, and then to teach the natives a lesson in international good manners—they should learn not to meddle in other people's foreign affairs. The Monroe Doctrine has many antecedents. So by personal inspection and by careful inquiry Caesar learnt a good deal about the island. If Greek geographers and Gallic traders were not very reliable

[1] Strabo, C. 200; Strabo saw in Rome British lads half a foot taller than the tallest people there.

[2] Caesar, *Gallic War*, iv, 20.

[3] *Ibid.* iii, 9.

witnesses, Caesar and a Roman army were to be trusted; and they brought back tales, which, even if derived from traders, were more likely to be true when old campaigners told them.[1]

The Britons were undoubtedly very savage, but not all equally savage. In the south country, along the coast, there were settlers from Europe who grew the grain which the traders exported. The population was very great, the farms close together, and they had great herds of cattle. They used either bronze or gold coins[2] —and about the last modern archaeologists tell curious tales of an old Greek design which degenerated with copying till it was at last almost unrecognizable. Still, even rough coinage on so wild an island was something towards an art. They also used tallies of native iron of a certain weight. So much for the coast. Inland, you got the genuine barbarian, born of the soil, who sowed no corn, but lived on milk and flesh, refusing hare and fowl and goose, wore skins, and dyed his body with woad, "which produces a blue colour and makes their appearance in battle more terrible."[3] They wore long hair and moustaches, but shaved the beard. The forest is their city, says Strabo, and Caesar confirms it.[4] So utterly savage were they, that, men told the Romans, "groups of ten or twelve men have wives in common, and especially brothers with brothers, and fathers with sons; but the children so born are reckoned the offspring of the particular house to which the maiden is

[1] The reader who wishes to know more of the island in question than Caesar and Strabo have to say may find it in Mr T. Rice Holmes' *Ancient Britain and Caesar's Invasions*, in Sir Charles Oman's *England before the Norman Conquest* chapters i and ii, and other books concerned with the race or the island. For our present purpose the opinions of Roman and Greek as to the outlying barbarians are more important than the facts,—as is very often, if not always, the case in the study of politics.

[2] Caesar, *Gallic War*, v, 12. [3] *Ibid.* v, 12; 14.

[4] Strabo, C. 200; cf. Caesar, *Gallic War*, v, 21.

conducted."[1] Moderns know of such customs as the sharing of wives among the Todas in India, and among hill-tribes of the Himalayas; they know of descent through the female line in many lands; but they cannot all quite believe it true of Britain or at least of the Gauls. Still those inland people might come of queerer stocks than the Gauls; and, perhaps, primitive communities in remote districts—so much is conceded—might have had some usage that gave colour to what Caesar quotes. In the other island, Ierne, things were worse still:[2] rumour said they were cannibals there.

The more civilized Britons were, like the Gauls, greatly devoted to ritual observances and superstitions. Indeed it was believed that the Druid system was discovered in Britain and transferred to Gaul, and that those who would understand it thoroughly must go to Britain. Men, smitten with the more grievous maladies or engaged in battle and peril, either sacrificed human victims or made vows to do so, and used the Druids to perform the sacrifices. They believed that, unless for the life of a man a man's life were paid, the majesty of the immortal gods could not be appeased; and in public life as well as in private they had the institution of human sacrifice. Some would make an enormous image of basket-work, fill the limbs of it with living men, and then set fire to it; and the victims—thieves, of course, where available, for the immortal gods preferred such persons to be punished—were burnt alive. When there were no thieves available they would use ordinary people.[3]

The Druids,[4] it was said, were not mere butchers. They were men of learning, so far as barbarians could be credited with learning. They at least knew the

[1] Caesar, *Gallic War*, v, 14.
[2] Strabo, C. 114.
[3] Caesar, *Gallic War*, vi, 13–16.
[4] *Ibid.* vi, 13–14; Tacitus, *Annals*, xiv, 30.

traditions of ritual and religion, and of everything bound up with religion; such laws as barbarians would have about murder, or the succession to property, or the removing of landmarks, they knew; and they interpreted them and administered them. They even arbitrated cases of war, and stopped battles, though the warriors were lining up to fight. If any tribesman rebelled against their decision, they banned him from all part or lot in the sacrifices; and the man so banned was avoided by everybody, as if he were in some way contagious. There was a chief Druid over all the others in Gaul. The whole order was exempt from military services, from taxes, and every other liability. They taught the young men, who came to them in great numbers, and stayed for long years with them. Report said that in the schools of the Druids they learnt by heart a great number of verses. These verses were never written down. The Druids for other things used Greek letters, but, Caesar believed, they thought memory would be weakened if they trusted too much to writing, and they did not wish their traditions to become public property. It was said they taught the immortality of the soul and its transmigration to other bodies after death, and reckoned this doctrine an incentive to valour in battle.

The great geographer, Strabo[1], says that the Romans could quite well have conquered the island, but despised it. They saw there was neither danger nor profit from that quarter. If they conquered it and put it under tribute, when you had deducted the cost of collection and the cost of the maintenance of an army in the island, the balance would not be equal to the custom house dues now levied on its trade and on the ivory necklaces, amber, glass and other petty wares sent across from Gaul. So they let it alone. The Roman poets used the

[1] Strabo, C. 115, 116, 201 (the imports).

name of Briton as a synonym for sheer barbarism and savagery—"Britons hostile to strangers," is the phrase of Horace,[1] and Juvenal brackets them with terrible Cimbrians, savage Sauromatae and monstrous Agathyrsi.[2] The Romans recognized their fighting quality; and Caractacus, Boadicea, and Cymbeline, as early printers spelled them, are names that their successors remember.

But an island with such a climate and such savagery, under the power of kings and priests, is no home for Democracy; we have lingered too long in the Pretanic Island. Was there no other chance of some ideal land beside?

In the year 81 B.C. Sertorius, at a low ebb in his fortunes, sailed through the Gadiraean strait, which we call from the town of Gibraltar, up the coast of Spain to a point a little north of the river Baetis (Guadalquivir). There he fell in with some sailors fresh from the Atlantic Islands. These are two in number, separated by a very narrow strait, 10,000 furlongs from Africa, and they are called the Islands of the Blest. They enjoy moderate rains at long intervals, and for the most part winds that are soft and bring dew. So they not only have a good and rich soil for plowing and planting, but it produces self-sown crops, plentiful and wholesome enough to feed, without toil or trouble, a *demos* at leisure. The air is healthy and cool. When Sertorius heard this, he was seized with a wondrous desire to dwell in the islands and live at peace, quit of tyranny and unending wars. But the Cilician pirates, who formed his company, had other aims than Fortunate Isles.[3]

There are various Atlantic islands to be reached by

[1] Horace, *Odes*, iii, 4, 33. [2] Juvenal xv, 124.

[3] Plutarch, *Life of Sertorius*, 8. See H. F. Tozer, *History of Ancient Geography*, p. 225.

sailing from Spain, and in some of them it is rumoured that Demos has found a home, with peace and happiness, if not with leisure. But that does not fall within the period of our study. In any case the ideal Democracy will not help us, if it is only for children of Nature in Fortunate Isles. A long distance had to be travelled by Scythian, German and Briton before they would overtake Roman or Greek. Equal justice; equal opportunity for the service of the State; the spirit of reverence for the laws the people enact and for the unwritten laws founded in human nature; the education that trains men to think before they act, and then to act, that teaches them to enjoy and to know what to enjoy, to love beauty without excess and wisdom without inefficiency, that gives the power to the individual to meet every aspect of life with ready grace, whether wealth or poverty, life or death; the passionate love of country that will inspire a man not only to die for his city but to live to the utmost for it, developing every faculty Nature has given him that he may consecrate all his gifts of speech and sense, taste, wisdom and the open mind, to the good of his fellow-citizens;—these are no ideals of barbarians nor of the half-civilized lands we know. But Pericles was right. There can be no Democracy otherwise. But more still is needed—something in every man of the vision of Alexander, the open heart for the foreigner, a larger and wider humanity than Athens knew—something, too, that the Roman alone gave, the ideal of universal peace and thought-out law. But where is the motive, where the transforming power, to make of our common clay the true citizens of such a Democracy? Nowhere, I think, but in one who talked no politics and drew no Republic, but understood better than Pericles the greatness of man and better than Plato the Kingdom of God.

INDEX

Aborigines of Italy, 157, 158
Achaean League, chap. VI; 107, 131
Achilles, 1, 5, 6, 10, 36, 121, 238, 239
Aegium, 137
Aetolians, 18, 107, 126, 127, 130, 146, 147, 148
Agamemnon, 1, 6, 7, 10, 161
Agathocles, 104, 180
Agelaos, an Aetolian, 148
Agesilaos, 74, 99, 116
Agriculture, 15, 36, 37, 46, 84, 208
Aidos, 8, 40
Aigyptios, 8
Aisymnetes, 46
Alcibiades, 55, 69, 70
Alexander the Great, 51, 81, 97, 113, 121, 127, 129, 255
Alexandria, 131, 134
Alphabet, 39, 174, 253
Allen, T. W., 4
American Constitution, 56, 105, 140
Amyntas, 101, 102, 103
Anglii, 248
Antalkidas, 98
Antigonus I, 130, 134
Antigonus Doson, 148
Antigonus Gonatas, 126, 131, 137, 178
Antisthenes (agent of Alexander), 129
Antisthenes (Cynic), 4
Antioch, 134
Antiochus Epiphanes, 194
Antony (M. Antonius), 221
Apollonidas, 131
Appian, 208
Aratus, 131, 138, 141, 147
Arbela, 51
Arcadia, 130, 135, 148
Archagathos, physician, 173
Archelaos, 108, 121
Archilochus, 18, 49
Argonauts, 19, 20
Argos, 138, 147
Aristagoras, 202
Aristarchus, 239
Aristophanes, 19, 31, 35, 38, 39, 41, 67, 72, 87, 88, 89, 101, 110, 173, 174
Aristotle, 6, 21, 32–36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 55, 72, 77, 78, 84, 89–93, 110, 118
Armour, 26, 33, 34, 81, 124
Arnold, Matthew, 4
Arrian, 129, 239
Artaxerxes, 98, 101, 103, 115
Assyrians, 77
Astronomy, 38, 224
Athens, chap. III; 6, 30, 46, 47, 78, 84, 85, 86, 87, 97, 98, 100, 109, 128, 130, 132, 133, 134, 144, 212, 228
Atlantic Islands, 254
Attica, 214
Augustus, 215, 225, 227
Autonomy, 50, 78, 97, 98, 130, 139
Autopolitai, etc., 50, 78, 102

Bacon, J. R., 19
Ballads, 45
Beloch, J., 74, 75
Bevan, E. R., 132
Birth-rate questions, 21, 31, 35, 128
Blind Harry, 4
Blood-price, 9
Britain and Britons, 248–254
Brutus, 218
Black Sea, 19, 25, 28, 29, 31, 47, 50, 237

Boissier, Gaston, 173
Borysthenes, 237–240
Bryce, Viscount, 88
Burghclere, Lord, 241
Byzantion, 27, 33

Caesar, C. Julius, chap. IX; 164, 193, 200, 202, 207, 209, 216–227, 250, 251
California, 28, 140
Callium, 125
Canada, 28, 41, 116, 140, 156, 172, 195, 198, 213
Cancelling of debts, 37
Capitalists and Capitalism in Rome, 184, 201, 209
Carians, 22, 23, 24
Carthage, 104, 158, 179, 180, 181, 185, 186, 189, 190, 192, 226
Cassander, 133, 134, 137
Cato (the younger), 196, 229
Cervantes, 67
Chadwick, H. M., 4, 5, 244
Chalcedon, 27
Chalcis, 29, 236
Champlain, Samuel, 107
Chassang, 231, 235
Chatti, 247
Chios, 4, 129
Cicero, M. Tullius, 116, 165, 200, 217, 219, 229
Cimmerians, 25
Cineas, 178–181
Citizenship, 32, 33, 34, 40, 47, 62
Clan system and clans, 6, 35, 120
Claudius, Appius, 181
Claudius, Atta, 156
Claudius, Emperor, 227
"Claudius Doctrine," 181
Cleisthenes, 6
Climates, 25, 27, 29
Cleomenes II, 202
Cleomenes IV, 147, 148
Cleon, 11, 67, 68, 69, 109, 195, 235
Cleveland, Grover, 167
Cloaca Maxima, 154
"Clouds in the West," 148
Cnidos, battle of, 81
Coinage, 34, 39, 162, 182, 245, 251
Colchis, 31
Colonies, Roman, 181
Colonization, Greek, 26–31, 40, 119
Conon, 109, 114
Corcyra, 42, 53
Corfinium, 213
Corinth, 27, 29, 30, 34, 86, 131, 138, 147, 148, 153, 199, 226
Cornford, F. M., 76
Corrievrechan, 3
Courier, P. L., 153
Cowper, William, 241
Crassus, 216
Croesus, 49
Curio, 221
Custom and Convention, 38, 95
Cyllyrians, 27
Cynic philosophy, 95
Cyprus, 98, 103, 104, 113, 114, 115
Cyrene, 29
Cyropaedeia, 117
Cyrus the Elder, 50, 117, 118, 119
Cyrus the Younger, 83

Daedalus, 204
Damocles and sword, 116
d'Azeglio, 181
Dealers, 32, 39, 250, 251
Delos, Confederacies of, 52, 59, 95, 109, 138
Delos, slave market, 200
Demagogues, 90, 92; *see also* Cleon, Thersites
Demaratus, 62

Demetrius of Phalerum, 133
"Democratic Man," the, 10, 64, 94, 95, 111
Demodocus, 5
Demosthenes (general), 81
Demosthenes (orator), 57, 58, 67, 86, 109, 110, 112, 119, 135, 178
Deposition of Tribune, 208
Diaz, Porfirio, 111, 118
Dio Cassius, 196
Dio Chrysostom, 230–239
Diodorus Siculus, 130
Diogenes, 95
Dionysius of Halicarnassus, 153, 157, 158
Dionysius of Syracuse, 101, 104, 115, 116, 119
Distribution, centre of, 85, 156
Dorians, 24, 29
Doukhobors, 30
Druids, 252, 253
Dyme, 137, 140, 144

Egypt, 162
Elateia, 57
Elizabethan age, 2, 61, 66
Emporion, 85, 237
Ennius, 204
Equality, 92, 93
Erasmus, 115
Ethnology, 110, 111
Etruscans, 50, 156–159
Euboea, 29, 231
Eumenes II, 131, 141
Eupeithes, 16, 17
Euripides, 64, 117
Evagoras, 74, 103, 104, 112–115
Exiles, 129, 130

Faerie Queene, 2
Famine, 37
Federalism, chap. vi; 52, 222; how far non-democratic, 144
Ferguson, W. S., 100, 143
"Fetters of Greece," 130, 148
Flamininus, 97, 98
Flaminius, C., 191, 193, 205
"Folk-memory," 153, 154
Food questions, 21, 25, 26, 29, 31, 32, 133, 172, 173, 209
Fortune (in Polybius), 149, 150, 151
Fourth century B.C. character, 110
Fowler, W. Warde, 161
Frank, Tenney, 109, 220
Freeman, E. A., 59, 61, 133, 141
Freight, 30, 155

Gabinian Law, 217
Gallic shield and sword, 124
Garibaldi, 155
Gaul, Dying, statue, 123
Gauls, 123–126, 147, 153, 156, 168, 189, 191, 193, 226, 249, 252
Gentes, Roman, 171
Getae, 237, 242, 243
Gladstone, W. E., 241
Gold, 9, 13, 124, 127, 251
Gomperz, Th., 115
Gracchi, 152, 153, 207–210, 212, 219
Group-voting, 142, 166, 167
Grundy, G. B., 163, 170, 174, 193, 208, 210, 216, 225
Gyges, 49

Hamilton, Alexander, 135
Hannibal, 191, 192, 208
Heavy-armed (*see* Hoplite), 33
Hector, 7
Heitland, W. E., 73, 169
Hellenism, 123, 129, 134
Henderson, B. W., 206
Hephaistos, 1, 13
Herakles, 120
Herodicos, 239
Herodotus, 34, 45, 49, 51, 60, 61, 92, 129, 152, 206, 236, 241, 248

Hesiod, 5, 12, 17, 18, 21, 165, 235
Hittites, 24
Holm, A., 75
Holmes, T. Rice, 251
Homer, chap. 1; 232, 237, 238
Hoplites (*see* Heavy-armed), 26, 33, 81
Horace, 240, 241, 254
Hybris, 40, 41, 42, 60, 72

Imperium, 154, 169, 170, 212
Interest (*Tokos*), 39, 47
Interrex, 155
Ionian Revolt, 52
Iroquois, 107
Isocrates, 80, 83, 91, 92, 94, 112, 113, 114, 115, 139
Italian citizenship, 209, 210, 213, 214, 215
Italica, 213
Italy, 27
Ivory, 11, 12, 253

Jason, 19
Jebb, Sir Richard C., 216, 220, 222
Jefferson, Thomas, 44, 56, 63, 65, 118, 145, 195
Jugurtha, 176, 197, 210, 211
Juvenal, 254

"King's Peace," the, 78, 97–101, 103, 115, 126
Kings, 111, 131, 132
Knights, Roman, *see* Capitalists
Kyrnos, 40, 41

La Plata, 28
Lachares, 133
Ladokeia, 147
Laenas, Popillius, 194
Land, re-division, 37, 147
Land-tenure, 15, 25, 35, 36, 161, 232, 233
Lang, Andrew, 9
Langlois, 67
Lessing, 11
Leuctra, battle, 99, 127, 135
Lex Gabinia, 217
Lex Hortensia, 163, 171
Lichas, 99
Light-armed troops, 81, 82
Ligurians, 157
Lincoln, A., 44
Livingstone, R. W., 110
Livy, 153, 154, 160, 171, 191, 192
Lot (election), 57, 133
Louis XIV, 77
Lucan, 218, 219, 221
Lucullus, L., 196
Lycurgus, 185
Lydiadas, 138
Lydians, 49, 50
Lysias, 91

Macedonia, 102, 106, 108, 119, 120, 121, 127, 137, 147, 148, 149, 150
Magnesians, 41, 49
Mahaffy, Sir John, 231, 235
Mantineia (battle), 74
Mantineia (city), 136, 147
Marathon, 51
Mardonius on Greek war, 26, 79
Marius, M., 176, 197, 211, 213, 215, 226
Marshall, John, 56
Massacre of Romans in Asia, 199
Medism, 50
"Megabyzos" on democracy, 60, 166, 236
Megalopolis, 135, 136, 138
Megara, 29, 41, 138
Melos, 69, 125
Menelaus, 13
Mercenary soldiers, 82, 83
Messene (Sicilian), 145
Metallurgy, 2, 33
Mexico, 127
Meyer, E., 109
Migrations, Ionian, etc., 24
Miletus, 22, 25, 29, 31, 50, 53

Miletus, treaties of, 98, 99
Milo (Greek), 181
Milo (Roman), 217
Mining, 200
Mithradates, 211
Mitylene, 68, 130
Mommsen, Th., 43, 159, 161, 170, 190, 212, 239
Monboddo, Lord, 240
Mos majorum, etc., 168–170
Mummius, 148
Mussolini, 111, 118
Mycene, 3

Napoleon, 96, 191
Nature, 38, 92, 95
Naxos, Sicilian, 145
Nestle, E., 65
New York, city, 27, 160
New York, state, 144, 167
Nibelungenlied, 2
"Nullification," 140
Numa Pompilius, 173

Oceanos, 248, 249
Odysseus, 9, 10, 12, 16, 235
Odyssey, chap. I; 235
Olbia, 237–240
Oligarch, Athenian, 70, 71, 72
Olive and oil, 29, 30, 31, 32, 84
Olympian Games, 129
Olynthian Confederacy, 102, 103, 120, 135
Oman, Sir Charles, 125, 251
Orontes river, 244
Otaheite, 240
Ottawa, 140, 213
Oudinot, General, 155
Ovid, 153, 242, 243

Pais, Ettore, 154, 160, 174
Patroclus, 159
Pausanias (traveller), 125
Peiraieus, 80, 85, 109
Peltast, 107; *see* Light-armed troops
Penelope, 13
Pergamum, 126, 131
Periander, 153
Pericles, chap. III; 48, 204, 212, 255
Persepolis, 107
Persians, 50, 52, 73, 78, 83, 87, 98–101, 108, 126, 127, 150
Petra, battle, 164, 221
Phaleas of Chalcedon, 77
Pharnabazos, 109, 114
Philip II, 57, 83, 119, 120, 121, 126, 127
Philip V, 97, 130, 147, 176
Philopoemen, 148, 149
Phocylides, 238
Phoebidas, 100
Phoenicians, 50
Pindar, 3, 20, 34, 55, 64
Pirates, 18, 26, 211, 254
Pisistratus, 45
Plataea, 51
Plato, 39, 51, 60, 64, 66, 72, 76, 89, 93, 94, 95, 104, 117, 118, 229
Plebiscita, 163
Plébiscite, 192
Plebs, Roman, origin, 157–159
Struggle against patricians, 160, 161, 162, 163, 175
Pliny, the elder, 79
Pliny, the younger, 195
Plutarch, 68, 100, 154, 231
Pnyx, 57, 133
Po, river, 125
Polybius, 4, 79, 91, 93, 98, 99, 104, 123, 125, 126, 128, 136, 137, 139, 140, 146, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 164, 184, 185–189, 191, 192, 194, 199, 200, 208, 229, 245, 249
Polycrates, 41
Polydamas, 8
Pompey (Cn. Pompeius Magnus), 164, 196, 216, 217, 221, 225
Popillius Laenas, 194

Population of world, 106, 119
Poroi, 85
Posidonius, 125, 249
Potters, 13, 30
Pretanic Island, 249, 254
Provinces, Roman, 190, 195–199, 205, 206, 207, 212
Prytaneis, 57
Psephismata, Cicero's comment, 165, 166
Ptolemy I, 130, 178
Ptolemy II, 180
Ptolemy V, 141
Purves, 9
Pyrrhus, 178–181
Pytheas, geographer, 248, 249

Quebec, 156

Race-suicide, 128, 245
Reid, J. S., 163, 169
Revolutions, causes of, 42
Rhodes, 131, 132, 175
Ridgeway, Sir William, 15, 157
Roads, Roman, 181, 187
Robinson Crusoe, 13
Rohde, 235
Rome, chaps. VII, VIII, IX
  Rome, city, 172; *see* Senate
  Roman assemblies, 163–168, 171
  Roman Empire, 176
  Roman peace, 79
  Roman religion, 173, 174
Roosevelt, T., 201
Rubicon, 220

Sabines, 156, 157
Salamis (battle), 51
Salamis (Cyprus), 113
Sallust, 153
Samos, 29
San Marino, 228
Sardinia, 190
Sarpedon, 7
Scots, 124
Scott, Dred, 208
Scythians, 31, 50, 240, 241
Seeley, Sir John R., 219, 220, 221
Seisachtheia, 46
Seleucus IV, 141
Sellasia, battle, 148
Senate of Rome, chaps. VIII, IX, 131, 141, 175, 182
Sertorius, 217, 254
Servius Tullius, 154
Shaw, G. B., 71
Shield of Achilles, 1, 2, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16
Ships and ship-building, 1, 2, 14, 17, 30, 71, 80, 81, 86, 109
Sicily, 27, 106, 115, 179, 180, 189, 190, 208
Simonides, 134
Sindbad the Sailor, 4
Slave labour, 21, 73, 85, 95, 200
Smith, Adam, 84
Smiths, 13, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 31
Smyrna, 25, 134
Socialism, 89
Socrates, 93, 204
Solon, 46, 47, 48
Spartans, 23, 34, 78, 81, 98–103, 139, 147
Spenser, Edmund, 2
Stillman, W. J., 108
Strabo, 249, 250, 251, 253
Successors of Alexander, 97, 114, 118, 127, 128, 130–134, 194
Suetonius, 224
Sulla, L. Cornelius, 214, 215, 218, 222, 225
Sundwall, 90
Synesius, 230, 231
Syracuse, 25, 199

Tacitus, 112, 243–248
Tarentum, 33, 179, 181
Tarn, W. W., 125, 146
Ten Thousand (Arcadian), 135
Ten Thousand (Cyprus), 83

Tertullian, 1
Thales, 32, 38, 135
Theagenes, 41
Thebes, 100, 130, 134
Themistes, 6
Themistocles, 47, 51, 204
Theoclymenos, 159
Theodosia, 32
Theognis, 40, 41
Thersites, 10, 11, 17
Thrace, 106, 108
Thucydides, 1, 6, 18, 26, 63, 72, 75, 76, 112, 137, 145, 212
Tiber, river, 155, 244
Traders, *see* Dealers
Trades, chap. 1
Trajan, Emperor, 230
Trial scene, on shield of Achilles, 9
Trollope, Mrs, 61
Trygaios, 101
Tryphon, "King," 211
Tudors, 45
"Twelve Tables," 161
Tyranny, Tyrants, 42, 44, 45, 104, 111, 137, 138, 139

Utopia, 78, 87, 128, 229, 244

Venice, 236
Virgil, 153, 191, 214, 241, 242
Virginia, 28

Warfare, Greek, 26, 79, 81, 82
Waterloo, 132
Wheeler, B. I., 56
Wilamowitz, 104
Wilson, Woodrow, 167, 220
Wordsworth, W., 64, 98, 228

Xenophanes, 38, 50
Xenophon, 17, 64, 72, 74, 80, 83, 85, 108, 112, 116, 117, 135
Xerxes, 62, 231

Zama, battle, 194
Zeno (Stoic), 131
Zimmern, A. E., 90

DATE DUE

~~FEB 15 1996~~			
1-16-96			
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

405571

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

GTU Library
JC 73 G6 1966
Glover, Terrot Reav/Democracy in the anc
G
3 2400 00170 2582

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.